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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

AND
A DESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES.

Cooke's Edition.

— Sæpe ego longos
Cantando puerum memini me condere soles.
— IMITATION. — Virg.
— Right well I call to mind
When (yet a boy) whole suns and lengthen'd days
I oft' employ'd in chanting sylvan lays.

Yet, while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting song,
The list'ning herd around him stay'd,
In wanton frisk the lambskins play'd,
And every Naiad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave:
The Graces danc'd, the rosy band
Of smiles and Loves went hand in hand,
And purple Pleasures firew'd the way
With sweetest flowers; and ev'ry ray
Of each fond Muse, with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thoughts his breast inspir'd:
The hills rejoic'd, the vallies rung,
All Nature smil'd while SHENSTONE sung.

VERSES by —

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

CONTAINING HIS

ELEGIES, LEVITIES, OR PIECES OF HUMOUR,	PASTORALS, ODES, SONGS, AND BALLADS, MORAL PIECES, &c. &c.
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Ill was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep,
And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold,
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep,
And for his friend his very crook was fold.

He lov'd the Muse; she taught him to complain;
He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend:
He lov'd the Muse, altho' she taught in vain;
He lov'd the Muse, for she was Virtue's friend.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain:
Piteous of woes, and hopelefs to relieve,
The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
As tho' the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As tho' the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

ELEGY III.

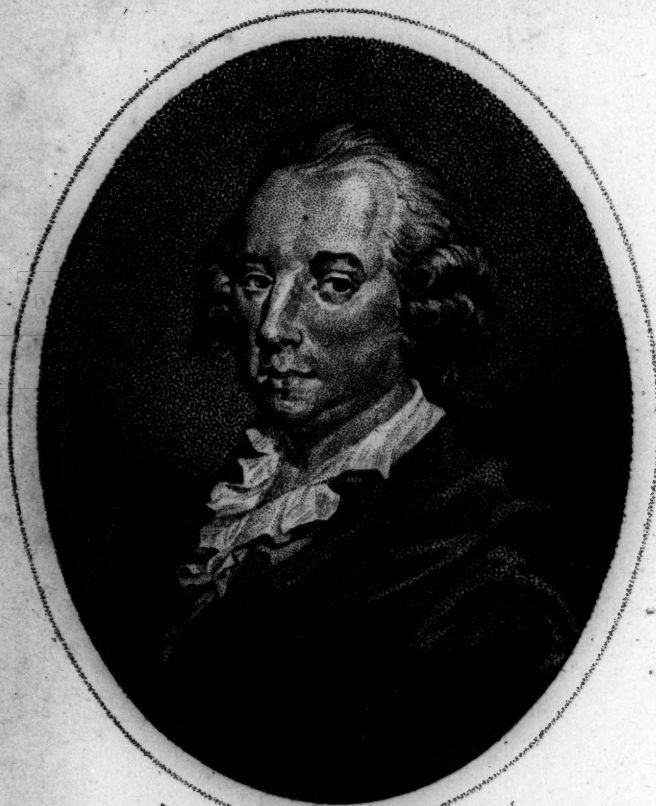
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COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT POETS.



Designed by W. Bingle, from a drawing in the possession of T. Smith Esq.

SHENSTONE.

Printed for C. Cooke, 27, Abchurch Lane, Jan^y 10th 1795.

PREFACE.

A GREAT part of the Poetical Works of Mr. Shenstone, particularly his Elegies and Pastorals, are (as he himself expresses it) "The exact transcripts of the situation of his own mind," and abound in frequent allusions to his own place, the beautiful scene of his retirement from the world. Exclusively, therefore, of our natural curiosity to be acquainted with the history of an author whose Works we peruse with pleasure, some short account of Mr. Shenstone's personal character, and situation in life, may not only be agreeable, but absolutely necessary, to the reader, as it is impossible he should enter into the true spirit of his writings, if he is entirely ignorant of those circumstances of his life, which sometimes so greatly influenced his reflections.

I could wish, however, that this task had been allotted to some person capable of performing it in that masterly manner which the subject so well deserves. To confess the truth, it was chiefly to prevent his remains from falling into the hands of any one still less qualified to do him justice, that I have unwillingly ventured to undertake the publication of them myself.

Mr. Shenstone was the eldest son of a plain uneducated gentleman in Shropshire, who farmed his own estate. The father, sensible of his son's extraordinary capacity, resolved to give him a learned education, and sent him a commoner to Pembroke College in Oxford, designing him for the church; but though he had the most awful notions of the wisdom, power, and goodness, of God, he never could be persuaded to enter into orders. In his private opinions he adhered to no particular sect, and hated all religious disputes. But whatever were his own sentiments, he always shewed great tenderness to those who differed from him. Tenderness, indeed, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic; his friends, his domestics, his poor neighbours, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of mind. Indeed, this virtue in him was often carried to such excess, that it sometimes bordered upon weakness; yet, if he was convinced that any of those ranked amongst the number of his friends had treated him ungenerously, he was not easily reconciled. He used a maxim, however, on such occasions, which is worthy of being observed and imitated: "I never," said he, "will be a revengeful enemy; but I cannot, it is not in my nature, to be half a friend." He was in his temper quite unsuspicious; but if suspicion was once awakened in him, it was not laid asleep again without difficulty.

He was no economist; the generosity of his temper prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money: he exceeded, therefore, the bounds of his paternal fortune, which before he died was considerably incumbered. But when one recollects the perfect paradise he had raised around him, the hospitality with which he lived, his great indulgence to his servants, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate not more than three hundred pounds a year, one should rather be led to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of economy. He left, however, more than sufficient to pay all his debts, and by his will appropriated his whole estate for that purpose.

It was perhaps from some considerations on the narrowness of his fortune that he forbore to marry, for he was no enemy to wedlock, had a high opinion of many among the fair sex, was fond of their society, and no stranger to the tenderest impressions. One, which he received in his youth, was with difficulty surmounted. The lady was the subject of that sweet pastoral, in four parts, which has been so universally admired; and which, one would have thought, must have subdued the loftiest heart, and softened the most obdurate.

His person, as to height, was above the middle stature, but largely and rather inelegantly formed: his face seemed plain till you conversed with him, and then it grew very pleasing. In his dress he was negligent even to a fault; though, when young, at the university, he was accounted a beau. He wore his own hair, which was quite grey very early, in a particular manner; not from any affectation of singularity, but from a maxim he had laid down, that, without too slavish a regard to fashion, every one should dress in a manner most suitable to his own person and figure. In short, his faults were only little blemishes, thrown in by Nature, as it were, on purpose to prevent him from rising too much above that level of imperfection allotted to humanity.

His character, as a writer, will be distinguished by simplicity with elegance, and genius with correctness. He had a sublimity equal to the highest attempts; yet, from the indolence of his temper, he chose rather to amuse himself in culling flowers at the foot of the mount, than to take the trouble of climbing the more arduous steep of Parnassus: but whenever he was disposed to rise, his steps, though natural, were noble, and always well supported. In the tenderness of Elegiac Poetry he hath not been excelled; in the simplicity of Pastoral, one may venture to say, he had very few equals. Of great sensibility himself, he never failed to engage the hearts of his readers; and, amidst the nicest attention to the harmony of his numbers,

he always took care to express, with propriety, the sentiments of an elegant mind. In all his writings his greatest difficulty was to please himself. I remember a passage in one of his Letters, where, speaking of his Love-songs, he says,—“Some were written on occasions a good deal imaginary, others not so; and the reason there are so many is, that I wanted to write one good song, and could never please myself.” It was this diffidence which occasioned him to throw aside many of his pieces before he had bestowed upon them his last touches. I have suppressed several on this account; and if, among those which I have selected, there should be discovered some little want of his finishing polish, I hope it will be attributed to this cause, and, of course, be excused: yet I flatter myself there will always appear something well worthy of having been preserved: and though I was afraid of inserting what might injure the character of my friend, yet, as the sketches of a great master are always valuable, I was unwilling the public should lose any thing material of so accomplished a writer. In this dilemma it will easily be conceived that the task I had to perform would become somewhat difficult; how I have acquitted myself the public must judge. Nothing, however, except what he had already published, has been admitted without the advice of his most judicious friends; nothing altered without their particular concurrence. It is impossible to please every one; but it is hoped that no reader will be so unreasonable as to imagine that the Author wrote solely for his amusement: his talents were various; and though it may perhaps be allowed that his excellence chiefly appeared in subjects of tenderness and simplicity, yet he frequently condescended to trifle with those of humour and drollery: these, indeed, he himself in some measure degraded, by the title which he gave them of Levities; but had they been entirely rejected, the public would have been deprived of some *jeux d'esprit*, excellent in their kind; and Mr. Shenstone's character as a writer would have been but imperfectly exhibited.

But the talents of Mr. Shenstone were not confined merely to poetry; his character, as a man of clear judgment and deep penetration, will best appear from his Prose Works; it is there we must search for the acuteness of his understanding, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. It is to be lamented, indeed, that some things here are unfinished, and can be regarded only as fragments: many are left as single thoughts, but which, like the sparks of diamonds, shew the richness of the mine to which they belong; or, like the foot of Hercules, discover the uncommon strength, and extraordinary dimensions of that hero. I have no apprehension of incurring

blame from any one for preserving these valuable remains; they will discover to every reader the Author's sentiments on several important subjects; and there can be very few to whom they will not impart many thoughts which they would never perhaps have been able to draw from the source of their own reflections.

But I believe little need be said to recommend the writings of this gentleman to public attention. His character is already sufficiently established; and if he be not injured by the inability of his Editor, there is no doubt but he will ever maintain an eminent station among the best of our English writers.

R. DODSLEY.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE READER.

TO this Edition is subjoined (for the sake of those readers to whom it may not prove unwelcome) an explanation, or, rather, in most places, a liberal imitation, of all the Latin inscriptions and quotations throughout this Work, by Mr. Hull. That gentleman's well known friendship for Mr. Shenstone, and willingness to oblige, being his sole inducements to this (as he chuses to have it called) trifling addition, the Editor thinks it no more than a just return of gratitude to let his purchasers know to whom they are beholden for it. Be it remembered, however, that it was executed in a country retirement, where our eminent translators of the Classics were not at hand to be consulted.

A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

IT is observable that discourses prefixed to poetry, are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage; the fabric is very commonly raised in the first place, and the measures by which we are to judge of its merit are afterwards adjusted.

There have been few rules given us by the critic, concerning the structure of Elegiac Poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles to dignify his own opinions with that denomination; he would only intimate the great variety of subjects, and the different styles * in which the writers of Elegy have hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of their example.

If we consider the etymology of the word,† the epithet which Horace gives it,‡ or the confession which Ovid makes concerning it,|| I think we may conclude thus much, however, that Elegy, in its true and genuine acceptation, includes a tender and querulous idea; that it looks upon this as its peculiar characteristic; and so long as this is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects, which, by its manner of treating them, it renders its own: it throws its melancholy stole over pretty different objects, which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable that Elegies were written, at first, upon the death of intimate friends and near relations; celebrated beauties or favourite mistresses; beneficent governors and illustrious men: one may add, perhaps, of all those who are placed by Virgil in the laurel grove of his Elysium, (*Vide Hurd's Dissertation on Horace's Epistle,*)

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to vary their complaints, and

* This Essay was written near twenty years ago.

† E-legein, e-particulam dolendi.

‡ Miserabiles elegos.

|| Heu nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.

Hor.

Ovid. de Morte Tibulli,

the next tender species of sorrow that presented itself was the grief of absent or neglected lovers; and this indulgence might be indeed allowed them, but with this they were not contented: they had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to over-run the whole territory: they sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings,* as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it: they gave the name of Elegy to their pleasantries as well as lamentations, till at last, thro' their abundant fondness for the myrtle, they forgot that the cypress was their peculiar garland.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of Elegy; and it should seem that any kind of subjects, treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve the name, than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of Love.

But, not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may seem, perhaps, introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the use and end of Elegy. The most important end of all poetry is to encourage virtue. Epic and Tragedy chiefly recommended the public virtues; Elegy is of a species which illustrates and endears the private. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of Elegy to enforce: this, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy which we could not find in mirth; and has led us, with success, to the dusty urn, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl. As Pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of Elegy to shew the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage; and that in a way distinct from Pastoral, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to surpass his tenant both in dignity and understanding. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of humility, disinterestedness, simplicity, and innocence: but

* *Dicite Io Pzan, et Io bis dicite Pzan. Ovid.*

then there is a degree of elegance and refinement no way inconsistent with these rural virtues, and that raises Elegy above that *merum rus*, that unpolished rusticity, which has given our Pastoral writers their highest reputation.

Wealth and splendour will never want their proper weight; the danger is lest they should too much preponderate: a kind of poetry, therefore, which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independence, that endears the honest delights of love and friendship, that celebrates the glory of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it inculcates; such a kind of poetry may chance to please; and if it please, should seem to be of service.

As to the style of Elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before: it should imitate the voice and language of grief; or, if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A versification, therefore, is desirable, which, by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which Elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and, however exceptionable, upon other occasions, its inconveniencies appear to lose their weight in shorter Elegies, and its advantages seem to acquire an additional importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of Elegies * not long since published, the product of a gentleman of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that Elegy can shed.

It is not impossible that some may think this metre too lax and prosaic; others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages: and in favour of these last might be produced the example of Milton, in his *Lycidas*, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his versification in that

* N. B. This preface was written near twenty years ago.

Monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove too much, since the writers I have in view seem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall chuse; though it must be owned also, that the choice they make of any is at the same time the strongest presumption in its favour.

Perhaps, it may be no great difficulty to compromise the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhymes, but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme (with which the judgment requires that the sense should in some measure also terminate) is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained; and this is sometimes observable in the writings of a Poet, lately deceased, though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together, with so much ease, into a couplet, as Mr. Pope: but as an air of constraint too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of Elegy.

The previous rhyme in Milton's *Lycidas* is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner; and this seems to be the greatest objection to that kind of versification: but then the peculiar ease and variety it admits of, are, no doubt, sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other in an Elegy of length.

The chief exception to which stanza of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks too regularly, when it is continued through a long Poem; and this may be, perhaps, the fault of Mr. Waller's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it is, I flatter myself that the advantages I have before mentioned, resulting from alternate rhyme, (with which stanza is, I think, connected) may at least, in shorter Elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.

I shall say but little of the different kinds of Elegy.—

The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate is softened to excess. Love Elegy, therefore, is more negligent of order and design, and, being addressed chiefly to the Ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity.—Elegies that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and order.

The author of the following Elegies entered on his subjects occasionally, as particular incidents in life suggested, or dispositions of mind recommended them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the spot, and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates; if he speaks of his humble shed, his flock and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene, who having, (whether through choice or necessity is not material) retired betimes to country solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are his own, and the embellishment of his farm his sole amusement. As the sentiments, therefore, were inspired by Nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance, diffusing at least some part of that amusement which, he freely acknowledges, he received from the composition of them.

There will appear, perhaps, a real inconsistency in the moral tenor of the several Elegies, and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight, but will allow that men's opinions, as well as tempers vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative, life, are unexceptionably happy, and consequently, that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the Author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an entire ignorance, or to the least disesteem of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient plan and method in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced; though, in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the best model he could find; with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends. If any of those should be so candid as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness of sentiment he has endeavoured to impress, he begs the measure also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider this as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if this measure should be allowed to suit the nature of Elegy.

If it should happen to be considered as an objection with others, that there is too much of a moral cast diffused through the whole, it is replied, that he endeavoured to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious, or to risk excluding the fashionable reader; at the same time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry, without morality, is but the blossom of a fruit-tree. Poetry is, indeed, like that species of plants which may bear at once both fruits and blossoms; and the tree is by no means in perfection without the former, however it may be embellished by the flowers which surround it.



A DESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES*,

The Seat of the late William Shenstone, Esq.

BY R. DODSLEY.

THE Leasowes is situate in the parish of Hales Owen, a small market town in the county of Salop, but surrounded by other counties, and thirty miles from Shrewsbury, as it is near ten to the borders of Shropshire. Though a paternal estate, it was never distinguished for any peculiar beauties till the time of its late owner. It was reserved for a person of his ingenuity both to discover and improve them, which he has done so effectually, that it is now considered as amongst the principal of those delightful scenes which persons of taste, in the present age, are desirous to see. Far from violating its natural beauties, Mr. Shenstone's only study was to give them their full effect; and although the form in which things now appear be indeed the consequences of much thought and labour, yet the hand of Art is no way visible either in the shape of ground, the disposition of trees, or (which are here so numerous and striking) the romantic fall of his cascades.

But I will now proceed to a more particular description. About half a mile short of Hales Owen, in your way from Birmingham to Bewdley, you quit the great road, and turn into a green lane on the left hand, where, descending in a winding manner to the bottom of a deep valley, finely shaded, the first object that occurs is a kind of ruined wall, and a small gate, within an arch, inscribed, "The Priory Gate." Here, it seems, the company should properly begin their walk, but generally chuse to go up with their horses or equipage to the house, from whence returning, they descend back into the valley. Passing through a small gate at the bottom of the fine swelling lawn that surrounds the house, you enter upon a winding path, with a piece of water on your

* The following Description was intended to give a friend some idea of the Leasowes, which having been so justly admired by persons of the best taste, and celebrated by the Muse of such an original genius as Mr. Shenstone, it is hoped the public will not be displeased with this slight attempt to perpetuate those beauties, which time, or the different taste of some future possessor, may destroy.

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right. The path and water, overshadowed with trees that grow upon the slopes of this narrow dingle, render the scene at once cool, gloomy, solemn, and sequestered, and form so striking a contrast to the lively scene you have just left, that you seem all on a sudden landed in a subterraneous kind of region. Winding forward down the valley, you pass beside a small root-house, where, on a tablet, are these lines :

“ Here, in cool grot and mossy cell,
 “ We rural Fays and Fairies dwell;
 “ Tho’ rarely seen by mortal eye,
 “ When the pale moon, ascending high,
 “ Darts thro’ yon’ limes her quiv’ring beams,
 “ We frisk it near these crystal streams.

“ Her beams, reflected from the wave,
 “ Afford the light our revels crave;
 “ The turf, with daisies broider’d o’er,
 “ Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
 “ Nor yet for artful strains we call,
 “ But listen to the water’s fall.

“ Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
 “ Be sure your bosoms be serene,
 “ Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
 “ Devoid of all that poisons life;
 “ And much it ’vails you in their place
 “ To graft the love of human race.

“ And tread with awe these favour’d bow’rs,
 “ Nor wound the shrubs nor bruise the flowers;
 “ So may your path with sweets abound,
 “ So may your couch with rest be crown’d!
 “ But harm betide the wayward swain
 “ Who dares our hallow’d haunts profane!”

These sentiments correspond as well as possible with the ideas we form of the abode of Fairies, and, appearing deep in this romantic valley, serve to keep alive such enthusiastic images while this sort of scene continues.

You now pass through the Priory Gate before mentioned, and are admitted into a part of the valley somewhat different from the former, tall trees, high irregular ground, and rugged scars. The right presents you with, perhaps, the most natural, if not the most striking, of the many cascades here found; the left with a sloping grove of oaks; and the centre with a pretty circular landscape appearing through the trees, of which Hales Owen steeple, and other objects at a distance, form an interesting part. The seat beneath the ruined wall has these lines of Virgil inscribed, suiting well with the general tenour of Mr. Shentstone’s late situation :

——— "*Lucis habitamus opacis,
Riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis
Incolimus.*"*

You now proceed a few paces down the valley to another bench, where you have this cascade in front, which, together with the internal arch, and other appendages, make a pretty irregular picture. I must observe, once for all, that a number of these protempore benches (two stumps with a tranverse board) seem chiefly intended as hints to spectators, lest, in passing cursorily through the farm, they might suffer any of that immense variety the place furnishes to escape their notice. The stream attending us, with its agreeable murmurs, as we descend along this pleasing valley, we come next to a small seat, where we have a sloping grove upon the right, and on the left a striking vista to the steeple of Hales Owen, which is here seen in a new light. We now descend farther down this shady and sequestered valley, accompanied on the right by the same brawling rivulet running over pebbles, till it empties itself into a fine piece of water at the bottom. The path here winding to the left, conforms to the water before-mentioned, running round the foot of a small hill, and accompanying this semicircular lake into another winding valley, somewhat more open, and not less pleasing, than the former: however, before we enter this, it will be proper to mention a seat about the centre of this water-scene, where the ends of it are lost in the two vallies on each side, and in front it is invisibly connected with another piece of water, of about twenty acres, open to Mr. Shenstone's, but not his property. This last was a performance of the monks, and part of a prodigious chain of fish ponds that belonged to Hales Abbey. The back ground of this scene is very beautiful, and exhibits a picture of villages and varied ground finely held up to the eye.

I speak of all this as already finished; but, through some misfortune in the mound that pounds up the water, it is not completed.

* IMITATION.

——— We dwell in shady groves,
And seek the groves with cooling streams refresh'd,
And trace the verdant banks.

xviii A DESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES.

We now leave The Priory upon the left, which is not meant for an object here, and wind along into the other valley : and here I cannot but take notice of the judgment which formed this piece of water ; for although it be not very large, yet, as it is formed by the concurrence of three vallies, in which two of the ends are hid, and the third seems to join with the large extent of water below, it is, to all appearance, unbounded. I must confess I never saw a more natural bed for water, or any kind of lake that pleased me better ; but it may be right to mention, that this water, in its full extent, has yet a more important effect from Mr. Shenstone's house, where it is seen to a great advantage. We now, by a pleasing serpentine walk, enter a narrow glade in the valley, the slopes on each side finely covered with oaks and beeches, on the left of which is a common bench, which affords a retiring place, secluded from every eye, and a short respite, during which the eye reposes on a fine amphitheatre of wood and thicket.

We now proceed to a seat beneath a prodigiously fine canopy of spreading oak, on the back of which is this inscription :

" Huc ades, O Melibœus ! caper tibi salvus et hædi ;
Et si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra."*

The picture before it is that of a beautiful homescene ; a small lawn of well varied ground, encompassed with hills and well-grown oaks, and embellished with a cast of the piping Faunus, amid trees and shrubs on a slope upon the left, and on the right, and nearer the eye, with an urn thus inscribed :

" Ingenio et amicitie
Gvlielmi Somerville."

And on the opposite side,

" G. S. posuit,
" Debita spargens lacrima favillam
" Vatis amici."†

* IMITATION.

Hither, O Melibœus ! bend thy way ;
Thy herds, thy goats, secure from harm, repose ;
If happy leisure serve awhile to stay,
Here rest thy limbs beneath these shady boughs.

† EXPLANATION.

To the genius and friendship
of

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE,

By W. S.

Sprinkling the ashes of a friendly bard
With tributary tears.

The scene is enclosed on all sides by trees; in the middle only there is an opening, where the lawn is continued, and winds out of sight.

Here entering a gate, you are led through a thicket of many sorts of willows, into a large root-house, inscribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Stamford. It seems that worthy peer was present at the first opening of the cascade, which is the principal object from the root-house, where the eye is presented with a fairy vision, consisting of an irregular and romantic fall of water, very unusual, one hundred and fifty yards in continuity; and a very striking scene it affords. Other cascades may possibly have the advantage of a greater descent, and a larger torrent; but a more wild and romantic appearance of water, and at the same time strictly natural, is what I never saw in any place whatever. This scene, though comparatively small, is yet aggrandized with so much art, that we forget the quantity of water which flows through this close and over-shaded valley, and are so much transported with the intricacy of the scene, and the concealed height from whence it flows, that we, without reflection, add the idea of magnificence to that of beauty. In short, it is not but upon reflection that we find the stream is not a Niagara, but rather a water-fall in miniature; and that the same artifice, upon a larger scale, where the large trees, instead of small ones, and a river, instead of a rill, would be capable of forming a scene that would exceed the utmost of our ideas. But I will not dwell longer upon this inimitable scene; those who would admire it properly must view it, as surely as those that view it must admire it beyond almost any thing they ever saw.

Proceeding on the right hand path, the next seat affords a scene of what Mr. Shenstone used to call his Forest ground, consisting of wild green slopes peeping through a dingle, or irregular groups of trees, a confused mixture of savage and cultivated ground, held up to the eye, and forming a landscape fit for the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

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Winding on beside this lawn, which is over-arched with spreading trees, the eye catches, at intervals, over an intermediate hill, the spire of Hales-church, forming here a perfect obelisk, the urn to Mr. Somerville, &c. and now passing through a kind of thicket, we arrive at a natural bower of almost circular oaks, inscribed in the manner following:

“To Mr. DODSLEY.

Come then, my Friend! thy sylvan taste display;
Come hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay:
Ah! rather come, and in these dells disown
The care of other strains, and tune thine own.”

On the bank above it, amid the fore-mentioned shrubs, is a statue of the Piping Faun, which not only embellishes this scene, but is also seen from the court before the house, and from other places: it is surrounded by venerable oaks, and very happily situated. From this bower also you look down upon the fore-mentioned irregular ground, shut up with trees on all sides, except some few opening to the more pleasing parts of this grotesque and hilly country. The next little bench affords the first, but not most striking, view of The Priory. It is, indeed, a small building; but seen, as it is, beneath trees, and its extremity also hid by the same, it has in some sort the dignity and solemn appearance of a large edifice.

Passing through a gate, we enter a small open grove, where the first seat we find affords a picturesque view, through trees, of a clump of oaks at a distance, overshadowing a little cottage upon a green hill; we thence immediately enter a perfect dome, or circular temple, of magnificent beeches, in the centre of which it was intended to place an antique altar, or a statue of Pan. The path serpentine through this open grove, leads us by an easy ascent to a small bench with this motto,

—“*Me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves cum satyris chori
Secernant populo:*” * HOR.

which alludes to the retired situation of the grove. There is also seen, through an opening to the left, a

* EXPLANATION.

—May the cool grove,
And gay assembled nymphs with sylfuns mix'd,
Conceal me from the world!

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pleasing landscape of a distant hill, with a whited farmhouse upon the summit: and to the right hand a beautiful round slope, crowned with a clump of large firs, with a pyramidal seat on its centre, to which, after no long walk, the path conducts us:

But we first come to another view of The Priory, more advantageous, and at a better distance, to which the eye is led down a green slope, through a scenery of tall oaks, in a most agreeable manner; the grove we have just passed on one side, and a hill of trees and thicket on the other, conducting the eye to a narrow opening through which it appears.

We now ascend to a small bench, where the circumjacent country begins to open; in particular, a glass-house appears between two large clumps of trees, at about the distance of four miles; the glass-houses in this country not ill resembling a distant pyramid. Ascending to the next seat, which is in the Gothic form, the scene grows more and more extended; woods and lawns, hills and vallies, thicket and plain, agreeably intermingled. On the back of this seat is the following inscription, which the Author told me that he chose to fix here, to supply what he thought some want of life in this part of the farm, and to keep up the spectator's attention till he came to scale the hill beyond:

INSCRIPTION.

- ' Shepherd, wouldst thou here obtain
- ' Pleasure unalloy'd with pain,
- ' Joy that suits the rural sphere?
- ' Gentle Shepherd! lend an ear.
- ' Learn to relish calm delight.
- ' Verdant vales and fountains bright,
- ' Trees that nod on sloping hills,
- ' Caves that echo, tinkling rills.
- ' If thou canst no charm disclose
- ' In the simplest bud that blows,
- ' Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
- ' Join the crowd, and toil for gold.
- ' Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
- ' Banish each tumultuous joy;
- ' All but love—for love inspires
- ' Fonder wishes, warmer fires.
- ' Love and all its joys be thine—
- ' Yet ere thou the reins resign,
- ' Hear what reason seems to say,
- ' Hear attentive, and obey.
- ' Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
- ' But beneath them lurks a thorn;
- ' Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
- ' Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

" Think not she, whose empty pride
 " Dares the fleecy garb deride,
 " Think not she who, light and vain,
 " Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.
 " Artless deed and simple dress
 " Mark the chosen shepherdess;
 " Thoughts by decency controll'd,
 " Well conceiv'd and freely told.
 " Sense that shuns each conscious air,
 " Wit that falls ere well aware;
 " Generous pity prone to sigh
 " If her kid or lambkin die.
 " Let not lucre, let not pride,
 " Draw thee from such charms aside;
 " Have not those their proper sphere?
 " Gentle passions triumph here.
 " See! to sweeten thy repose,
 " The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
 " Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
 " All that milk and fruits afford.
 " Seek no more—the rest is vain;
 " Pleasure ending soon in pain;
 " Anguish lightly gilded o'er;
 " Close thy wish, and seek no more."

And now passing through a wicket, the path winds up the back part of a circular green hill, discovering little of the country till you enter a clump of stately firs upon the summit. Over-arched by these firs is an octagonal seat, the back of which so is contrived as to form a table or pedestal for a bowl or goblet, thus inscribed—

" To all Friends round The Wrekin!"

This facetious inscription, being an old Shropshire health, is a commemoration of his country friends, from whom this part of Shropshire is divided; add to this, that the Wrekin, that large and venerable hill, appears full in front, at the distance of about thirty miles.

The scene is a very fine one, divided by the firs into several compartments, each answering to the octagonal seat in the centre; to each of which is allotted a competent number of striking objects to make a complete picture. A long serpentine stream washes the foot of this hill, and is lost behind trees at one end, and a bridge thrown over at the other. Over this the eye is carried from very romantic home-scenes to very beautiful ones at a distance. It is impossible to give an idea of that immense variety, that fine configuration of parts, which engage our attention from this place. In one of the compartments you have a simple scene of a

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cottage, and a road winding behind a farm-house half covered with trees, upon the top of some wild sloping ground ; and in another a view of the town, appearing from hence as upon the shelving banks of a large piece of water in the flat. Suffice it to say, that the hill and vale, plain and woodland, villages and single houses, blue distant mountains that skirt the horizon, and green hills romantically jumbled, that form the intermediate ground, make this spot more than commonly striking. Nor is there to be seen an acre of level ground through the large extent to which the eye is carried.

Hence the path winds on betwixt two small benches, each of which exhibits a pleasing landscape, which cannot escape the eye of a connoisseur.

Here we wind through a small thicket, and soon enter a cavity in the hill, filled with trees, in the centre of which is a seat, from whence is discovered, gleaming across the trees, a considerable length of the serpentine stream before mentioned, running under a slight rustic bridge to the right : hence we ascend in a kind of Gothic alcove, looking down a slope, sided with large oaks and tall beeches, which together over-arch the scene. On the back of this building is found the following

INSCRIPTION.

“ O you that bathe in courtlye blyffe,
Or toyle in Fortune's giddy spheare,
Do not too rashlye deeme anyise
Of him that bydes contented here.
Nor yet disdeigne the rustie stoale
Which o'er each carelessse lymbe he flyngs ;
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle
In whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.
Forgive him if at eve or dawne,
Devoide of worldlye cark, he stray,
Or all beside some flowerye lawne
He waste his inoffensive daye.
So may he pardonne fraud and strife,
If such in courtlye haunt he see ;
For faults there beene in busy life
From whyche these peaceful glennes are free.”

Below this alcove is a large sloping lawn, finely bounded, crossed by the serpentine water before mentioned, and interspersed with single or clumps of oaks at agreeable distances. Further on the scene is finely varied, the hills rising and falling towards the opposite

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concavities, by the side of a long winding vale, with the most graceful confusion. Among other scenes that form this landscape, a fine hanging wood, backed and contrasted with a wild heath, intersected with cross roads, is a very considerable object. Near adjoining to this is a seat, from whence the water is seen to advantage in many different stages of its progress; or where (as a poetical friend once observed) the proprietor has taken the Naiad by the hand, and led her an irregular dance into the valley.

Proceeding hence through a wicket, we enter upon another lawn, beyond which is a new theatre of wild shaggy precipices, hanging coppice ground, and smooth round hills between, being not only different, but even of an opposite character, to the ground from which we passed. Walking along the head of this lawn, we come to a seat under a spreading beech, with this

INSCRIPTION.

"Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
Dii melius fecere."

IMITATION.

This was my wish—an humble spot of ground,
A garden well dispos'd, and fenc'd around;
A bubbling fountain, to my dwelling nigh,
With crystal treasures stor'd, and never dry;
The whole defended by a modest wood.—
This was my wish—my wish the gods allow'd,
And e'en beyond that wish indulgently bestow'd.

In the centre of the hanging lawn before you is discovered the house, half hid with trees and bushes: a little hanging wood, and a piece of winding water, issues through a noble clump of large oaks and spreading beeches. At the distance of about ten or twelve miles Lord Stamford's grounds appear, and beyond these the Clee hills in Shropshire. The scene here consists of admirably-varied ground, and is, I think, a very fine one. Hence passing still along the top of the lawn, we cross another gate, and behind the fence begin to descend into the valley. About half way down is a small bench, which throws the eye upon a near scene of hanging woods and shaggy wild declivities, intermixed with smooth green slopes and scenes of cultivation.

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We now return again into the great lawn at bottom, and soon come to a seat, which gives a nearer view of the water before mentioned, between the trunks of high over-shadowing oaks and beeches, beyond which the winding line of trees is continued down the valley to the right. To the left, at a distance, the top of Clent hills appears, and the house upon a swell, amidst trees and bushes. In the centre, the eye is carried by a side-ling view down a length of lawn, till it rests upon the town and spire of Hales, with some picturesque and beautiful ground rising behind it.

Somewhat out of the path, and in the centre of a noble clump of stately beeches, is a seat inscribed to Mr. Spence in these words:

JOSEPHO SPENCE.
eximio nostro Critoni;
cui dicare vellet
Mvsarvm omnivm et Gratiarvm chorvs,
dicat amicitia.
1758.*

We now, through a small gate, enter what is called The Lover's Walk, and proceed immediately to a seat where the water is seen very advantageously at full length; which, though not large, is so agreeable shaped, and has its bounds so well concealed, that the beholder may receive less pleasure from many lakes of greater extent. The margin on one side is fringed with alders, the other is overhung with most stately oaks and beeches, and the middle beyond the water presents the Hales Owen scene, with a group of houses on the slope behind, and the horizon well fringed with the wood. Now winding a few paces round the margin of the water, we come to another small bench, which presents the former scene somewhat varied, with the addition of a whited village among trees upon a hill. Proceeding on, we enter the pleasing gloom of this agreeable walk, and

* EXPLANATION.
Dedicated by friendship
to JOSEPH SPENCE,
our most excellent Crito,
whom
the unanimous consent
of every Muse and Grace
made choice of
to be so distinguished.

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 come to a bench beneath a spreading beech that over-
 hangs both walk and water, which has been called The
 Affignation Seat, and has this inscription on the back
 of it:

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
 Caudidior cygnis, hedera formosior alba!
 Cum primum pasci repetent præsepia tauri,
 Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.*”

Here the path begins gradually to ascend beneath a
 depth of shade, by the side of which is a small bubbling
 rill, either forming little peninsulas, rolling over peb-
 bles, or falling down small cascades, all under cover,
 and taught to murmur very agreeably. This very soft
 and pensive scene, very properly stiled The Lover's
 Walk, is terminated with an ornamented urn, inscribed
 to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of
 Mr. Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, about twen-
 ty-one years of age, in the following words on one side:

Peramabili suæ conforbinæ
 M. D.

On the other side:

Ah! Maria?
 pvellarvm elegantissima!
 ah Flore venustatis abrepta,
 vale!
 hev quanto minus est
 cvm reliquis versari,
 quam tvi
 meminisse.†

The ascent from hence winds somewhat more steeply
 to another seat, where the eye is thrown over a rough
 scene of broken and furzy ground, upon a piece of wa-

* IMITATION.

O Galatea! Nereus' lovely child,
 Sweeter than Hybla thyme, more undefil'd
 Than down of swan, or ivy's purest white,
 When the full oxen, warn'd by fading light,
 Home to the stall their sober footsteps bend,
 If Damon's dear to Damon's call attend.

† EXPLANATION.

—Sacred to the memory
 of
 a most amiable kinswoman.
 Ah! Maria!
 most elegant of nymphs!
 snatch'd from us
 in thy bloom of beauty,
 ah! farewell!

How much inferior
 is the living conversation
 of others
 to the bare remembrance
 of thee!

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ter in the flat, whose extremities are hid behind trees and shrubs, among which the house appears, and makes, upon the whole, no unpleasing picture. The path still winds under cover up the hill, the steep declivity of which is somewhat eased by the serpentine sweep of it, till we come to a small bench, with this line from Pope's *Eloisa* :

Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care !”

The opening before it presents a solitary scene of trees, thickets, and precipice, and terminates upon a green hill, with a clump of firs on the top of it.

We now find the great use as well as beauty of the serpentine path in climbing up this wood, the first seat of which, alluding to the rural scene before it, has the following lines from *Virgil* :

—“ *Hic latis otia fundis
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque bouum, mollesque sub arbore somni !*”†

Here the eye, looking down a slope beneath the spreading arms of oak and beech trees, passes first over some rough furzy ground, then over water to the large swelling lawn, in the centre of which the house is discovered among trees and thickets : this forms the fore ground. Beyond this appears a swell of waste furzy land, diversified with a cottage, and a road that winds behind a farm-house and a fine clump of trees. The back scene of all is a semicircular range of hills, diversified with woods, scenes of cultivation, and inclosures, to about four or five miles distance.

Still winding up into the wood, we come to a slight seat, opening through the trees to a bridge of five piers, crossing a large piece of water at about half a mile's distance. The next seat looks down from a considerable height, along the side of a steep precipice, upon irregular and pleasing ground. And now we turn upon a sudden into a long straight-lined walk, in the wood,

† IMITATION.

Here tranquil leifures in the ample field,
Here caves and living lakes their pleasures yield;
Here vales invite where sports the cooling breeze,
And peaceful sleep beneath embow ring trees,
While lowing herds surround.

arched over with tall trees, and terminating with a small rustic building. Though the walk, as I said, be straight-lined, yet the base rises and falls so agreeably, as leaves no room to censure its formality. About the middle of this avenue, which runs the whole length of this hanging wood, we arrive unexpectedly at a lofty Gothic seat, whence we look down a slope, more considerable than that before mentioned, through the wood on each side. This view is indeed a fine one, the eye first travelling down over well variegated ground into the valley, where is a large piece of water, whose sloping banks give all the appearance of a noble river. The ground from hence rises gradually to the top of Clent-hill, at three or four miles distance; and the landscape is enriched with a view of Hales Owen, the late Lord Dudley's house, and a large wood of Lord Lyttleton's. It is impossible to give an adequate description of this view, the beauty of it depending upon the great variety of objects and beautiful shape of ground, and all at such a distance as to admit of being seen distinctly.

Hence we proceed to the rustic building before mentioned, a slight and unexpensive edifice, formed of rough unhewn stone, commonly called here The Temple of Pan, having a trophy of the Tibia and Syrinx, and this inscription over the entrance:

"Pan primus calamos cera conjungere plures
Edocuit; Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros."*

Hence mounting once more to the right through this dark umbrageous walk, we enter at once upon a light-some high natural terrace, whence the eye is thrown over all the scenes we have seen before, together with many fine additional ones, and all beheld from a declivity that approaches as near a precipice as is agreeable. In the middle is a seat with this inscription:

Divini gloria roris! †

To give a better idea of this, by far the most magni-

* IMITATION.

Pan, god of shepherds, first inspir'd our swains
Their pipes to frame, and tune their rural strains:
Pan from impending harm the fold defends,
And Pan the master of the fold befriends.

† EXPLANATION.

O glory of the sylvan scene divine!

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ficent scene here, it were, perhaps, best to divide it into two distinct parts; the noble concave in the front, and the rich valley towards the right. In regard to the former, if a boon companion could enlarge his idea of a punch-bowl, ornamented within with all the romantic scenery the Chinese ever yet devised, it would, perhaps, afford him the highest idea he could possibly conceive of earthly happiness: he would certainly wish to swim in it. Suffice it to say, that the horizon, or brim, is as finely varied as the cavity. It would be idle here to mention the Clee hills, the Wrekin, the Welsh mountains, or Cær Caradock, at a prodigious distance; which, though they furnish the scene agreeably, should not be mentioned at the Leasowes, the beauty of which turns chiefly upon distinguishable scenes. The valley upon the right is equally enriched, and the opposite side thereof well fringed with woods, and the high hills on one side this long winding vale rolling agreeably into the hollows on the other. But these are a kind of objects which, though really noble in the survey, will not strike a reader in description as they would a spectator upon the spot.

Hence returning back into the wood, and crossing Pan's Temple, we go directly down the slope into another part of Mr. Shenstone's grounds, the path leading down through very pleasing home-scenes of well-shaped ground, exhibiting a most perfect concave and convex, till we come at a seat under a noble beech, presenting a rich variety of fore-ground, and at perhaps half a mile's distance, the Gothic alcove on a hill well covered with wood, a pretty cottage under trees in the more distant part of the concave, and a farm-house upon the right, all picturesque objects.

The next and the subsequent seat affords pretty much the same scenes a little enlarged, with the addition of that remarkable clump of trees called Frankly Beeches, adjoining to the old family-seat of the Lyttletons, and from whence the present Lord Lyttleton derives his title.

We come now to a handsome Gothic screen, backed

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with a clump of firs, which throws the eye in front full upon a cascade in the valley, issuing from beneath a dark shade of poplars. The house appears in the centre of a large swelling lawn, bushed with trees and thicket. The pleasing variety of easy swells and hollows, bounded by scenes less smooth and cultivated, affords the most delightful picture of domestic retirement and tranquillity.

We now descend to a seat inclosed with handsome pales, and backed with firs, inscribed to Lord Lyttleton. It presents a beautiful view up a valley contracted gradually, and ending in a group of most magnificent oaks and beeches. The right-hand side is enlivened with two striking cascades, and a winding stream seen at intervals between tufts of trees and woodland. To the left appears the hanging wood already mentioned, with the Gothic screen on the slope in the centre.

Winding still downwards, we come to a small seat, where one of the offices of the house, and a view of a cottage on very high ground, is seen over the tops of the trees of the grove in the adjacent valley, giving an agreeable instance of the abrupt inequality of ground in this romantic well variegated country. The next seat shews another face of the same valley, the water gliding calmly along betwixt two seeming groves without any cascades, as a contrast to the former one, where it was broken by cascades: the scene very significantly alluded to by the motto,

"Rura mihi, et regni placeant in vallibus amnes,
"Flumina amem, silvasque inglorius!"*

We descend now to a beautiful gloomy scene, called Virgil's Grove, where on the entrance we pass by a small obelisk on the right-hand, with this inscription:

P. Virgilio Maroni
Lapis iste cum lyco facer esto.†

* IMITATION.

Woods, vales, and running streams, my mind enchant;
The woods and streams inglorious let me haunt.

† EXPLANATION.

To
P. Virgilius Maro
This obelisk
and grove
Is consecrated

Note. It was customary with the Romans to give a prænomen, or first name, in the manner of our Christian names; accordingly Virgil had that of Publius. He derived the addition of Maro from his father, who was so called.

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Before this is a slight bench, where some of the same objects are seen again, but in a different point of light. It is not very easy either to paint or describe this delightful grove: however, as the former has been more than once attempted, I will hope to apologize for an imperfect description, by the difficulty found by those who have aimed to sketch it with their pencil. Be it, therefore, first observed, that the whole scene is opaque and gloomy, consisting of a small deep valley or dingle, the sides of which are enclosed with irregular tufts of hazel and other underwood, and the whole shadowed with lofty trees rising out of the bottom of the dingle, through which a copious stream makes its way through mossy banks, enamelled with primroses, and variety of wild wood flowers. The first seat we approach is thus inscribed:

Celeberrimo Poetæ
IACOBO THOMSON,
Prope fontes ille non fastiditos
G. S.

Sedem hanc ornavit.*

"Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
"Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus aultri,
"Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam littora, nec quæ
"Saxosæ inter decurrunt flumina valles."†

This seat is placed upon a steep bank on the edge of the valley, from which the eye is here drawn down into the flat below, by the light that glimmers in front, and by the sound of various cascades, by which the winding stream is agreeably broken. Opposite to this seat the ground rises again in an easy concave to a kind of dripping fountain, where a small rill trickles down a rude nich of rock-work, through fern, liver-wort, and aquatic weeds, the green area in the middle, through which the stream winds, being as well shaped as can be ima-

* EXPLANATION.

To the
much celebrated Poet
JAMES THOMSON,
This seat was placed
near his favourite springs
By W. S.

† IMITATION.

How shall I thank thy Muse, so form'd to please,
For not the whisperings of the southern breeze,
Nor banks still beaten by the breaking wave,
Nor limpid rills that pebbly vallies lave,
Yield such delight—

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gined. After falling down those cascades, it winds under a bridge of one arch, and then empties itself into a small lake which catches it a little below. This terminates the scene upon the right; and after these objects have for some time amused the spectator, his eye rambles to the left, where one of the most beautiful cascades imaginable is seen, by way of incident, through a kind of vista or glade, falling down a precipice over-arched with trees, and strikes us with surprise. It is impossible to express the pleasure which one feels on this occasion; for though surprise alone is not excellence, it may serve to quicken the effect of what is beautiful. I believe none ever beheld this grove without a thorough sense of satisfaction; and were one to chuse any particular spot of this perfectly Arcadian farm, it should, perhaps, be this; although it so well contrasts both with the terrace, and with some other scenes, that one cannot wish them ever to be divided. We now proceed to a seat at the bottom of a large root on the side of a slope with this

INSCRIPTION.

“ O let me haunt this peaceful shade,
 “ Nor let Ambition e’er invade
 “ The tenants of this leafy bower,
 “ That shun her paths, and slight her power.
 “ Hither the peaceful halcyon flies
 “ From social meads and open skies,
 “ Pleas’d by this rill her course to steer,
 “ And hide her sapphire plumage here.
 “ The trout, bedropp’d with crimson stains,
 “ Forfakes the river’s proud domains,
 “ Forfakes the sun’s unwelcome gleam,
 “ To lurk within this humble stream.
 “ And sure I heard the Naiad say,
 “ Flow, flow, my Stream! this devious way;
 “ Tho’ lovely soft thy murmurs are,
 “ Thy water’s lovely, cool, and fair.
 “ Flow, gentle Stream! nor let the vain
 “ Thy small unfully’d stores disdain;
 “ Nor let the pensive sage repine,
 “ Whose latent course resembles thine.”

The view from it is a calm tranquil scene of water, gliding through sloping ground, with a sketch through the trees of the small pond below.

The scene in this place is that of water stealing along through a rude sequestered vale, the ground on each side covered with weeds and field flowers, as that before is kept close shaven. Farther on we lose all sight of water,

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and only hear the noise, without having the appearance, a kind of effect which the Chinese are fond of producing in what they call their scenes of enchantment. We now turn all on a sudden upon the high cascade which we admired before in vista. The scene around is quite a grotto of native stone running up it, roots of trees overhanging it, and the whole shaded overhead. However, we first approach, upon the left, a chalybeat spring, with an iron bowl chained to it, and this inscription upon a stone :

Fons Ferrugineus
Divæ quæ secessiv isto frui concedit.*

Then turning to the right, we find a stone seat, making part of the afore said cave, with this well-applied inscription :

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;
Nympharum domus.†

which I have often heard Mr. Shenstone term the definition of a grotto. We now wind up a shady path on the left hand, and crossing the head of this cascade, pass beside the river that supplies it in our way up to the house. One seat first occurs under a shady oak as we ascend the hill; soon after we enter the shrubbery, which half surrounds the house, where we find two seats, thus inscribed to two of his most particular friends. The first thus :

Amicitæ et meritis
RICHARDI GRAVES :‡

Ipsæ te, Tityre ! pinvs,
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbvsta, vocabant.§

* EXPLANATION.

To the Goddess
Who bestowed the enjoyment
of these retreats,
This chalybeat spring
is consecrated.

† IMITATION.

Within are wholesome springs, and marble seats
Carv'd in the living rock, of Nymphs the blest'd retreats.

‡ EXPLANATION.

To the
friendship and merits
of
RICHARD GRAVES.

§ EXPLANATION.

Thee, Tityrus ! the pines,
The crystal springs, the very groves, invoc'd.

And a little further the other, with the following

INSCRIPTION.
Amicitiae et meritis
RICHARDI JAGO.

EXPLANATION.
To the
friendship and merit
of
RICHARD JAGO.

From this last is an opening down the valley over a large sliding lawn, well edged with oaks, to a piece of water, crossed by a considerable bridge in the flat; the steeple of Hales, a village amid trees, making, on the whole, a very pleasing picture. Thus winding through flowering shrubs, beside a menagerie for doves, we are conducted to the stables. But let it not be forgot, that, on the entrance into this shrubbery, the first object that strikes us is a Venus de Medicis, beside a basin of gold fish, encompassed round with shrubs, and illustrated with the following

INSCRIPTION.

— "Semi reducta Venus."†

"To Venus, Venus here retir'd,
My sober vows I pay;
Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
The bold, the pert, the gay;
Not her whose am'rous leer prevail'd
To bribe the Phrygian boy;
Not her who, clad in armour, fail'd
To save disastrous Troy.
Fresh rising from the foamy tide,
She ev'ry bosom warms,
While half withdrawn she seems to hide,
And half reveals, her charms.
Learn hence, ye boastful sons of Taste
Who plan the rural shade,
Learn hence to shun the vicious waste
Of pomp at large display'd.
Let sweet Concealment's magic art
Your mazy bounds invest,
And while the sight inveils a part,
Let Fancy paint the rest.
Let coy Reserve with Coit unite
To grace your wood or field,
No ray obtrusive pall the sight,
In aught you paint or build.
And far be driv'n the sumptuous glare
Of gold from British groves,
And far the meritricious air
Of China's vain alcoves.
'Tis bashful Beauty ever twines
The most coercive chain;
'Tis she that sov'reign rule declines,
Who best deserves to reign."

† EXPLANATION.
Venus half-retir'd.



VERSES TO MR. SHENSTONE.

Written on a Ferme Ornée, near Birmingham.

BY THE LATE LADY LUXBOROUGH.

'TIS Nature here bids pleasing scenes arise,
And wisely gives them Cynthio to revise;
To veil its blemish, brighten ev'ry grace,
Yet still preserve the lovely parent's face.
How well the Bard obeys, each valley tells, 5
These lucid streams, gay meads, and lonely cells,
Where modest Art in silence lurks conceal'd,
While nature shines, so gracefully reveal'd,
That she triumphant claims the total plan,
And with fresh pride adopts the work of man. 10

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

AT THE LEASOWES, BY MR. GRAVES.

"Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus!"†——HOR.

SEE the tall youth, by partial Fate's decree,
To affluence born, and from restraint set free;
Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,
The mall, the rout, the playhouse, and the court;
Soon for some varnish'd nymph of dubious fame, 5
Or powder'd peers, counterfeits a flame.
Behold him now, enraptur'd, swear and sigh,
Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why,
Till by kind Fate restor'd to country air,
He marks the roses of some rural fair; 10
Smit with her unaffected native charms,
A real passion soon his bosom warms;
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
And tastes the genuine happiness of life.
Thus, in the vacant season of the year, 15
Some Templar gay begins his wild career:
From seat to seat o'er pompous scenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and surprise,
Till, sick of domes, arcades, and temples, grown,
He hies fatigu'd, not satisfy'd, to Town. 20

† IMITATION.

In friendship thus, O! be we still beguil'd.

Yet if some kinder genius point his way,
 To where the Muses o'er the Leasowes stray,
 Charm'd with the sylvan beauties of the place,
 Where Art assumes the sweets of Nature's face,
 Each hill, each dale, each consecrated grove, 25
 Each lake and falling stream, his rapture move.
 Like the sage captive in Calypso's grot,
 The cares, the pleasures, of the world forgot,
 Of calm content he hails the genuine sphere,
 And longs to dwell a blissful hermit here. 30

VERSES RECEIVED BY THE POST,

FROM A LADY UNKNOWN.

HEALTH to the Bard in Leasowes' happy groves ;
 Health, and sweet converse with the Muse he loves !
 The humblest vot'ry of the tuneful Nine,
 With trembling hand, attempts her artless line,
 In numbers such as untaught Nature brings, 5
 As flow, spontaneous, like thy native springs.

But, ah ! what airy forms around me rise !
 The russet mountain glows with richer dyes ;
 In circling dance a pigmy crowd appear,
 And, hark ! in infant voice salutes my ear ! 10
 ' Mortal ! thy aim we know, thy task approve ;
 ' His merit honour, and his genius love :
 ' For us what verdant carpets has he spread,
 ' Where, nightly, we our mystic mazes tread !
 ' For us each shady grove and rural seat, 15
 ' His falling streams, and flowing numbers sweet !
 ' Didst thou not mark, amid the winding dell,
 ' What tuneful verse adorns the mossy cell ?
 ' There ev'ry Fairy of our sprightly train
 ' Resort, to bless the woodland and the plain : 20
 ' There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,
 ' The green turf brightens, and the v'lets blow ;
 ' And there with thoughts sublime we bless the swain ;
 ' Nor we inspire, nor he attends, in vain.
 ' Go, simple Rhimer ! bear this message true ; 25
 ' The truths that Fairies dictate none shall rue.

" Say to the Bard in Leasowes' happy grove,
 " Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love—
 " Content thyself no longer that thy lays,
 " By others foster'd, tend to others praise; 30
 " No longer to the fav'ring world refuse
 " The welcome treasures of thy polished Muse;
 " Thy scatter'd blooms that boast thy valu'd name,
 " Collect, unite, and give the wreath to Fame;
 " Ne'er can thy virtues, or thy verse, engage 35
 " More solid praise than in this happiest age,
 " When sense and merit's cherish'd by the throne,
 " And each illustrious privilege their own.
 " Tho' modest be thy gentle Muse, I ween,
 " Oh! lead her blushing from the daisy'd green,
 " A fit attendant on Britannia's Queen." 41
 Ye sportive Elves! as faithful I relate
 Th' entrusted mandates of your Fairy state,
 Visit these wilds again with nightly care;
 So shall my kine, of all the herd, repair 45
 In healthful plight to fill the copious pail;
 My sheep lie pent with safety in the dale;
 My poultry fear no robber in the roost;
 My linen more than common whiteness boast:
 Let order, peace, and housewifery be mine;
 Shenstone! be fancy, fame, and fortune, thine! 51

COSTWOULDIA.

ON THE DISCOVERY

OF AN ECHO AT EDGBASTON.

By ———

HA! what art thou, whose voice unknown
 Pours on these plains its tender moan!
 Art thou the nymph in Shenstone's dale,
 Who dost with plaintive note bewail
 That he forsakes th' Aonian maids, 5
 To court inconstant rills and shades?
 Mourn not, sweet Nymph!—Alas! in vain
 Do they invite and thou complain—
 Yet while he woo'd the gentle throng,
 With liquid lay and melting song,

The list'ning herd around him stray'd,
 In wanton frisk the lambkins play'd,
 And every Naiad ceas'd to lave
 Her azure limbs amid the wave;
 The Graces danc'd; the rosy band
 Of Smiles and Loves went hand in hand,
 And purple Pleasures strew'd the way
 With sweetest flow'rs; and every ray
 Of each fond Muse, with rapture fir'd,
 To glowing thoughts his breast inspir'd;
 The hills rejoic'd, the vallies rung,
 All Nature smil'd when Shenstone sung.

15

20

So charm'd his lay; but now no more—
 Ah! why dost thou repeat—"No more?"
 E'en now he hies to deck the grove,
 To deck the scene the Muses love,
 And soon again will own their sway,
 And thou resound the peerless lay,
 And with immortal numbers fill
 Each rocky cave and vocal hill.

25

30

VERSES BY MR. DODSLEY,

ON HIS FIRST ARRIVAL AT THE LEASOWES.

"HOW shall I fix my wandering eye? where find
 "The source of this enchantment? Dwells it in
 "The woods? or waves there not a magic wand
 "O'er the translucent waters? Sure, unseen,
 "Some fav'ring power directs the happy lines
 "That sketch these beauties; swells the rising hills,
 "And scoops the dales to Nature's finest forms,
 "Vague, undetermined, infinite; untaught
 "By line or compass, yet supremely fair!"
 So spake Philenor, as with raptur'd gaze
 He travers'd Damon's farm: from distant plains
 He sought his friend's abode; nor had the fame
 Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.

5

10

And thus the swain, as o'er each hill and dale,
 Thro' lawn or thicket, he pursu'd his way:

15

"What is it gilds the verdure of these meads
 "With hues more bright than Fancy paints the flowers

VERSES TO MR. SHENSTONE.

39

" Of Paradise? What Naiad's guiding hand
 " Leads, thro' the border'd vale, these lucid rills,
 " That, murm'ring as they flow, bear melody 20
 " Along their banks, and thro' the vocal shades.
 " Improve the music of the woodland choir?
 " What pensive Dryads rais'd yon' solemn grove,
 " Where minds contemplative, at close of day
 " Retiring, muse o'er Nature's various works, 25
 " Her wonders venerate, or her sweets enjoy?
 " What room for doubt? some rural deity,
 " Presiding, scatters o'er the unequal lawns,
 " In beauteous wildness, yon' fair-spreading trees,
 " And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
 " And herds and bleating flocks, domestic fowl, 31
 " And those that swim the lake, sees rising round
 " More pleasing landscapes than in Tempe's vale
 " Penéus water'd. Yes, some sylvan god 34
 " Spreads wide the vary'd prospect, waves the woods,
 " Lifts the proud hills, and clears the shining lakes,
 " While from the congregated waters pour'd,
 " The bursting torrent tumbles down the steep
 " In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,
 " Wild, interrupted, cross'd with rocks, and roots, 40
 " And interwoven trees; till, soon absorb'd,
 " An opening cavern all its rage entombs.
 " So vanish human glories! such the pomp
 " Of swelling warriors, of ambitious kings,
 " Who fret and strut their hour upon the stage 45
 " Of busy life, and then are heard no more!
 " "Yes, 'tis enchantment all—And see! the spells,
 " The pow'rful incantations, magic verse,
 " Inscrib'd on ev'ry tree, alcove, or urn— 49
 " Spells! Incantations!—Ah! my tuneful friend!
 " Thine are the numbers, thine the wondrous work!
 " Yes, great Magician! now I read thee right,
 " And lightly weigh all sorcery but thine.
 " No Naiad's leading step conducts the rill,
 " Nor sylvan god presiding skirts the lawn 55
 " In beauteous wildness, with fair spreading trees,
 " Nor magic wand has circumscrib'd the scene:

" 'Tis thine own taste, thy genius that presides,
 " Nor needs there other deity, nor needs 59
 " More potent spells than they."—No more the swain;
 For, lo! his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn
 Advancing, leads him to the social dome. 62

TO MR. R. D.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. SHENSTONE.

" Thee, Shepherd! thee the woods and desert caves,
 " With wild thyme and the gladdening vine o'ergrown.
 " And all their echoes, mourn." MILT.

'TIS past, my friend! the transient scene is clos'd!
 The fairy pile, th' enchanted vision rais'd
 By Damon's magic skill, is lost in air!

What tho' the lawns and pendent woods remain,
 Each tinkling stream, each rushing cataract, 5
 With lapse incessant echoes thro' the dale?
 Yet what avails the lifeless landscape now?
 The charm's dissolv'd; the Genius of the wood,
 Alas! is flown—for Damon is no more.

As when from fair Lycæum, crown'd with pines,
 Or Mænalus, with leaves autumnal strew'd, 11
 The tuneful Pan retires, the vocal hills
 Resound no more, and all Arcadia mourns.

Yet here we fondly dream'd of lasting joys;
 Here we had hop'd, from noisy throngs retir'd, 15
 To drink large draughts of Friendship's cordial stream,
 In sweet oblivion wrapt by Damon's verse,
 And social converse, many a summer's day.

Romantic wish! in vain frail mortals trace
 Th' imperfect sketch of human bliss—Whilst yet 20
 Th' enraptur'd fire his well-plann'd structure views
 Majestic rising 'midst his infant groves,
 Sees the dark laurel spread its glossy shade,
 Its languid bloom the purple lilack blend,
 Or pale laburnum drop its pensile chain, 25
 Death spreads the fatal shaft, and bids his heir
 Transplant the cypress round his father's tomb.

Oh! teach me then, like you, my friend! to raise
 To moral truths my grov'ling song; for, ah!
 Too long, by lawless Fancy led astray, 30

VERSES TO MR. SHENSTONE.

41

Of Nymphs and groves I've dream'd, and dancing
Fauns,

Or Naiad leaning o'er her tinkling urn.

Oh! could I learn to sanctify my strains

With hymns like those by tuneful Meyric sung—

35

Or rather catch the melancholy sounds

From Warton's reed, or Mason's lyre—to paint

The sudden gloom that damps my soul—But see!

Melpomene herself has snatch'd the pipe

With which sad Lyttleton his Lucia mourn'd,

And, plaintive, cries, My Shenstone is no more!

40

VERSES WRITTEN AT THE GARDENS OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
"Argulus ridet."* HOR.

WOULD you these lov'd recesses trace,
And view fair Nature's modest face?

See her in ev'ry field-flower bloom,

O'er ev'ry thicket shed perfume?

By verdant groves, and vocal hills

By mossy grotts, near purling rills,

Where'er you turn your wand'ring eyes,

Behold her win without disguise.

What tho' no pageant trifles here,

As in the glare of courts, appear?

Tho' rarely here be heard the name

Of rank or title, power or fame?

Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,

A bliss more pure and unconfin'd

Your step attends—Draw freely nigh,

And meet the Bard's benignant eye:

On him no pedant forms await,

No proud reserve shuts up his gate;

No spleen, no party views, controul

That warm benevolence of soul

* IMITATION.

Whate'er the beauties others boast,
That spot of ground delights me most,

Which prompts the friendly gen'rous part,
 Regardless of each venal art,
 Regardless of the world's acclaim,
 And courteous with no selfish aim.

Draw freely nigh, and welcome find :
 If not the costly, yet the kind.

25

Oh ! he will lead you to the cells

Where ev'ry Muse and Virtue dwells,
 Where the green Dryads guard his woods,

Where the blue Naiads guide his floods,

30

Where all the Sister Graces gay,

That shap'd his walks' meandering way,

Stark naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,

Lie slumb'ring soft beneath his bowers.

Wak'd by the stock-dove's melting strain,

35

Behold them rise ! and, with the train

Of Nymphs that haunt the stream or grove,

Or o'er the flow'ry champaign rove,

Join hand in hand—attentive gaze—

And mark the dance's mystic maze.

40

“ Such is the waving line,” they cry,

“ For ever dear to Fancy's eye !

“ Yon' stream, that wanders down the dale,

“ The spiral wood, the winding vale,

“ The path which, wrought with hidden skill,

45

“ Slow twining, scales yon' distant hill,

“ With fir invested—all combine

“ To recommend the waving line.

“ The wreathed rod of Bacchus fair,

“ The ringlets of Apollo's hair,

50

“ The wand by Maia's offspring borne,

“ The smooth volutes of Ammon's horn,

“ The structure of the Cyprian dame,

“ And each fair female's beauteous frame,

“ Shew, to the pupils of Design,

55

“ The triumphs of the waving line.”

Then gaze, and mark that union sweet

Where fair convex and concave meet,

And while, quick shifting as you stray,

The vivid scenes on Fancy play,

60

VERSES TO MR. SHENSTONE.

43

The lawn of aspect smooth and mild,
 The forest ground grotesque and wild,
 The shrub that scents the mountain gale,
 The stream rough dashing down the dale,
 From rock to rock in eddies tost, 65
 The distant lake in which 'tis lost,
 Blue hills gay beaming thro' the glade,
 Long urns that solemnize the shade,
 Sweet interchange of all that charms
 In groves, meads, dingles, riv'ls, farms ! 70
 If aught the fair confusion please,
 With lasting health and lasting ease ;
 To him who form'd the blissful bow'r,
 And gave thy life one tranquil hour,
 With peace and freedom—these possést, 75
 His temperate mind secures the rest.
 But if thy soul such bliss despise,
 Avert thy dull incurious eyes ;
 Go, fix them there where gems and gold,
 Improv'd by art, their pow'r unfold ; 80
 Go, try in courtly scenes to trace
 A fairer form of Nature's face ;
 Go, scorn Simplicity—but know
 That all our heart-felt joys below,
 That all which Virtue loves to name, 85
 Which Art consigns to lasting fame,
 Which fixes Wit or Beauty's throne,
 Derives its source from her alone. 88

ARCADIO.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

IN HIS SICKNESS.

BY MR. WOODHOUSE.

YE flow'ry Plains ! ye breezy Woods !
 Ye bowers and gay alcoves !
 Ye falling Streams ! ye silver floods !
 Ye Grottoes ! and ye Groves !

Alas! my heart feels no delight,
Tho' I your charms survey,
While he consumes in pain the night,
In languid sighs the day.

The flowers disclose a thousand blooms,
A thousand scents diffuse,
Yet all in vain they shed perfumes,
In vain display their hues.

Restrain, ye Flow'rs! your thoughtless pride,
Recline your gaudy heads,
And, sadly drooping, side by side,
Embrace your humid beds.

Tall Oaks! that o'er the woodland shade
Your lofty summits rear,
Ah! why, in wonted charms array'd,
Expand your leaves so fair!

For, lo! the flowers as gaily smile,
As wanton waves the tree;
And tho' I sadly 'plain the while,
Yet they regard not me.

Ah! should the Fates an arrow send,
And strike the fatal wound,
Who, who shall then your sweets defend,
Or fence your beauties round?

But hark! perhaps the plummy throng
Have learn'd my plaintive tale,
And some sad dirge or mournful song
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah, no! they chant a sprightly strain
To sooth an am'rous mate,
Unmindful of my anxious pain,
And his uncertain fate.

But see! these little murm'ring rills
With fond repinings rove,
And trickle wailing down the hills,
Or weep along the grove.

Oh! mock not if, beside your stream,
You hear me, too, repine,
Or aid with sighs your mournful theme,
And fondly call him mine.

Ye envious Winds! the cause display,
In whispers as you blow,
Why did your treach'rous gales convey
The poison'd shafts of woe?

45

Did he not plant the shady bow'r
Where you so blithly meet?
The scented shrub, and fragrant flower,
To make your breezes sweet?

50

And must he leave the wood, the field,
The dear Arcadian reign?
Can neither verse nor virtue shield
The guardian of the plain?

53

Must he his tuneful breath resign,
Whom all the Muses love?
That round his brow their laurels twine,
And all his songs approve?

60

Preserve him, mild Omnipotence!
Our Father, King, and God!
Who clear'd the paths of life and sense,
Or stopp'd them at thy nod.

Bless'd Pow'r! who calm'd the raging deep,
His valu'd health restore,
Nor let the sons of Genius weep,
Nor let the Good deplore.

65

But if thy boundless wisdom knows
His longer date an ill,
Let not my soul a wish disclose
To contradict thy will.

70

For happy, happy were the change,
For such a godlike mind,
To go where kindred spirits range,
Nor leave a wish behind.

75

And tho' to share his pleasures here
 Kings might their state forego,
 Yet must he feel such raptures there
 As none can taste below.

80

VERSES LEFT ON A SEAT.

O EARTH! to his remains indulgent be,
 Who so much care and cost bestow'd on thee;
 Who crown'd thy barren hills with useful shade,
 And cheer'd with tinkling rills each silent glade;
 Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
 And there enliven'd Nature's vernal bloom.
 Propitious Earth! lie lightly on his head,
 And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread!

4

8

CORYDON, A PASTORAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.
 BY MR J. CUNNINGHAM.

I.

COME, Shepherds! we'll follow the hearse,
 And see our lov'd Corydon laid:
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
 They call'd him the Pride of the Plain:
 In sooth he was gentle and kind;
 He mark'd in his elegant strain
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

5

II.

On purpose he planted yon' trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell;
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
 But never would rattle their cell.
 Ye lambkins! that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat—and your master bemoan:
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.

10

15

ELEGIES.

47

III.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges, so vocal before,)
Since he that should welcome the Spring
Can greet the gay season no more.

20

IV.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise,
And Poets came round in a throng;
They listened, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?
Ye Shepherds! henceforward be mute,
For lost is the Pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

25

30

32

ELEGIES,

WRITTEN ON MANY DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagas
Assidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita, solus,
Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani!

VIRG.

IMITATION.

The spreading beech alone he would explore
With frequent step; beneath its shady top
(Ah! profitless employ!) to hills and groves
These indigested lays he wont repeat.

ELEGY I.

*He arrives at his Retirement in the Country, and takes
Occasion to expatiate in praise of Simplicity.*

To a Friend.

FOR rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell;
Now 'mid the trees I see my smoke arise,
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that Genius which secures my rest
 Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear ! 5
 Ne'er may my vintage glad the fordid breast,
 Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be insincere !

Far from these paths, ye faithless Friends ! depart ;
 Fly my plain board, abhor my hostile name ! 10
 Hence the faint verse that flows not from the heart,
 But mourns in labour'd strains the price of fame !

O lov'd Simplicity ! be thine the prize !
 Assiduous Art correct her page in vain !
 His be the palm who, guiltless of disguise, 15
 Contemns the pow'r the dull resource to feign !

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears,
 For lucre's venal meed invite my scorn !
 Still may the bard, dissembling doubts and fears,
 For praise, for flatt'ry sighing, sigh forlorn ! 20

Soft as the line of lovesick Hammond flows,
 'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme ;
 Ah ! never could Aonia's hill disclose
 So fair a fountain or so lov'd a stream.

Ye loveless Bards ! intent with artful pains 25
 To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear !
 Forego your Pindus, and on —— plains
 Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.

But thou, my Friend ! while in thy youthful soul
 Love's gentle tyrant seats his awful throne, 30
 Write from thy bosom—let not art controul
 The ready pen that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing, when youth is long expir'd, to trace
 The forms our pencil or our pen design'd !
 " Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face ! 35
 " Such the soft image of our youthful mind !"

Soft, whilst we sleep beneath the rural bow'rs,
 The Loves and Graces steal unseen away,
 And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,
 We wake to wintry scenes of chill decay ! 40

ELEGIES.

49

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair ;
Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms ;
Paint thy proud scorn of ev'ry vulgar care,
When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with Oenone thou hast worn the day, 45
Near font or stream, in meditation, rove ;
If in the grove Oenone lov'd to stray,
The faithful Muse shall meet thee in the grove 48

ELEGY II.

On posthumous Reputation. To a Friend.

O GRIEF of griefs ! that Envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praise ;
O foolish Muses ! that with zeal aspire
To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays.

When the free spirit quits her humble frame, 5
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd ;
Say, will she hear the distant voice of Fame ?
Or, hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound ?

Perhaps e'en Genius pours a slighted lay ;
Perhaps e'en Friendship sheds a fruitless tear ; 10
E'en Lyttleton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Tho' weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs ;
Tho' near his tomb Sabean odours burn, 15
The loit'ring fragrance will it reach the skies ?

No ; should his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain :
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care
Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain. 20

Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise
Can ev'ry sense of present joys excel ;
For this great Hadrian chose laborious days ;
Thro' this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who Fame's bright fabric raise,
 To life's precarious date confine their care? 26
 O teach them you to spread the sacred base,
 To plan a work thro' latest ages fair!

Is it small transport, as with curious eye
 You trace the story of each Attic sage, 30
 To think your blooming praise shall time defy?
 Shall waft like odours, thro' the pleasing page?

To mark the day when, thro' the bulky tome,
 Around your name the varying stile refines?
 And readers call their lost attention home, 35
 Led by that index where true genius shines?

Ah! let not Britons doubt their social aim,
 Whose ardent bosoms catch this ancient fire;
 Cold int'rest melts before the vivid flame,
 And patriot ardours but with life expire. 40

ELEGY III.

On the untimely Death of a certain learned Acquaintance.

IF proud Pygmalion quits his cumbrous frame,
 Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies,
 Whilst heralds loud, with venal voice proclaim,
 Lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends 5
 Pageant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier;
 The faithful Muse with votive song attends,
 And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the sly penurious art,
 That odious art which Fortune's fav'rites know: 10
 Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
 But envious Fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound;
 He little knew that mortals could ensnare:
 Virtue he knew; the noblest joy he found 15
 To sing her glories, and to paint her fair.

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep,
 And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold;
 Yet at another's loss the swain would weep,
 And for his friend his very crook was sold. 20

Ye sons of Wealth! protect the Muses' train;
 From winds protect them, and with food supply:
 Ah! helpless they, toward the threaten'd pain,
 The meagre famine, and the wintry sky!

He lov'd a nymph; amidst his slender store 25
 He dar'd to love, and Cynthia was his theme:
 He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore;
 They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.

His nymph was fair! the sweetest bud that blows
 Revives less lovely from the recent show'r;
 So Philomel enamour'd eyes the rose; 30
 Sweet bird! enamour'd of the sweetest flow'r.

He lov'd the Muse; she taught him to complain;
 He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend:
 He lov'd the Muse, altho' she taught in vain; 35
 He lov'd the Muse, for she was Virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
 She wins the ear when formal plans are vain;
 She tempts Patricians from the fatal doors
 Of Vice's brothel forth to Virtue's fane. 40

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
 He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain:
 Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
 The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest! 45
 Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
 As tho' the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
 As tho' the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain;
 Saw peasant hands the pious rites supply: 50
 The gen'rous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
 But Pow'r and Wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such Alcon fell ; in meagre want forlorn !
 Where were ye then, ye pow'rful Patrons ! where ?
 Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
 Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear. 56

ELEGY IV.

Ophelia's Urn. To Mr. G——

THRO' the dim veil of ev'ning's dusky shade,
 Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
 What dreary forms has magic Fear survey'd !
 What shrouded spectres Superstition seen !

But you, secure, shall pour your sad complaint, 5
 Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array ;
 What none but Fear's officious hand can paint,
 What none but Superstition's eye survey.

The glimm'ring twilight and the doubtful dawn
 Shall see your step to these sad scenes return : 10
 Constant, as crystal dew's impearl the lawn,
 Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn.

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
 Where sleep the reliques of that virtuous maid ;
 Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way 15
 Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy Muse, as with unceasing sighs
 She keeps late vigils, on her urn reclin'd,
 May see light groups of pleasing visions rise,
 And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind. 20

Then fame, her clarion pendant at her side,
 Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade ;
 " Why has such worth, without distinction, dy'd ?
 " Why, like the desert's lily, bloom to fade ?

Then young Simplicity, averse to feign, 25
 Shall, unmolested, breathe her softest sigh,
 And Candour with unwonted warmth complain,
 And Innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand,
 Shall cull fresh flow'rets for Ophelia's tomb;
 And beauty chide the Fate's severe command,
 That shew'd the frailty of so fair a bloom! 30

And fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
 Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain;
 For mournful fable all her hues forego,
 And ask sweet solace of the Muse in vain! 35

Ah! gentle Forms! expect no fond relief;
 Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore:
 Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
 Your best, your brightest fav'rite is no more. 40

ELEGY V.

*He compares the Turbulence of Love with the Tranquillity
 of Friendship. To Melissa his Friend.*

FROM Love, from angry Love's inclement reign
 I pass awhile to Friendship's equal skies;
 Thou, gen'rous Maid! reliev'st my partial pain,
 And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care; 5
 How can my will and reason disagree?
 How can my passion live beneath despair?
 How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee?

Ah! dear Melissa? pleas'd with thee to rove,
 My soul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time; 10
 Ill can I bear the various clime of Love!
 Love is a pleasing but a various clime.

So smiles immortal Maro's fav'rite shore,
 Parthenope, with ev'ry verdure crown'd;
 When straight Vesuvio's horrid caldrons roar, 15
 And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh! blisful regions! oh! unrivall'd plains!
 When Maro to these fragrant haunts retir'd!
 Oh! fatal realms! and, oh! accurs'd domains!
 When Pliny 'mid sulphureous clouds expir'd! 20

So smiles the surface of the treach'rous main,
 As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play,
 When some rude winds their wonted rule regain,
 And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave ; 25
 E'en Hope subside, amid the billows tost ;
 Hope, still emergent, still contemns the wave,
 And not a feature's wonted smile is lost. 28

ELEGY VI.

To a Lady, on the Language of Birds.

COME then, Dione, let us range the grove,
 The science of the feather'd choirs explore,
 Hear linnets argue, larks descant on love,
 And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides—'tis no Italian song, 5
 Nor senseless ditty, cheers the vernal tree:
 Ah ! who that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
 Shall doubt that music may with sense agree ?

And come, my Muse ! that lov'st the sylvan shade,
 Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel ; 10
 Translate the song ; convince my doubting maid
 No solemn Dervise can explain so well—

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I fate,
 The slave of hopeless vows and cold disdain !
 When Philomel address'd his mournful mate, 15
 And thus I constru'd the mellifluent strain.

“ Sing on, my bird !—the liquid notes prolong ;
 “ At ev'ry note a lover sheds his tear ;
 “ Sing on my bird !—'tis Damon hears thy song,
 “ Nor doubt to gain applause when lovers hear. 20

“ He the sad source of our complaining knows ;
 “ A foe to Tereus and to lawless love :
 “ He mourns the story of our ancient woes :
 “ Ah ! could our music his complaints remove

ELEGIES.

" Yon plains are govern'd by a peerless maid ; 55
 " And see, pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky ; 25
 " A train of lovers court the chequer'd shade,
 " Sing on, my bird ! and hear thy mate's reply.
 " Erewhile no shepherd to these woods retir'd,
 " No lover blest'd the glow-worm's pallid ray ; 30
 " But ill-star'd birds, that, list'ning, not admir'd ;
 " Or list'ning, envy'd our superior lay.
 " Cheer'd by the sun, the vassals of his pow'r,
 " Let such by day unite their jarring strain,
 " But let us chuse the calm, the silent, hour,
 " Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns."

ELEGY VII.

He describes his Vision to an Acquaintance.

Cetera per terras omnes animalia, &c. VIRG.

IMITATION.

All animals beside, o'er all the earth, &c.

ON distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
 Pensive I saw the circling shade descend ;
 Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
 While the sun vanish'd, like a faithless friend.
 No kind companion led my steps aright ; 5
 No friendly planet lent its glimm'ring ray ;
 E'en the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
 Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.
 Then the dull bell had giv'n a pleasing sound ;
 The village cur 'twere transports then to hear ; 10
 In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
 While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.
 As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
 Where tow'ring Wolfey breath'd his native air,
 A sudden lustre chas'd the sitting shade, 15
 The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.
 Instant a graceful form appear'd confess ;
 White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd,
 And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest.
 That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground. 20

"Stranger," he said, "amid this pelting rain,
 "Benighted, lonesome, whither wouldst thou stray?
 "Does wealth or pow'r thy weary step constrain?
 "Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

"For know I trod the trophy'd paths of pow'r, 25
 "Felt ev'ry joy that fair ambition brings,
 "And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r
 "To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

"I bade low hinds the tow'ring ardour share,
 "Nor meanly rose to bless myself alone;
 "I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
 "And bade his wholesome dictates guard the throne.

"Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
 "I saw proud empires my decision wait:
 "My will was duty, and my word was law, 35
 "My smile was transport, and my frown was fate.

Ah me! said I, nor pow'r I seek, nor gain;
 Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure;
 A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
 And from his friend's condolence hopes a cure. 40

He, the dear youth! to whose abodes I roam,
 Nor can mine honours nor my fields extend;
 Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
 Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I scorn the wintry wind; 45
 The Spring to shade me robes her fairest tree!
 And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
 Oh how my lonely cot resounds with glee!

Yet, tho' averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
 I wish to bless, I languish to bestow; 50
 And tho' no friend to fame's obstreperous blast,
 Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with fervile tone to deign address;
 Too mean to think that honours are my due;
 Yet should some patron yield my stores to bless, 55
 I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that like a meteor's fire
Shott'st blazing forth, disdaining dull degrees,
Should I to wealth, to fame, to pow'r, aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these? 60

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load?
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious Envy bar the road?
Or Falshood's treach'rous foot beset the way?

Say, should I pass thro' Favour's crowded gate, 65
Must not fair Truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilst I approach the glitt'ring scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find?

Nurs'd in the shades by Freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own? 70
Taught by the voice of pious Truth, prepare
To spur an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud Fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads, 75
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Oh! if these ills the price of pow'r advance,
Check not my speed, where social joys invite!
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And, sighing, vanish'd in the shades of night. 80

ELEGY VIII.

*He describes his early Love of Poetry, and its Consequences.
To Mr. G——*

AH me! what envious magic thins my fold?
What mutter'd spell retards their late increase?
Such less'ning fleeces must the swain behold,
That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.

I saw my friends in ev'ning circles meet; 5
I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet:
Ah, fool! to credit what I heard them say.

Ill-fated Bard ! that seeks his skill to show,
 Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear ; 10
 Not the poor vet'ran, that permits his foe
 To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

Nor could my G — mistake the critic's laws,
 Till pious Friendship mark'd the pleasing way :
 Welcome such terror ! ever bless'd the cause ! 15
 E'en tho' it led me boundless leagues astray.

Could'st thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame,
 On list'ning Cherwell's osier banks reclin'd ?
 While foe to Fortune, uneduc'd by Fame,
 I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind ? 20

Youth's gentle kindred, Health and Love, were met ;
 What tho' in Alma's guardian arms I play'd ?
 How shall the Muse those vacant hours forget ?
 Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid ?

Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast
 Where Love and Fancy fix their op'ning reign ; 26
 How Nature shines, in livelier colours drest,
 To bless their union, and to grace their train.

So first when Phœbus met the Cyprian Queen,
 And favour'd Rhodes beheld their passion crown'd, 30
 Unusual flow'rs enrich'd the painted green,
 And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.]

Now sadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bow'r*
 The drooping Muses take their casual way,
 And where they stop, a flood of tears they pour ; 35
 And where they weep, no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose ?
 The cowslip's golden cup no more I see :
 Dark and discolour'd ev'ry flow'r that blows,
 To form the garland, Elegy ! for thee — 40

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead ;
 Ah ! might we now the pious rage controul !
 Hush'd be my grief, ere ev'ry smile be fled,
 Ere the deep-swellingsigh subvert the soul !

ELEGIES.

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,
 Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise,
 But soon too deep it works its baneful way,
 And low on earth the prostrate ruin lies*. 59
 45
 48

ELEGY. IX.

He describes his Disinterestedness to a Friend.

I NE'ER must tinge my lip with Celtic wines :
 The pomp of India must I ne'er display ;
 Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,
 Nor with Italian sounds deceive the day.
 Down yonder brook my crystal bev'rage flows ; 5
 My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring ;
 Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,
 And from my grove I hear the throstle sing.
 My fellow-swains avert your dazzled eyes ;
 In vain allur'd by glitt'ring spoils they rove ; 10
 The Fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,
 Yet gave them ample recompence in love.
 They gave you vigour from your parents veins ;
 They gave you toils, but toils your sinews brace ;
 They gave you nymphs that own their am'rous pains ;
 And shades, the refuge of the gentle race. 16
 To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
 See, polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind !
 To sing soft carols to your lovely dames,
 See vocal grots and echoing vales assign'd ! 20
 Would'st thou, my Strephon ! Love's delighted slave !
 Tho' sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,
 Forego the ribband thy Matilda gave,
 And, giving, bade thee in remembrance wear ?
 Ill fare my peace, but ev'ry idle toy, 25
 If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
 Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,
 Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

* Alludes to what is reported of the bay-tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they destroy the foundation.

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
 When love deplores the tyrant pow'r of Gain! 30
 Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,
 I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Of't from the stream, slow wand'ring down the glade,
 Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound:
 "Some miser weds, (I cry) the captive maid, 35
 "And some fond lover sickens at the sound."

Not Somerville, the Muse's friend of old,
 Tho' now exalted to yon ambient sky,
 So shunn'd a soul disdain'd with earth and gold,
 So lov'd the pure, the gen'rous breast, as I. 40

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
 His loves, his friendships, e'en his self resigns;
 Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,
 And to a ducat's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my Friend! with taste, with science, blest,
 Ere age impairs me, and ere gold allure: 46
 Restore thy dear idea to my breast,
 The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the sordid ore,
 The charms of independence let us sing; 50
 Blest with thy friendship, can I wish for more?
 I'll spurn the boasted wealth of Lydia's king*.

ELEGY X.

*To Fortune, suggesting his Motive for repining at her
 Dispensations.*

ASK not the cause why this rebellious tongue
 Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway;
 Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
 Why stands the flatter'd name which all obey?
 'Tis not that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
 Nor see my roof on Parian marble rise;
 That on this breast no mimic star is borne,
 Rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies. 5

* Cæsus.

'Tis not that on the turf supinely laid,
 I sing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze ; 10
 And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade
 My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
 When many an embryo dome is lost in air ;
 While guardian Prudence checks my eager hand, 15
 And, ere the turf is broken, cries, " Forbear :

" Forbear, vain Youth ! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
 " Nor let yon' rising column more aspire :
 " Ah ! better dwell in ruins than behold
 " Thy fortunes mould'ring, and thy domes entire. 20

" Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy ;
 " He planted, scornful of my sage commands ;
 " The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye,
 " The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the small stream, that pours its murm'ring tide 25
 O'er some rough rock that would its wealth display,
 Displays it aught but penury and pride ?
 Ah ! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

How would some flood, with ampler treasures blest,
 Disdainful view the scantling drops distil ! 30
 How must Velino * shake his reedy crest !
 How ev'ry cygnet mock the boastful rill !

Fortune, I yield ; and see, I give the sign ;
 At noon the poor mechanic wanders home,
 Collects the square, the level, and the line, 35
 And with retorted eye forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains ;
 Can unrepining leave the rising wall ;
 Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
 And my warm hopes in full pursuit recall. 40

Descend, ye Storms ! destroy my rising pile :
 Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway ;
 Contented I, although the gazer smile
 To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

* A river in Italy, that falls 100 yards perpendicular.

- Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine;
 As in the sun regales his wanton herd;
 Guiltless of envy, why should I repine
 That his rude voice, his grating reed's preferr'd?
 45
- Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,
 Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;
 But, ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
 Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia, bear?
 50
- Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
 Submit Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
 Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
 The simple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold?
 55
- " Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair;
 " Ye glitt'ring daughters of disguise adieu!
 So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
 But will the rural thane decide so true?
 60
- Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
 'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they see:
 'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
 And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.
 64

ELEGY XI.

*He complains how soon the pleasing Novelty of Life is over.
 To Mr. J——*

- AH me! my Friend! it will not, will not last!
 This fairy scene, that cheats our youthful eyes;
 The charm dissolves; th' ærial music's past;
 The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.
 5
- Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
 Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
 Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
 And we, delightless, left to wander home!
- Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
 What has the world to bribe our steps astray!
 Ere Reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
 The weaken'd passions, self-subdu'd, obey.
 10

Scarce has the sun sev'n annual courses roll'd,
 Scarce shewn the whole that Fortune can supply,
 Since not the miser so carefs'd his gold 15
 As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part,
 To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
 'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh! my foolish heart!
 Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place. 20

And you, ye works of Art! allur'd mine eye,
 The breathing picture and the living stone:
 "Tho' gold, tho' splendour, Heav'n and Fate deny,
 "Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of Fame, whose lovely spoil, 25
 The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
 I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
 But soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft, too, I pray'd; 'twas Nature form'd the pray'r
 To grace my native scenes, my rural home; 30
 To see my trees express their planter's care,
 And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er;
 A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul;
 A fond aspiring candidate no more, 35
 I scorn the palm before I reach the goal.

O Youth! enchanting stage, profusely blest'd!
 Bless e'en obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
 Of health neglectful, yet by health carefs'd,
 Careless of favour, yet secure to find. 40

Then glows the breast as op'ning roses fair;
 More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;
 Honest as light, transparent e'en as air,
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the Spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might, 45
 Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
 Not science shall extort that dear delight,
 Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu, soft raptures! transports void of care!
 Parent of raptures, dear Deceit! adieu;
 And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
 Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

50

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
 Again to trace the wintry tracks of snow!
 Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
 The self same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!

55

O life! how soon of ev'ry bliss forlorn!
 We start false joys, and urge the devious race,
 A tender prey; that cheers our youthful morn,
 Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

60

ELEGY XII.

His Recantation.

NO more the Muse obtrudes her thin disguise,
 No more with awkward fallacy complains
 How every fervour from my bosom flies,
 And Reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
 No more she paints the breast from passion free;
 I feel, I feel one loit'ring wish survive——
 Ah! need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

5

The star of Venus ushers in the day,
 The first, the loveliest of the train that shine!
 The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,
 When other stars their friendly beams resign.

10

Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
 Pure as that star, from guilt, from int'rest free:
 Has gentle Delia tripp'd across the plains,
 And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

15

While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
 I tune with careless hand my languid lays,
 Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
 And fires my strain with hopes of brighter days.

20

I slept not long beneath yon rural bow'rs,
 And, lo! my crook with flow'rs adorn'd I see:
 Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flow'rs,
 And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee? 24

ELEGY XIII.

To a Friend, on some slight Occasion estranged from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day!
 Around his seat may peaceful shades abide!
 Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,
 And till they crown our union gently glide!

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom! 5
 Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
 Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,
 Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy!

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild commands,
 By chance to meet beneath the Torrid Zone, 10
 Wouldst thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
 Wouldst thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime;
 Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
 Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time, 15
 Shall dark suspicion quench the gen'rous flame?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mould,
 See sadly sever'd by the laws of Chance!
 Myriads, in Time's perennial list enroll'd,
 Forbid by Fate to change one transient glance! 20

But we have met—where ills of ev'ry form,
 Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend;
 Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm, 15
 And guide them to the bosom—of a friend?

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong;
 Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore: 26
 Why leave thy friend amidst the boist'rous throng,
 Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For, oh ! pale sickness warns thy friend away ;
 For me no more the vernal roses bloom ! 30
 I see stern Fate his ebon wand display,
 And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.
 Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
 Sad as thou followest my untimely bier ;
 " Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,
 " To let suspicion intermix a fear." 36

ELEGY XIV.

*Declining an Invitation to visit Foreign Countries, he takes
 Occasion to intimate the Advantages of his own.*

To Lord Temple.

WHILE others, lost to friendship, lost to love,
 Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,
 Be mine with British nymph or swain to rove,
 And court the Genius of my native land.
 Deluded Youth ! that quits these verdant plains, 5
 To catch the follies of an alien soil !
 To win the vice his genuine soul disdains,
 Return exultant, and import the spoil !
 In vain he boasts of his detested prize ;
 No more it blooms, to British climes convey'd ; 10
 Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
 See its fresh vigour in a moment fade ;
 Th' exotic folly knows it's native clime,
 An awkward stranger if we waft it o'er ;
 Why then these toils, this costly waste of time, 15
 To spread soft poison on our happy shore ?
 I covet not the pride of foreign looms ;
 In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove ;
 Nor for the worthless bird of brighter plumes
 Would change the meanest warbler of my grove. 20
 No distant clime shall servile airs impart,
 Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play ;
 Trembling I view the Gaul's illusive art,
 That steals my lov'd rusticity away.

ELEGIES.

67

'Tis long since Freedom fled th' Hesperian clime,
 Her citron groves, her flow'r-embroider'd shore;
 She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
 And soft Campania's olive charms no more. 25

Let partial suns mature the western mine,
 To shed it's lustre o'er th' Iberian maid;
 Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil! are thine;
 Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid. 30

Let Ceylon's envy'd plant * perfume the seas,
 Till torn to season the Batavian bowl;
 Our's is the breast whose genuine ardours please,
 Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul. 35

Let the proud Soldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
 Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane;
 The Muse no more by flow'ry Ladon roves,
 She seeks her Thomson on the British plain. 40

Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd;
 Ah: hapless realms! that war's oppression feel;
 In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
 If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan;
 Raptur'd she once beheld its friendly shade;
 And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,
 The mournful types of mighty pow'r decay'd! 45

No Crescent here displays its baneful horns;
 No turban'd host the voice of truth reproves;
 Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
 And Poet's, not inglorious, chant their loves. 50

Boast, favour'd Media! boast thy flow'ry stores;
 Thy thousand hues by chymic suns refin'd;
 'Tis not the dress of mien my soul adores,
 'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind. 55

* The Cinnamon.

While Grenville's * breast could virtue's stores afford,
 What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight?
 The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
 The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight. 60

Thee, Grenville! thee, with calmest courage fraught!
 Thee, the lov'd image of thy native shore!
 Thee, by the Virtues arm'd, the Graces taught!
 When shall we cease to boast or to deplore?

Presumptuous War, which could thy life destroy, 65
 What shall it now in recompence decree?
 While friends, that merit ev'ry earthly joy,
 Feel ev'ry anguish; feel—the loss of thee!

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
 No more the Muse of partial praise arraign; 70
 Britannia sees no foreign breast so fair,
 And if she glory, glories not in vain. 72

ELEGY XV.

In Memory of a private Family † in Worcestershire.

FROM alone tow'r with rev'rend ivy crown'd,
 The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh;
 Still as the village caught the waving sound,
 A swelling tear distreamed from ev'ry eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old, 5
 When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;
 For sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
 "Our hope," they cry'd, "our kind support is dead!"

'Twas good Palemon—Near a shaded pool,
 A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose; 10
 The flocking rooks, by Instinct's native rule,
 This peaceful scene for their asylum chose.

A few small spires to Gothic fancy fair,
 Amid the shades emerging struck the view;
 'Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air; 15
 'Twas here his age breathed out its last adieu.

* Written about the time of Captain Grenville's death.

† The Penns of Harborough; a place whose name in the Saxon language alludes to an army: and there is a tradition that there was a battle fought on the Downs adjoining, betwixt the Britons and the Romans.

One favour'd son engag'd his tend'rest care;
 One pious youth his whole affection crown'd;
 In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,
 Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears, 21
 A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky,
 Blasts the fair crop—the fire is drown'd in tears,
 And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthio die!

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend:
 Heart-chill'd with grief—"My thread," he cried, "is
 " spun!

"If Heaven had meant I should my life extend,
 "Heaven had preserved my life's support, my son.

"Snatch'd in thy prime! alas! the stroke were mild,
 "Had my frail form obey'd the Fates' decree! 30
 "Bless'd were my lot, O Cynthio! O my child!
 "Had Heav'n so pleased, and had I dy'd for thee."

Five sleepless nights he stemm'd this tide of woes;
 Five irksome suns he saw, thro' tears, forlorn!
 On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose; 35
 From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those * Downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd,
 Fought our bold fathers, rustic, unrefin'd!
 Freedom's plain sons in martial cares employ'd! 39
 They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,
 Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
 War's deadly crimson had forsook the place,
 And freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast, 45
 To swell with empty sounds a spotless name;
 If soft'ring skies, the sun, the show'r, were blest,
 Their bounty spread; their fields' extend the same.

* Harborough Downs.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,
 They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend ; 50
 Bade Luxury to lavish courts aspire,
 And Avarice to city breasts descend.

None to a virgin's mind preferr'd her dow'r,
 To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir :
 The fire, in place of titles, wealth, or pow'r, 55
 Assigned him virtue ; and his lot was fair.

They spok'e of Fortune as some doubtful dame,
 That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere ;
 From Lucre's vagrant sons had learn'd her fame,
 But never wish'd to place her banners here. 60

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay ;
 Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give ;
 Those wholesome sweets that border Virtue's way ;
 Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore ; 65
 From their own streams their choicer fare they drew ;
 To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,
 The sole deceit their artless bosom knew !

Sincere themselves, ah ! too secure to find
 The common bosom, like their own, sincere ! 70
 'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind ;
 'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,
 Their suppliant busts implore the reader's pray'r :
 Ah ! gentle souls ! enjoy your blissful reign, 75
 And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure to blissful realms the souls are flown
 That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove ;
 The friends of science ! music all their own ;
 Music, the voice of Virtue and of Love ! 80

The journeying peasant, thro' the secret shade,
 Heard their soft lyres engage his list'ning ear,
 And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd ;
 No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.

ELEGIES.

For these the sounds that chase unholy strife ! 71
Solve envy's charm, Ambition's wretch release ; 85
Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life,
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewell, pure Spirits ! vain the praise we give,
The praise you sought from lips angelic flows ; 90
Farewell ! the virtues which deserve to live
Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.

Last of his race, Palemon, now no more,
The modest merit of his line display'd ;
Then pious Hough Vigornia's mitre wore—
Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade. 96

ELEGY XVI.

*He suggests the Advantages of Birth to a Person of Merit ;
and the Folly of a Superciliousness that is built upon
that sole Foundation.*

5 WHEN genius, grac'd with lineal splendour, glows,
When title shines, with ambient virtues crown'd,
Like some fair almond's flow'ry pomp it shews,
The pride, the perfume, of the regions round.

70 Then learn, ye Fair ! to soften splendour's ray ; 5
Endure the swain, the youth of low degree ;
Let meekness join'd its temp'rate beam display ;
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the scandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy ;
He sighs to brighten a neglected name ; 10
Foe to the dull applause of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot ; he wishes, merits fame.

80 In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly ;
Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades ;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye, 15
But gleam still lovely thro' the chequer'd shades.

Vainly, to guard from Love's unequal chain,
Has Fortune rear'd us in the rural grove,
Should * * * *s eyes illumine the desert plain,
E'en I may wonder, and e'en I must love. 20

Not unregarded sighs the lowly hind;
 Tho' you contemn, the gods respect his vow;
 Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
 And vengeance, too severe! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wand'ring fair; 25
 The look of sorrow, lovely still she bore;
 Loose flow'd the soft redundancy of her hair,
 And on her brow a flow'ry wreath she wore.

Of't stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride
 Of ev'ry plain; she pillag'd ev'ry grove! 30
 The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
 And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous Fancy shap'd her wild attire:
 From Bethlem's walls the poor lunaatic stray'd;
 Seem'd with her air her accents to conspire, 35
 When, as wild Fancy taught her, thus she said:

"Hear me, dear youth! oh! hear an hapless maid,
 "Sprung from the sceptred line of ancient kings;
 "Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
 "Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things. 40

"The world is frantic—fly the race profane—
 "Nor I nor you shall its compassion move:
 "Come, friendly let us wander and complain;
 "And tell me, Shepherd! hast thou seen my love?

"My love is young—but other loves are young; 45
 "And other loves are fair, and so is mine;
 "An air divine discloses whence he sprung;
 "He is my love who boasts that air divine.

"No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest;
 "Ianthe listens to no vulgar vow; 50
 "A prince from gods descended fires her breast;
 "A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

"What, shall I stain the glories of my race,
 "More clear, more lovely bright, than Hesper's beam?
 "The por'lain pure with vulgar dirt debase? 55
 "Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?



SHENSTONE'S POEMS.
 Oft sleeping as she stray'd she culd the pride
 Of ev'ry plant, she pillag'd ev'ry grove!
Vide Elegy III. Line 19. Page 79.

Printed by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, 1799.



- " See thro' these veins the sapphire current shine !
 " 'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' ethereal hue :
 " Can base plebeian forms contend with mine,
 " Display the lovely white, or match the blue ? 60
 " The painter strove to trace its azure ray ;
 " He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove :
 " He frown'd—I, smiling, view'd the faint essay :
 " Poor youth ! he little knew it flow'd from Jove.
 " Pitying his toil, the wond'rous truth I told, 65
 " How am'rous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair ;
 " How thro' the race the gen'rous current roll'd,
 " And mocks the poet's art and painter's care.
 " Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung
 " Our sacred race, thro' demi-gods convey'd, 70
 " And he ally'd to Phœbus, ever young,
 " My godlike boy ! must wed their duteous maid.
 " Oft' when a mortal vow profanes my ear,
 " My fire's dread fury murmurs thro' the sky ;
 " And should I yield—his instant rage appears ; 75
 " He darts th' uplifted vengeance—and I die.
 " Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll ?
 " Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare ?
 " 'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul ;
 " 'Twas then—I hardly 'scap'd the fatal snare. 80
 " 'Twas then a peasant pour'd his am'rous vow,
 " All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain ;—
 " Yet such his beauty—would my birth allow,
 " Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.
 " But, oh ! I faint ! why wastes my vernal bloom, 85
 " In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove ;
 " My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
 " And shall I die—before I find my love ?
 " When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye
 " On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd ; 90
 " Tho' night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
 " The gems that bound his brow dispell'd the shade.

“ O how this bosom kindled at the sight!
 “ Led by their beams I urg’d the pleasing chase,
 “ Till on a sudden these withheld their light— 95
 “ All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

“ But now no more—Behind the distant grove
 “ Wanders my destin’d youth, and chides my stay:
 “ See, see! he grasps the steel—Forbear, my Love—
 “ Ianthe comes; thy princess hastes away.” 100

Scornful she spoke, and, heedless of reply,
 The lovely maniac bounded o’er the plain,
 The piteous victim of an angry sky!
 Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain. 104

ELEGY XVII.

He indulges the Suggestions of Spleen: an Elegy to the Winds.

*Æole! namque tibi divum Pater atque hominum rex,
 Et mulcere dedit mentes et tollere vento.*

IMITATION.

O Æolus! to thee the Sire supreme
 Of gods and men the mighty pow’r bequeath’d
 To rouse or to assuage the human mind.

STERN Monarch of the winds! admit my pray’r;
 Awhile thy fury check, thy storms confine;
 No trivial blast impels the passive air,
 But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.

What bands of black ideas spread their wings! 5
 The peaceful regions of Content invade!
 With deadly poison taint the crystal springs!
 With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade!

I know their leader, Spleen, and the dread sway
 Of rigid Eurus, his detested sire; 10
 Thro’ one my blossoms and my fruits decay;
 Thro’ one my pleasures and my hopes expire.

Like some pale stripling, when his icy way,
 Relenting, yields beneath the noontide beam,
 I stand aghast, and chill’d with fear, survey 15
 How far I’ve tempted life’s deceitful stream.

Where, by remorse impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
 Shall wretched Fancy a retreat explore?
 She flies the sad preface of coming years,
 And forrowing dwells on pleasures now no more. 20

Again with patrons and with friends she roves,
 But friends and patrons never to return;
 She sees the Nymphs, the Graces, and the Loves,
 But sees them weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.

She visits, Isis! thy forsaken stream, 25
 Oh! ill forsaken for Bœotian air;
 She deems no flood reflects so bright a beam,
 No reed so verdant, and no flow'rs so fair.

She deems beneath thy sacred shades were peace,
 Thy bays might e'en the civil storm repel; 30
 Reviews thy social blifs, thy learned ease,
 And with no chearful accent cries Farewell!

Farewell, with whom to these retreats I stray'd,
 By youthful sports, by youthful toils, ally'd;
 Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade, 35
 And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow,
 Sees ev'ry Muse a partial ear incline,
 Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
 Nor yields the refuse of his wrath to mine. 40

She bids the flatt'ring mirror, form'd to please,
 Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair;
 Bids my fond verse the love-sick parley cease,
 Accuse my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale, 45
 Superfluous mortal! let me ever rove;
 Alas! there echo will repeat the tale—
 Where shall I find the silent scenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone,
 Forbid to please, yet fated to admire; 50
 Away, my friends! my sorrows are my own;
 Why should I breathe around my sick desire?

Bear me, ye Winds! indulgent to my pains,
Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell,
There let me fondly eye the rude remains 55
And from the mould'ring refuse build my cell.

Genius of Rome! thy prostrate pomp display,
Trace ev'ry dismal proof of Fortune's pow'r;
Let me the wreck of theatres survey,
Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tow'r. 60

Or where some duct, by rolling seasons worn,
Convey'd pure streams to Rome's imperial wall,
Near the wide breach in silence let me mourn,
Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride; 65
Tow'rs, arches, fanes, in wild confusion strown;
Let banish'd Marius, * low'ring by thy side,
Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no! thou Monarch of the storms! forbear;
My trembling nerves abhor thy rude controul, 70
And scarce a pleasing twilight sooths my care,
Ere one vast death, like darkness, shocks my soul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial base
Is built frail Fear, or Hope's deceitful pile;
My pains are fled—my joy resumes its place,
Should the sky brighten, or Melissa smile. 76

* "Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthagenensium toleravit, cum Marius inspicieus Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, alter alteri possent esse solatio." LIV.

EXPLANATION.

Marius endured a life of poverty under shelter of the Carthaginian ruins, and while he contemplated Carthage, and Carthage beheld him, they might be said mutually to resemble and account for each other.



ELEGY XVIII.

*He repeats the Song of Colin, a discerning Shepherd,
lamenting the State of the Woollen Manufactory.*

Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
Quo minus est illis curæ mortalis egestas,
Avertes: victumque feres. VIRG.

IMITATION.

Thou, therefore, in proportion to their lack
Of human aid, with all thy care defend
From frozen seasons and inclement blasts,
And give them timely food.

NEAR Avon's bank, on Arden's flow'ry plain,
A tuneful shepherd * charm'd the list'ning wave,
And sunny Cotfol' fondly lov'd the strain,
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

Oh! lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day 5
To feel his music with my flames agree,
To state the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee.

When for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake, 10
I strew my cowslips, and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake.

Shiv'ring beneath a leafless thorn he lay,
When Death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing tongue;
The more I found his falt'ring notes decay, 15
The more prophetic truth sublim'd the song.

"Adieu, my Flocks!" he said, "my wonted care,
"By sunny mountain or by verdant shore;
"May some more happy hand your fold prepare,
"And may you need your Colin's crook no more! 20

* Mr. Somerville.

" And you, ye shepherds ! lead my gentle sheep,
 " To breezy hills or leafy shelters lead ;
 " But if the sky with show'rs incessant weep,
 " Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.

" Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath,
 " Long loit'ring there your fleecy tribes extend— 26
 " But what avails the maxims I bequeath?
 " The fruitless gift of an officious friend !

" Ah ; what avails the tim'rous lambs to guard,
 " Tho' nightly cares with daily labours join, 30
 " If foreign sloth obtain the rich reward,
 " If Gallia's craft the pond'rous fleece purloin ?

" Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,
 " I met the terrors of an early grave ?
 " For this I led 'em from the pointed thorn ? 35
 " For this I bath'd 'em in the lucid wave ?

" Ah ! heedless Albion ! too benignly prone
 " Thy blood to lavish and thy wealth resign !
 " Shall ev'ry other virtue grace thy throne,
 " But quick-ey'd Prudence never yet be thine ? 40

" From the fair natives of this peerless hill
 " Thou gav'st the sheep that browse Iberian plains ;
 " Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,
 " Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

" Ill fated flocks ! from cliff to cliff they stray ; 45
 " Far from their dams, their native guardians, far !
 " Where the soft shepherd, all the livelong day,
 " Chants his proud mistress to his hoarse guitar.

" But Albion's youth her native fleece despise ;
 " Unmov'd they hear the pining shepherd's moan ; 50
 " In silky folds each nervous limb disguise,
 " Allur'd by ev'ry treasure but their own.

" Oft' have I hurry'd down the rocky steep,
 " Anxious to see the wintry tempest drive ;
 " Preserve," said I, " preserve your fleece, my Sheep !
 " Ere long will Phillis, will my love, arrive. 56

" Ere long she came : ah ! woe is me ! she came,
 " Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine ;
 " For Gifts like these they give their spotless fame,
 " Resign their bloom, their innocence resign 60

" Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
 " Give the rich growth of British hills to Fame ?
 " And let her charms, and her example, own
 " That Virtue's dress and Beauty's are the same !

" Will no fam'd chief support this gen'rous maid ? 65
 " Once more the patriot's arduous path resume ?
 " And, comely from his native plains array'd,
 " Speak future glory to the British loom ?

" What pow'r unseen my ravish'd fancy fires ?
 " I pierce the dreary shade of future days ; 70
 " Sure 'tis the genius of the land inspires,
 " To breathe my latest breath in * * * praise.

" O might my breath for * * * praise suffice,
 " How gently should my dying limbs repose !
 " O might his future glory bless mine eyes, 75
 " My ravish'd eyes ! how calmly would they close ?

" * * * was born to spread the gen'ral joy ;
 " By virtue rapt, by party uncontroll'd ;
 " Britons for Britain shall the crook employ ;
 " Britons for Britain's glory shear the fold." 80

ELEGY XIX.

AGAIN the lab'ring hind inverts the foil;
 Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave;
 Another spring renews the soldier's toil,
 And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves, 5
 The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
 The fordid Alpheus hurry'd thro' my groves,
 Yet stopp'd to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
 He blam'd the graces of my fav'rite bow'r; 10
 My breast, unsully'd by the lust of gold;
 My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of pow'r.

Yes, Alpheus! fly the purer paths of Fate;
 Abjure these scenes, from venal passions free;
 Know in this grove I vow'd perpetual hate, 15
 War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here, nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
 I dress'd an altar to Thalia's name:
 Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flow'rs,
 Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame. 20

"Damon, (she cry'd,) if pleas'd with honest praise,
 "Thou court success by virtue or by song,
 "Fly the false dictates of the venal race,
 "Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

"Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray; 25
 "Swerve not thy foot with fortune's vot'ries more;
 "Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless day."
 The winning phantom urg'd me, and I swore.

ELEGIES.

81

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd:
 "Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial Pow'rs!
 "Aid me to quell the sordid breast," I said;
 And threw my jav'lin tow'ards their hostile tow'rs.*

30

Think not regretful I survey the deed,
 Or added years no more the zeal allow;
 Still, still observant, to the grove I speed,
 The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.

35

Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless foe,
 Such gen'rous hate the Punic Champion † bore;
 Thy lake, O Thrasimene! beheld it glow,
 And Cannæ's walls and Trebia's crimson shore.

40

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame:
 Fair shine his arms in history enroll'd;
 Whilst humbler lyres his civic worth proclaim,
 His nobler hate of avarice and gold.

Now Punic pride its final eve survey'd,
 Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire;
 Patient the victor's lucid frown obey'd,
 And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.

45

But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,
 Their gold in pyramidal plenty pil'd,
 He saw th' unutterable grief prevail;
 He saw their tears, and in his fury smil'd.

50

"Think not, (he cry'd,) ye view the smiles of ease,
 "Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain;
 "I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace,
 "Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain.

55

* The Roman ceremony in declaring war.

† Hannibal.

“ But were it cordial, this detested smile,
 “ Seems it less timely than the grief ye show?
 “ O Sons of Carthage! grant me to revile
 “ The sordid source of your indecent woe. 60

“ Why weep ye now? ye saw with tearless eyes
 “ When your fleet perish’d on the Punic wave:
 “ Where lurk’d the coward tear, the lazy sigh,
 “ When Tyre’s imperial state commenc’d a slave?

“ ’Tis past—O Carthage! vanquish’d, honour’d shade!
 “ Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore; 66
 “ Had freedom shar’d the vow to Fortune paid,
 “ She ne’er, like Fortune, had forsook thy shore.”

He ceas’d—Abash’d the conscious audience hear,
 Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold, 70
 Yet o’er that virtuous blush distreams a tear,
 And falling, moistens their abandon’d gold.* 72

ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble Fortune with the Distress of Others, and his Subjection to Delia with the miserable Servitude of an African Slave.

WHY droops this heart with fancy’d woes forlorn?
 Why sinks my soul beneath each wintry sky?
 What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
 What myriads, wish to be as blest’d as I!

What tho’ my roofs devoid of pomp arise, 5
 Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin’d way?
 Nor costly art my flow’ry dales disguise,
 Where only simple friendship deigns to stray?

* By the terms forced upon the Carthaginians by Scipio, they were to deliver up all the elephants, and to pay near two millions sterling.

See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,
That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows ! 10
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows !

Slave tho' I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear ;
The sigh she causes well becomes the brave, 15
The pang she causes 'tis e'en bliss to bear.

See the poor native quit the Libyan shores,
Ah ! not in love's delightful fetters bound !
No radiant smile his dying peace restores,
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship, heals his wound.

Let vacant bards display their boasted woes ; 21
Shall I the mockery of grief display ?
No ; let the Muse his piercing pangs disclose,
Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away !

On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood, 25
Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign ;
He dropp'd a tear unseen into the flood,
He stole one secret moment to repine.

Yet the Muse listen'd to the plaints he made,
Such moving plaints as Nature could inspire ; 30
To me the Muse his tender plea convey'd,
But smooch'd and suited to the sounding lyre.

" Why am I ravish'd from my native strand ?
" What savage race protects this impious gain ?
" Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land, 35
" And more than seaborn monsters plough the main ?

" Here the dire locusts' horrid swarms prevail ;
" Here the blue asps with livid poison swell ;
" Here the dry pisa writhes his sinuous mail ;
" Can we not here secure from envy dwell ? 40

- " When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chase,
 " When the stern panther fought his midnight prey,
 " What fate reserv'd me for this Christian * race?
 " O race more polish'd, more severe than they!
- " Ye prowling Wolves! pursue my latest cries; 45
 " Thou hungry Tiger! leave thy reeking den;
 " Ye sandy Wastes! in rapid eddies rise;
 " O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!
- " Yet in their face superior beauty glows;
 " Are smiles the mien of Rapine and of Wrong! 50
 " Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
 " And e'en religion dwells upon their tongue.
- " Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
 " Where gentle maids, convey'd by Death, repair,
 " But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with crimes,
 " Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair? 56
- " No; careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
 " Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
 " They ply our labours and enhance our pains,
 " And feign these distant regions to repay. 60
- " For them our tusky elephant expires;
 " For them we drain the mine's embowell'd gold;
 " Where rove the brutal nations' wild desires?—
 " Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold! 64
- " Yet shores there are, bless'd shores for us remain,
 " And favour'd isles, with golden fruitage crown'd,
 " Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
 " Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound.
- " There the stern tyrant, that embitters life,
 " Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand; 70
 " There shall we view the billows' raging strife,
 " Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land." 72

* Spoke by a savage.

ELEGY XXI.

Taking a View of the Country from his Retirement, he is led to meditate on the Character of the ancient Britons. Written at the Time of a rumoured Tax upon Luxury.

THUS Damon sung—What tho' unknown to praise
Umbrageous coverts hide my Muse and me,
Or 'mid the rural shepherds flow my days?
Amid the rural shepherds I am free.

To view sleek vassals crowd a stately hall, 5
Say, should I grow myself a solemn slave?
To find thy tints, O Titian! grace my wall,
Forego the flow'ry fields my fortune gave?

Lord of my time, my devious path I bend
Thro' fringy woodland or smooth-shaven lawn, 10
Or penfile grove or airy cliff ascend,
And hail the scene by Nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to Fate—tho' not the racy vine,
Nor fatt'ning olive, cloath the fields I rove,
Sequester'd shades and gurgling founts are mine, 15
And ev'ry sylvan grot the Muses love.

Here if my vista point the mould'ring pile,
Where hood and cowl Devotion's aspect wore,
I trace the tott'ring reliques with a smile,
To think the mental bondage is no more. 20

Pleas'd if the glowing landscape wave with corn,
Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise;
Pleas'd if mine eye, o'er thousand vallies borne,
Discern the Cambrian hills support the skies.

And see Plinlimmon! e'en the youthful sight 25
Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with pain!
Such, Caer. Caradock! thy stupendous height,
Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian main,

Bleak, joyless regions ! where, by Science fir'd,
 Some prying sage his lonely step may bend ; 30
 There by the love of novel plants inspir'd,
 Invidious view the clamb'ring goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
 The freeborn Briton left his greenest mead,
 Receding sullen from his mightier foe, 35
 For here he saw fair Liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
 Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
 Above or Persian lure or Attic art
 The rude majestic monument arose. 40

Progressive ages caroll'd forth his fame,
 Sires to his praise attun'd their childrens' tongue ;
 The hoary Druid fed the gen'rous flame,
 While in such strains the rev'rend wizard sung :

" Go forth, my Sons !—for what is vital breath, 45
 " Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd ?
 " Go forth, my Sons !—for what is instant death
 " To souls secure perennial joys to find ?

" For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain, 49
 " Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound ;
 " Where patriots, blest'd with boundless freedom,
 " With mistletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd. [reign,

" Such are the names that grace your mystic songs,
 " Your solemn woods resound their martial fire ;
 " To you, my Sons ! the ritual meed belongs, 55
 " If in the cause you vanquish or expire.

" Hark ! from the sacred oak, that crowns the groves,
 " What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms !
 " This is the favour'd moment Heav'n approves,
 " Sound the shrill trump ; this instant, sound to arms."

ELEGIES.

87

Their's was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance or decorate the shield;
E'en the fair virgin stain'd her native grace
To give new horrors to the tented field. 61

Now for some cheek where guilty blushes glow, 65
For some false Florimel's impure disguise,
The list'd youth nor War's loud signal know,
Nor Virtue's call, nor Fame's imperial prize.

Then, if soft concord lull'd their fears to sleep,
Inert and silent slept the manly car, 70
But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful steep,
If Freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the sleek courtier, indolent and vain,
Thron'd in the splendid carriage, glides supine,
To taint his virtue with a foreign strain, 75
Or at a fav'rite board his faith resign.

Leave then, O luxury! this happy soil;
Chase her, Britannia! to some hostile shore;
Or fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,*
And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more. 80

ELEGY XXII.

*Written in the Year ——— when the Rights of Sepul-
ture were so frequently violated.*

SAY, gentle Sleep! that lov'st the gloom of night,
Parent of dreams; thou great Magician! say,
Whence my late vision thus endures the light,
Thus haunts my fancy thro' the glare of day. 55

The silent moon had scaled the vaulted skies, 5
And anxious Care resign'd my limbs to rest;
A sudden lustre struck my wond'ring eyes,
And Sylvia stood before my couch confest.

* Alludes to a tax upon luxury, then in debate.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
 That led the dance beneath the festive shade, 10
 But she that in the morning of her day
 Entomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast,
 No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame;
 No more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpass, 15
 Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd the living face,
 Nor such her voice as charm'd the list'ning crowd;
 Nor such her dress as heighten'd every grace;
 Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud! 20

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same;
 That dear distinction ev'ry doubt remov'd;
 Perish the lover whose imperfect flame
 Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

"Damon," she said, "mine hour allotted flies; 25
 "Oh! do not waste it with a fruitless tear!
 "Tho' griev'd to see thy Sylvia's pale disguise,
 "Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

"So may thy Muse with virtuous fame be blest!
 "So be thy love with mutual love repaid! 30
 "So may thy bones in sacred silence rest!
 "Fast by the reliques of some happier maid!

"Thou know'st how, ling'ring on a distant shore,
 "Disease invidious nipt my flow'ry prime;
 "And, oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore, 35
 "To think I ne'er must view my native clime!

"No friend was near to raise my drooping head,
 "No dear companion wept to see me die;
 "Lodge me within my native soil, I said,
 "There my fond parents' honour'd reliques lie. 40

" Tho' now debar'd of each domestic tear,
 " Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow ;
 " There many a friend shall grace my woeful bier,
 " And many a sigh shall rise and tear shall flow.

" I spoke, nor Fate forbore his trembling spoil ; 45
 " Some venal mourner lent his careless aid,
 " And soon they bore me to my native soil,
 " Where my fond parents' dear remains were laid.

" 'Twas then the youths from ev'ry plain and grove
 " Adorn'd with mournful verse thy Sylvia's bier ; 50
 " 'Twas then the nymph's their votive garlands wove,
 " And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

" But why, alas ! the tender scene display ?
 " Could Damon's foot the pious path decline !
 " Ah, no ! 'twas Damon first attun'd his lay, 55
 " And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.

" Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave,
 " My placid ghost no longer wept its doom,
 " When savage robbers every sanction brave,
 " And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb ! 60

" Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,
 " Lose the cheap portion of my native sands ?
 " Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
 " Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands ?

" Say, would thy breast no death-like torture feel, 65
 " To see my limbs the felon's gripe obey ?
 " To see them gash beneath the daring steel ?
 " To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey !

" If Pæon's sons these horrid rites require,
 " If Health's fair science be by these refin'd, 70
 " Let guilty convicts for their use expire,
 " And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

- " Yet hard it seems, when Guilt's last fine is paid,
 " To see the victim's corse deny'd repose ;
 " Now, more severe, the poor offenceless maid 75
 " Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

 " Where is the faith of ancient Pagans fled ?
 " Where the fond care the wand'ring manes claim ?
 " Nature, instinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
 " And sacred be the ashes and their fame ? 80

 " Arise, dear Youth ! e'en now the danger calls ;
 " E'en now the villain snuffs his wonted prey ;
 " See ! see ! I lead thee to yon' sacred walls—
 " Oh ! fly to chase the human wolves away." 84

ELEGY XXIII.

Reflections suggested by his Situation.

BORN near the scene for Kenelm's * fate renown'd,
 I take my plaintive reed and range the grove,
 And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound
 The savage force of empire and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon' various wild,
 Where spreading oaks embow'r a Gothic fane,
 Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguill'd ;
 There Nature urg'd her tend'rest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
 Th' ambitious maid could ev'ry care employ, 10
 Then with assiduous fondness cropt the flow'rs,
 To deck the cradle of the princely boy.

* Kenelm, in the Saxon heptarchy, was heir to the kingdom of Mercia ; but being very young at his father's death, was, by the artifices of his sister and her lover, deprived of his crown and life together. The body was found in a piece of ground near the top of Clent hill, exactly facing Mr. Shenstone's house, near which place a church was afterwards erected to his memory, still used for divine worship, and called St. Kenelm's. See Plot's history of Staffordshire.

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown :
 Love fires her breast ; the sultry passions rise :
 A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,
 And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were Fortune ! ah ! how just were Fate !
 Would Fate or Fortune Mercia's heir remove !
 How sweet to revel on the couch of state !
 To crown at once her lover and her love !

20

See, garnish'd for the chase, the fraudulent maid
 To these lone hills direct his devious way ;
 The youth, all prone, the sister-guide obey'd ;
 Ill-fated youth ! himself the destin'd prey !

But now nor shaggy hill nor pathless plain
 Forms the lone refuge of the Sylvan game,
 Since Lyttleton has crown'd the sweet domain
 With softer pleasures and with fairer fame.

25

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong steed,
 Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire ;
 And where hoarse scream'd the strepent horn, succeed
 The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

30

See Thomson, loit'ring near some limpid well,
 For Britain's friend the verdant wreath prepare !
 Or, studious of revolving seasons, tell
 How peerless Lucia made all seasons Fair !

35

See *** from civic garlands fly,
 And in the groves indulge his tuneful vein !
 Or from yon' summit, with a guardian's eye,
 Observes how Freedom's hand attires the plain !

40

Here Pope !—ah ! never must that tow'ring mind
 To his lov'd haunts or dearer friend return !
 What art, what friendship ! oh ! what fame resign'd
 —In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

45

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain, 45
 And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold?
 Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,
 And think fair Freedom well exchange'd for gold?

Thro' these soft shades delighted let me stray,
 While o'er my head forgotten suns descend! 50
 Thro' these dear vallies bend my casual way,
 Till setting life a total shade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
 I'll muse how much I owe mine humble fate,
 Or shrink to find how much Ambition dares, 55
 To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state!

Canst thou, O Sun! that spotless throne disclose,
 Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain?
 Where, shew me where, the lineal sceptre glows,
 Pure as the simple crook that rules the plain!

Tremendous pomp! where hate, distrust, and fear,
 In kindred bosoms solve the social tie;
 There not the parent's smile is half sincere,
 Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly flame, 65
 No face is brighten'd and no bosoms beat;
 Youth, manhood, age, avow one sordid aim,
 And e'en the beardless lip essays deceit.

There coward Rumours walk their murd'rous round;
 The glance that more than rural blame instills; 70
 Whispers that, ting'd with friendship, doubly wound;
 Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

There anger whets, but love can ne'er engage:
 Caressing brothers part but to revile;
 There all men smile, and prudence warns the wise 75
 To dread the fatal stroke of all that smile.

There all are rivals ! sister, son, and fire,
 With horrid purpose hug destructive arms ;
 There soft-ey'd maids in murd'rous plots conspire,
 And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms, 80

Let servile minds one endless watch endure ;
 Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard resign ;
 But lay me, Fate ! on flow'ry banks secure,
 Tho' my whole soul be, like my limbs, supine.

Yes ; may my tongue disdain a vassal's care ; 85
 My lyre resound no prostituted lays ;
 More warm to merit, more elate to wear
 The cap of Freedom than the crown of bays.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
 I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow ; 90
 Cheer'd by the verdure of my spiral wood,
 I scorn the quarry where no shrub can grow.

No midnight pangs the shepherd's peace pursue ;
 His tongue, his hands, attempts no secret wound ;
 He sings his Delia, and, if she be true,
 His love at once and his ambition's crown'd. 96

ELEGY XXIV.

He takes Occasion, from the Fate of Eleanor of Bretagne,
 to suggest the imperfect Pleasures of a solitary Life.*

WHEN Beauty mourns, by Fate's injurious doom,
 Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye,
 When Nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
 Hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh.

* Eleanor of Bretagne, the lawful heiress of the English crown, upon the death of Arthur, in the reign of King John. She was esteemed the beauty of her time ; and was imprisoned forty years (till the time of her death) in Bristol Castle.

Fair Eleanora ! would no gallant mind
 The cause of Love, the cause of Justice, own ?
 Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd
 To see them sparkle from their native throne ?

Or had fair Freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
 Well might such brows the regal gem resign ; 10
 The radiant mien might scorn the guilt of arms,
 Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of Britons ! in one sullen tow'r
 She wet with royal tears her daily cell ;
 She found keen anguish ev'ry rose devour ; 15
 They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they fell.

Thro' one dim lattice, fring'd with ivy round,
 Successive suns a languid radiance threw,
 To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
 To mark how fast her waning beauty flew. 20

This age might bear ; then fated Fancy palls,
 Nor warmly hopes what splendour can supply ;
 Fond Youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
 Restrain its list'ning ear, its curious eye.

Believe me ** the pretence is vain ! 25
 This boasted calm that smooths our early days ?
 For never yet could youthful mind restrain
 Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

E'en me, by shady oak or limpid spring,
 E'en me, the scenes of polish'd life allure ! 30
 Some genius whispers, " Life is on the wing,
 " And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

" What tho' thy ripper mind admire no more—
 " The shining cincture and the broider'd fold
 " Can pierce like lightning thro' the figur'd ore, 35
 " And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold.

" Furs, ermines, rods, may well attract thy scorn,
 " The futile presents of capricious Pow'r;
 " But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
 " And who but envies then the social hour? 40 -

" Can Virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,
 " Forget how * * sustains the shepherd's cause?
 " Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
 " Nor join the sounding pæan of applause?

" For public haunts, impell'd by Britain's weal, 45
 " See Grenville quit the Muse's fav'rite ease;
 " And shall not swains admire his noble zeal?
 " Admiring praise, admiring strive to please?

" Life" says the sage, " affords no bliss sincere,
 " And courts and cells, in vain our hopes renew: 50
 " But, ah, where Grenville charms the list'ning ear,
 " 'Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.

" The groves may smile, the rivers gently glide,
 " Soft thro' the vale resound the lonesome lays;
 " E'en thickets yield delight, if taste preside, 55
 " But can they please when Lyttleton's away?

" Pure as the swain's the breast of *** glows;
 " Ah! were the shepherd's phrase like his refin'd!
 " But how improv'd the gen'rous dictate flows
 " Thro' the clear medium of a polish'd mind! 60

" Happy the youths who, warm with Britain's love,
 " Her inmost wish in *** periods hear!
 " Happy that in the radiant circle move,
 " Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the sphere!

" While rural faith, and ev'ry polish'd art, 65
 " Each friendly charm, in *** conspire,
 " From public scenes all pensive must you part;
 " All joyless to the greenest fields retire!

“ Go, plaintive Youth ! no more by fount or stream,
 “ Like some lone halcyon, social pleasures shun ; 70
 “ Godare the light, enjoy its cheerful beam,
 “ And hail the bright procession of the sun.

“ Then, cover’d by thy ripen’d shades, resume
 “ The silent walk, no more by passion tost ;
 “ Then seek thy rustic haunts, the dreary gloom, 75
 “ Where ev’ry art that colours life is lost.”——

In vain ! the list’ning Muse attends in vain !
 Restraints, in hostile bands her motions wait——
 Yet will I grieve, and sadden all my strain,
 When injur’d Beauty mourns the Muse’s fate. 80

ELEGY XXV.

*To Delia, with some Flowers ; complaining how much his
 Benevolence suffers on Account of his humble Fortune.*

WHATE’ER could Sculpture’s curious art employ,
 Whate’er the lavish hand of Wealth can show’r,
 These would I give—and ev’ry gift enjoy
 That pleas’d my fair—but Fate deny’d my pow’r.

Bless’d were my lot to feed the social fires ! 5
 To learn the latent wishes of a friend !
 To give the boon his native taste admires,
 And for my transport on his smile depend !

Bless’d, too is he, whose ev’ning ramble strays 10
 Where droop the sons of Indigence and Care !
 His little gifts their gladden’d eyes amaze,
 And win, at small expence, their fondest pray’r !

And, oh ! the joy, to shun the conscious light ;
 To spare the modest blush ; the give unseen !
 Like show’rs that fall behind the veil of night, 15
 Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But happiest they who drooping realms relieve !
 Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear !
 For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
 And fading fields allow the grief sincere. 20

To call lost Worth from its oppressive shade,
 To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine,
 To hear it grateful own the gen'rous aid :
 This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliss ; nor I refuse 25
 To range where daisies open, rivers roll,
 While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
 And sooth the fond impatience of my soul.

Awhile I'll weave the roofs of jas'mine bow'rs,
 And urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year ; 30
 Awhile I'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs,
 Then, unlamented, press an earlier bier !

Of those lov'd flow'rs the lifeless corse may share,
 Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow ;
 The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair, 35
 As when their master smil'd to see them glow.

The sequent morn shall wake the sylvan choir ;
 The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon ;
 Nature will smile, will wear her best attire ;
 O ! let not gentle Delia smile so soon. 40

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
 And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
 Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay,
 And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.

O Delia ! cheer'd by thy superior praise, 45
 I bless the silent path the fates decree ;
 Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days,
 To raise the moments crown'd with bliss and thee. 48

ELEGY XXVI.

Describing the Sorrows of an ingenuous Mind on the melancholy Event of a licentious Amour.

WHY mourns my friend ? why weeps his downcast eye ?

That eye where mirth, where fancy, us'd to shine ?

Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh ;

Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace ? 5

Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care ?

Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in ev'ry grace

That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair !

" Damon," said he, " thy partial praise restrain ;

" Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore : 10

" Alas ! his very praise awakes my pain,

" And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

" For, oh ! that Nature on my birth had frown'd,

" Or Fortune fix'd me to some lonely cell !

" Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound, 15

" Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

" But, led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,

" My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd ;

" In Fortune's train the syren Flattery smil'd,

" And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd. 20

" Of folly studious, e'en of vices vain,

" Ah, vices gilded by the rich and gay !

" I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,

" Nor dropp'd the chase till Jessy was my prey.

" Poor artless maid ! to stain thy spotless name 25

" Expense, and Art, and Toil united strove ;

" To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,

" Sustain'd by Virtue, but betray'd by Love.

" School'd in the science of Love's mazy wiles,
 " I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn; 30
 " I spoke of jealous doubts and fickle smiles,
 " And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

" Then while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
 " Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove,
 " I bade my words the wonted softness wear, 35
 " And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

" To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
 " Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
 " Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune press'd,
 " Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine. 40

" Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame,
 " Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day,
 " When scorn'd of Virtue, stigmatiz'd by Fame,
 " Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay."

" Henry," she said, " by thy dear form subdu'd, 45
 " See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!
 " I find, I find this rising sob renew'd;
 " I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

" Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,
 " When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
 " Yet what can morn's returning ray supply, 50
 " But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

" Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
 " That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame,
 " For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears, 55
 " And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

" The vocal birds that raise their morn strain,
 " The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;
 " All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
 " And talk of truth, and innocence alone. 60

" If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
 " Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
 " Hope not to find delight in us," they say,
 " For we are spotless, Jessy ; we are pure."

" Ye Flow'rs ? that well reproach a nymph so frail,
 " Say, could you with my virgin fame compare ? 66
 " The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
 " Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

" Now the grave old alarm the gentler young,
 " And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee ; 70
 " Trembles each lip, and falters ev'ry tongue,
 " That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

" Thus for your sake I shun each human eye,
 " I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu :
 " To die I languish, but I dread to die, 75
 " Left my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

" Raise me from earth ; the pains of want remove,
 " And let me, silent, seek some friendly shore ;
 " There only banish'd from the form I love,
 " My weeping virtue shall relapse no more. 80

" Be but my friend : I ask no dearer name ;
 " Be such the meed of some more artful fair ;
 " Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
 " That Pity gave what Love refus'd to share.

" Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread, 85
 " Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew ;
 " Not such the parent's board at which I fed !
 " Not such the precept from his lips I drew !

" Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
 " Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ; 90
 " Envy may slight a face no longer fair,
 " And Pity welcome to my native soil." 92

" She spoke—nor was I born of savage race,
 " Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
 " Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace, 95
 " And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

" I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend,
 " I saw her breast with ev'ry passion heave;
 " I left her—torn from ev'ry earthly friend;
 " Oh! my hard bosom! which could bear to leave!

" Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose; 101
 " The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
 " O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
 " My Jessy—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

" And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay; 105
 " Seek not to stop Reflection's bitter tear;
 " But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
 " From Jessy floating on her wat'ry bier." 108



LEVITIES:

OR, PIECES OF HUMOUR.

FLIRT AND PHIL:

A DECISION FOR THE LADIES.

A WIT, by learning well refin'd,
A beau, but of the rural kind,
To Sylvia made pretences;
They both profess'd an equal love,
Yet hop'd by diff'rent means to move
Her judgment or her senses.

5

Young sprightly Flirt, of blooming mien,
Watch'd the best minutes to be seen,
Went—when his glass advis'd him;
While meagre Phill of books inquir'd,
A wight for wit and parts admir'd
And witty ladies priz'd him.

10

Sylvia had wit, had spirits too;
To hear the one, the other view,
Suspended held the scales;
Her wit, her youth, too claim'd its share:
Let none the preference declare,
But turn up—heads or tails.

15

STANZAS

*To the Memory of an agreeable Lady, buried in Marriage
to a Person undeserving her.*

'T WAS always held, and ever will,
By sage mankind, discreeter
T' anticipate a lesser ill
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,
And languishing conditions,
Who don't the lesser ill sustain
Of Physic—and physicians?

5

LEVITIES : OR, PIECES OF HUMOUR. 103

Rather than lose his whole estate,
He that but little wife is, 10
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and excises.

Our merchants Spain has near undone
For lost ships not requiting ;
This bears our noble K—to shun 15
The loss of blood in fighting ;

With num'rous ills, in single life,
The bachelor's attended ;
Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
And much the case is mended ! 20

Poor Gratia, in her twentieth year,
Foreseeing future woe,
Chose to attend a monkey here
Before an ape below. 24

COLEMIRA.

A CULINARY ECLOGUE.

Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.

IMITATION.

Insensible of soft desire,
Behold Colemira prove
More partial to the kitchen fire
Than to the fire of Love.

NIGHT's fable clouds had half the globe o'erspread,
And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed,
When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
Had seated Damon by the kitchen fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground. 5
The little Larès kept their vigils round ;
The fawning cats compassionate his case,
And pur around, and gently lick his face.

To all his complaints the sleeping curs reply,
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh. 10
Such gloomy scenes with lovers' minds agree,
And solitude to them is best society.

104 LEVITIES: OR, PIECES OF HUMOUR.

- " Could I, (he cry'd,) express how bright a grace
 " Adorns thy morning hands and well-wash'd face,
 " Thou wouldst, Colemira, grant what I implore, 15
 " And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.
- " Ah! who can see, and seeing, not admire,
 " Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
 " Her hands outshine the fire and redder things;
 " Her eyes are blacker than the pot she brings. 20
- " But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,
 " When in meridian lustre shines my fair,
 " When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills,
 " Adown her goodly cheeks the sweat distills.
- " Oh! how I long, how ardently desire, 25
 " To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre!
 " For late, when bees to change their climes began,
 " How did I see 'em thrum the frying-pan!
- " With her I should not envy G— his queen,
 " Tho' she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen; 30
 " Whilst rags, just sever'd from my fair one's gown.
 " In russet pomp and greasy pride hang down.
- " Ah! how it does my drooping heart rejoice,
 " When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
 " How would that voice exceed the village bell, 35
 " Wouldst thou but sing, " I like thee passing well!"
- " When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,
 " How soft, how easy, did her accents flow!
 " Get out, (she cry'd,) when strangers come to sup,
 " One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up." 40
- " Then, full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute;
 " "Alas! I envy'd even that salute:
 " 'Twas sure misplac'd—Shock said, or seem'd to say,
 " He had as lief I had the kick as they.

LEVITIES: OR, PIECES OF HUMOUR. 105

" If she the mystic bellows take in hand, 45

" Who like the fair can that machine command!

" O may'st thou ne'er by Æolus be seen,

" For he would sure demand thee for his queen!

" But should the flame this rougher aid refuse,

" And only gentler med'cines be of use, 50

" With full blown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,

" Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

" Such arts as these exalt the drooping fire,

" But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire:

" I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er, 55

" And swell thy cheeks and pout thy lips no more!

" With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen

" When this proud damsel has more humble been,

" When with nice airs she'd hoist the pancake round,

" And drop it, hapless fair! upon the ground. 60

" Look, with what charming grace, what winning

" The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks! [tricks,

" So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,

" Oft' have I said—there were no need of candles.

" But thou, my Fair! who never wouldst approve, 65

" Or hear the tender story of my love,

" Or mind how burns my raging breast—a button—

" Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton."

Thus said, and wept, the sad desponding swain,

Revealing to the fable walls his pain: 70

But nymphs are free with those they should deny;

To those they love more exquisitely coy.

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,

The lambent flames in languid streams arise,

And smoke in azure folds evaporates and dies. 75

ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.

SO'rude and tuneless are thy lays,
 The weary audience vow
 'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
 But 'tis his herds that low.

4

ON MR. C——

OF KIDDERMINSTER'S POETRY.

THY verses, Friend! are Kidderminster * stuff,
 And I must own you've measur'd out enough.

2

TO THE VIRTUOSI.

HAIL, curious Wights! to whom so fair
 The form of mortal flies is!
 Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
 Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morass, or mound,
 You make your sportsman sallies,
 Or that your prey, in gardens found,
 Is urg'd thro' walks and allies;

5

Yet in the fury of the chase
 No slope could e'er retard you,
 Bless'd if one fly repay the race,
 Or painted wing reward you.

10

Fierce as Camilla † o'er the plain
 Pursu'd the glitt'ring stranger,
 Still eye'd the purple's pleasing stain,
 And knew not fear nor danger.

15

'Tis you dispense the fav'rite meat
 To Nature's filmy people,
 Know what conserves they chuse to eat,
 And what liqueurs to tipple.

20

* Kidderminster, famous for a coarse woollen manufacture.

† See Virgil.

And if her brood of insects dies,
You sage assistance lend her;
Can stoop to pimp for am'rous flies,
And help 'em to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour; 25
And, when the birth's at hand,
Exerting your obstetric pow'r,
Prevent a mothless land.

Yet, oh! howe'er your tow'ring view 30
Above gross objects rises,
Whate'er refinements you pursue,
Hear what a friend advises:

A friend who, weigh'd with your's, must prize
Domitian's idle passion,
That wrought the death of teasing flies, 35
But ne'er their propagation.

Let Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor thus your hearts determine,
To slight Dame Nature's fairest form,
And sigh for Nature's vermine. 40

And speak with some respect of beaus,
Nor more as triflers treat 'em;
'Tis better learn to save one's cloaths,
Than cherish moths that eat them.

THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

Allusque et idem.
EXPLANATION.
Another and the same.

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore,
Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,
His resolution flag,
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

5

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the House,
And soon a Judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

10

Adieu, ye Bobs! ye Bags! give place;
Full bottoms come instead:
Good L—d! to see the various ways
Of dressing a calf's head!

16

THE PROGRESS OF ADVICE.

A COMMON CASE.

Suade, nam certum est.

EXPLANATION.

Advise it, for 'tis fixed.

SAYS Richard to Thomas (and seem'd half afraid)

“ I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid;

“ Now because Mrs. Lucy to thee is well known,

“ I will do't if thou bidst me, or let it alone.

4

“ Nay, don't make a jest on't; 'tis no jest to me;

“ For 'faith I'm in earnest; so, prithee, be free.

“ I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her,

“ But I'd have thy advice ere I tie myself to her.”

8

Said Thomas to Richard, “ To speak my opinion,

“ There is not such a bitch in King George's dominion;

“ And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,

“ Thou wouldst chuse out a whipping-post first to be
ty'd to.

12

“ She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,

“ And a liar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold.”

Next day Richard hasten'd to church, and was wed,
And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had
said.

16

SLENDER'S GHOST.

(VIDE SHAKESPEARE.)

BENEATH a churchyard yew
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve methought I spy'd
Poor Slender's Ghost, that whimp'ring cry'd,
" O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

5

Ye gentle Bards! give ear,
Who talk of am'rous rage,
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose,
Come learn of me to weep your woes;
" O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

10

Why should such labour'd strains
Your formal Muse engage?
I never dream'd of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
But sigh'd, " O sweet Anne Page!"

And you! whose lovesick minds
No med'cine can assuage,
Accuse the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore;
" O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

20

And ye! whose souls are held
Like linnets in a cage,
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains;
" O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

25

And you! who boast or grieve
What horrid wars ye wage,
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,
Yet mean as I do, when I sigh
" O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

30

110 LEVITIES: OR, PIECES OF HUMOUR.

Hence ev'ry fond conceit
Of shepherd or of sage;
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
Expresses all you have to say,
" O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!"

35

THE INVIDIOUS. MART.

O FORTUNE! if my pray'r of old
Was ne'er solicitous for gold,
With better grace thou may'st allow
My suppliant wish, that asks it now:
Yet think not, Goddess! I require it.
For the same end your clowns desire it.
In a well-made effectual string
Fain would I see Lividio swing;
Hear him from Tyburn's height haranguing;
But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O Goddess! store of pelf,
And he will tie the knot himself.

6

12

THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.

*Servum si potes, Ole, non habere,
Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.*

MART.

" If thou from Fortune dost no servant crave,
" Believe me thou no master need'st to have."

I ASK'D a friend, amidst the throng,
Whose coach it was that trail'd along?
" The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
" That with the footmen stuck behind."
" O, Sir; (says he,) what han't you seen it?
" 'Tis Damon's Coach, and Damon in it.
" 'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot
" Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
" Your old acquaintance Damon!"—" True;
" But faith his Equipage is new."
" Bless me, (said I,) where can it end?
" What madne's has possess'd my friend?
" Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest;
" Their stomachs, doubtless, not the smallest!

5

10

LEVITIES; OR, PIÉCES OF HUMOUR. III

" Can Damon's revenue maintain, 15
 " In lace and food, so large a train?
 " I know his land—each inch o' ground—
 " 'Tis not a mile, to walk it round—
 " If Damon's whole estate can bear
 " To keep his lad and one horse chair, 20
 " I own 'tis past my comprehension."
 " Yes, (Sir;) but Damon has a pension—"
 Thus does a false ambition rule us,
 Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us:
 To keep a race of flick'ring knaves,
 He grows himself the worst of slaves. 26

HINT FROM VOITURE.

LET Sol his annual journies run,
 And when the radiant task is done,
 Confess, thro' all the globe, 'twould pose him
 To match the charms that Celia shows him. 4

And should he boast he once had seen
 As just a form, as bright a mien,
 Yet must it still for ever pose him
 To match—what Celia never shows him. 8

INSCRIPTION.

To the memory
 Of A. L. Esquire,
 Justice of the peace for this county:
 Who, in the whole course of his pilgrimage
 Thro' a trifling ridiculous world 5
 Maintaining his proper dignity,
 Notwithstanding the scoffs of ill-dispos'd persons,
 And wits of the age,
 That ridicul'd his behaviour,
 Or censur'd his breeding, 10
 Following the dictates of Nature,
 Desiring to ease the afflicted,
 Eager to set the prisoners at liberty,
 Without having for his end

112 LEVITIES; OR, PIECES OF HUMOUR.

The noise or report such things generally cause 15
 In the world,
 (As he was seen to perform them of none)
 But the sole relief and happiness
 Of the party in distress,
 Himself resting easy 20
 When he could render that so;
 Not griping or pinching himself
 To hoard up superfluities;
 Not coveting to keep in his possession
 What gives more disquietude than pleasure, 25
 But charitably diffusing it
 To all round about him;
 Making the most sorrowful countenance
 To smile,
 In his presence; 30
 Always bestowing more than he was ask'd,
 Always imparting before he was desir'd;
 Not proceeding in this manner
 Upon every trivial suggestion,
 But the most mature and solemn deliberation; 35
 With an incredible presence and undauntedness
 Of mind,
 With an inimitable gravity and economy
 Of face,
 Bidding loud defiance 40
 To politeness and the fashion,
 Dar'd let a f—t. 42

TO A FRIEND.

HAVE you ne'er seen, my gentle Squire!
 The humours of your kitchen fire?
 Says Ned to Sal, "I lead a spade;
 " Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—
 " Play something—any thing—but play— 5
 " 'Tis but to pass the time away—
 " Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails—
 " As tho' she play'd for half her vails—

" Sorting her cards, haggling, and picking—
 " We play for nothing, do us? Chicken! 10
 " That card will do—'blood, never doubt it;
 " Its not worth while to think about it."

Sal thought, and thought, and mis'd her aim,
 And Ned ne'er studying won the game.

Methinks, old Friend! 'tis wond'rous true 15
 That verse is but a game at loo:
 While many a bard, that shews so clearly
 He writes for his amusement merely,
 Is known to study, fret, and toil,
 And play for nothing all the while, 20
 Or praise at most, for wreaths of yore
 Ne'er signify'd a farthing more,
 Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,
 He sees your flying pen obtain it.

Thro' fragrant scenes the trifler roves, 25
 And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves,
 Where with strange heats his bosom glows,
 And mystic flames the god bestows.
 You now none other flame require
 Than a good blazing parlour fire; 30
 Write verses—to defy the scorers
 In shit-houses and chimney-corners.

Sal found her deep-laid schemes were vain—
 The cards are cut—come, deal again—
 No good comes on it when one lingers— 35
 I'll play the cards come next my fingers—
 Fortune could never let Ned loo her,
 When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now who wins?—why, still the same—
 For Sal has lost another game. 40

" I've done, (she mutter'd;) I was saying,
 " It did not argufy my playing.
 " Some folks will win, they cannot chuse;
 " But think or not think—some must lose.
 " I may have won a game or so— 45
 " But then it was an age ago—

114 LEVITIES: OR, PIECES OF HUMOUR.

" It ne'er will be my lot again—
 " I won it of a baby then—
 " Give me an ace of trumps, and see!
 " Our Ned will beat me with a three! 50
 " 'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—
 " He'll suffer for it when he's marry'd."

Thus Sal, with tears in either eye,
 While victor Ned sate titt'ring by.

Thus I, long envying your success, 55
 And bent to write and study less,
 Sate down, and scribbled in a trice
 Just what you see—and you despise.

You, who can frame a tuneful song,
 And hum it as you ride along, 60
 And, trotting on the king's highway,
 Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay,
 Accept this verse, howe'er it flows,
 From one that is your friend in prose.
 What is this wreath, so green, so fair! 65
 Which many wish, and few must wear;
 Which some men's indolence can gain,
 And some men's vigils ne'er obtain?
 For what must Sal or poet sue,
 Ere they engage with Ned or you? 70
 For luck in verse, for luck at loo?

Ah, no! 'tis genius gives you fame,
 And Ned, thro' skill, secures the game. 73

THE POET AND THE DUN,

These are messengers
 That feelingly persuade me what I am. SHAKESPEARE.

COMES a Dun in the morning, and raps at my door—
 " I made bold to call--'tis a twelvemonth and more—
 " I'm sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir—
 " But Job would be paid, Sir, had Job been a mercer."
 My friend have but patience—" Aye, these are your
 " ways." 5

I have got but one shilling to serve me two days—

But, Sir—prithce take it, and tell your attorney,
If I ha'nt paid your bill, I have paid for your journey.

Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my passion,
And calmly consider—Consider! vexation! 10
What whore that must paint, and must put on false
And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox! [looks,
What beggar's wife's nephew, now starv'd, and now
beaten,

Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten!
What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard! 15
Or what Dun boast of patience that thinks of a Bard!
Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be
poorer,

Turn shoeboy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;
Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf;
And dun some poor dog of a poet myself. 20
One's credit, however, of course, will grow better—
Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

“ Dear Sir! I receiv'd your obliging epistle;

“ Your fame is secure—bid the critics go whistle.

“ I read over with wonder the poem you sent me, 25

“ And I must speak your praises, no soul shall prevent

“ The audience, believe me, cry'd out ev'ry line [me.

“ Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine!

“ All pregnant as gold is, with worth, weight, and
“ beauty, 29

“ And to hide such a genius was—far from your duty.

“ I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted;

“ Sir Richard for much a less genius was knighted.

“ Adieu, my good Friend! and for high life prepare ye;

“ I could say much more, but you're modest, I spare ye.”

Quite fir'd with the flattery, I call for my paper. 35

And waste that and health, and my time, and my taper:

I scribble 'till morn, when with wrath no small store,

Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.

“ Ah, Friend! 'tis but idle to make such a pother; 39

“ Fate, Fate has ordain'd us to plague one another.”

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

TO thee, fair Freedom! I retire
 From flatt'ry, cards, and dice, and din;
 Nor art thou found in mansions higher
 Than the low cot or humble Inn.

'Tis here with boundless pow'r I reign, 5
 And ev'ry health which I begin
 Converts dull port to bright Champagne;
 Such freedom crowns it at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
 I fly from Falsehood's specious grin! 10
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And chuse my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, Waiter! take my fordid ore,
 Which lackies else might hope to win;
 It buys what courts have not in store, 15
 It buys me freedom at an Inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
 Where'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 The warmest welcome at an Inn. 20

A SIMILE.

WHAT village but has sometimes seen
 The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
 Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,
 Of that grim brute yclep'd a bear?
 He from his dam, the learn'd agree, 5
 Receiv'd the curious form you see,
 Who, with her plastic tongue alone,
 Produc'd a visage—like her own—
 And thus they hint, in mystic fashion,
 The pow'rful force of education.*— 60

* Of a fond matron's education.

Perhaps yon' crowd of swains are viewing,
E'en now, the strange exploits of Bruin,
Who plays his antics, roars aloud,
The wonder of a gaping crowd!

So have I known an awkward lad,
Whose birth has made a parish glad,
Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam,

And taught by kind mamma at home,
Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool.

In sense the same, in stature higher,
He shines, ere long, a rural squire;
Pours forth unwitty jokes and swears,
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares:

His tenants, of superior sense,
Carouse and laugh at his expense,
And deem the pastime I'm relating
To be as pleasant as bear-baiting.

THE CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.

A TALE.

“SIR, will you please to walk before?”
“—No, pray, Sir—you are next the door.”

“—Upon mine honour I'll not stir—”

“Sir, I'm at home; consider, Sir—”

“Excuse me, Sir; I'll not go first.” 5

“Well, if I must be rude, I must—

“But yet I wish I could evade it—

“'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded—”

Go forward, Cits! go forward, Squires!
Nor scruple each what each admires. 10

Life squares not, Friends! with your proceeding;

It flies while you display your breeding;

Such breeding as one's granum preaches,

Or some old dancing-master teaches,

Or for some rude tumultuous fellow, 15

Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,

118 LEVITIES: OR, PIECES OF HUMOUR.

To come behind you unawares,
And fairly push you both down stairs!
But Death's at hand—let me advise ye;
Go forward, Friends! or he'll surprise ye. 20

Besides, how insincere you are!
Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,
And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
And all for this—to lead the way?

Such is my theme, which means to prove, 25
That tho' we drink, or game, or love,
As that or this is most in fashion,
Precedence is our ruling passion.

When college students take degrees,
And pay the beadle's endless fees, 30
What moves that scientific body,
But the first cutting at a gaudy?

And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,
That starve and languish as physicians,
Content to trudge the streets, and stare at 35
The fat apothecary's chariot?

But that, in Charlotte's chamber (see
Moliere's *Medecin malgre lui*)
The leech, howe'er his fortunes vary
Still walks before th' apothecary. 40

Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
And all that shines, and all that warms;
In vain all human race adore her,
For—Lady Mary ranks before her.

O Celia! gentle Celia! tell us, 45
You, who are neither vain nor jealous!
The softest breast, the mildest mien!

Would you not feel some little spleen,
Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,
If Florimel, your equal now, 50

Should one day gain precedence of ye?
First serv'd—tho' in a dish of coffee?
Plac'd first, altho' where you are, found

You gain the eyes of all around?
Nam'd first, tho' not with half the fame 55
That waits my charming Celia's name?

Hard Fortune! barely to inspire
Our fix'd esteem and fond desire!
Barely, where'er you go, to prove
The source of universal love! 60

Yet be content, observing this,
Honour's the offspring of caprice;
And worth, howe'er you have pursu'd it,
Has now no pow'r—but to exclude it:
You'll find your gen'ral reputation 65
A kind of supplemental station.

Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to rise a peer;
So, to supply it, wrote for fame,
And well the wit secur'd his aim. 70

A common patriot has a drift
Not quite so innocent as Swift;
In Britain's cause he rants, he labours;
"He's honest, faith."—Have patience, Neighbours,
For patriots may sometimes deceive, 5
May beg their friends' reluctant leave
To serve them in a higher sphere,
And drop their virtue to get there.—

As Lucian tells us, in his fashion,
How souls put off each earthly passion, 80
Ere on Elysium's flow'ry strand
Old Charon suffer'd 'em to land;
So, ere we meet a court's careesses,
No doubt our souls must change their dresses;
And souls there be who, bound that way, 85
Attire themselves ten times a-day.

If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
And saints alike and sinners love it;
If place, for which our courtiers throng
So thick, that few can get along, 90
For which such servile toils are seen,
Who's happier than a king!—a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,
'Tis properly a female passion:
Women and beaus, beyond all measure, 95
Are charm'd with rank's ecstatic pleasure.

120 LEVITIES: OR, PIECES OF HUMOUR.

Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,
You'd hint a beau were not a man;
Say women then are fond of places;
I wave all disputable cases. 100

A man, perhaps, would something linger,
Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger;
Or were an ear or toe the price on't,
He might delib'rate once or twice on't;
Perhaps ask Gataker's advice on't; 105
And many, as their frame grows old,
Would hardly purchase it with gold.

But women with precedence ever;
'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour;
It fires their youth with jealous rage, 110
And strongly animates their age:
Perhaps they would not sell outright,
Or maim a limb—that was in sight;
Yet on worse terms they sometimes chuse it,
Nor e'en in punishments refuse it. 115

Pre-eminence in pain! you cry,
All fierce and pregnant with reply:
But lend your patience and your ear,
An argument shall make it clear.
But hold, an argument may fail; 120
Beside, my title says, A Tale.

Where Avon rolls her winding stream,
Avon! the Muses' fav'rite theme;
Avon! that fills the farmers' purses,
And decks with flow'rs both farms and verses, 125
She visits many a fertile vale—
Such was the scene of this my Tale;
For 'tis in Ev'sham's Vale, or near it,
That folks with laughter tell and hear it.

The soil, with annual plenty blest'd, 130
Was by young Corydon possess'd.
His youth alone I lay before ye,
As most material to my story:
For strength and vigour too, he had 'em,
And 'twere not much amiss to add 'em. 135

Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain
 Now green with grafs, now gilt with grain,
 In russet robes of clover deep,
 Or thinly veil'd, and white with sheep;
 Now fragrant with the bean's perfume, 140
 Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,
 Might well with bright allusion store me—
 But happier bards have been before me!

Amongst the various year's increase
 The stripling own'd a field of pease, 145
 Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
 Were haunted by some female neighbours.

Each morn discover'd to his sight
 The shameful havock of the night;
 Traces of this they left behind 'em, 150
 But no instructions were to find 'em.
 The devil's works are plain and evil,
 But few or none have seen the devil.

Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
 The words of Echard, who has said it, 155
 Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us,
 And bargain'd face to face to rule us,
 But then Old Noll was one in ten,

And sought him more than other men,
 Our shepherd, too, with like attention, 160
 May meet the female fiends we mention.

He rose one morn at break of day,
 And near the field in ambush lay;
 When lo! a brace of girls appears,
 The chird a matron much in years. 165
 Smiling amidst the pease, the sinners
 Sate down to cull their future dinners,
 And caring little who might own 'em,
 Made free as tho' themselves had sown 'em.

'Tis worth a sage's observation 170
 How love can make a jest of passion;
 Anger had forc'd th' swain from bed,
 His early dues to love unpaid!
 And Love, a god that keeps a pother,
 And will be paid one time or other. 175

122 LEVITIES: OR, PIECES OF HUMOUR.

Now banish'd Anger out o'door,
And claim'd the debt withheld before.
If Anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features to a smile;
And knowing well 'twas all grimace 180
To threaten with a smiling face,
He in few words express'd his mind—
And none would deem them much unkind.

The am'rous youth, for their offence,
Demanded instant recompence; 185
That recompence from each, which shame
Forbids a bashful Muse to name:
Yet, more this sentence to discover,
'Tis what Bett * * grants her lover,
When he, to make the strumpet willing, 190
Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.

Each stood awhile, as 'twere suspended,
And loath to do what—each intended.

At length, with soft pathetic sighs,
The matron, bent with age, replies: 195
“ 'Tis vain to strive—justice, I know,
“ And our ill stars, will have it so—
“ But let my tears your wrath assuage,
“ And shew some deference for age:
“ I from a distant village came, 200
“ Am old, G— knows, and something lame;
“ And if we yield, as yield we must,
“ Dispatch my crazy body first.”

Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain,
When circled round on Ida's plain, 205
With goddesses, he stood suspended,
And Pallas's grave speech was ended,
Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty,
But paid the Compliment to beauty. 209

EPILOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF CLEONE.

WELL, Ladies—so much for the tragic style—
And now the custom is to make you smile.
To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—
Why, who can help it, at so strange a play?

The captain gone three years!—and then to blame 5
The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!

My stars!—what gentle belle would think it treason,
When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?
Out of my house!—this night, forsooth, depart!

A modern wife had said—"With all my heart— 10

"But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone;

"Order your coach—conduct me safe to Town—

"Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—

"And pray take care my pin-money be paid."

Such is the language of each modish fair;

Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare

The time has been when modesty and truth

Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth;

When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,

Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public places,

Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces: 21

Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,

And wives ne'er dream'd of happiness abroad;

They lov'd their children, learn'd no flaunting airs,

But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares. 25

Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,

For marriage triumph'd in those golden days;

By chaste decorum they affection gain'd;

By faith and fondness what they won maintain'd.

'Tis yours, ye Fair! to bring those days again, 30

And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men;

Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,

And give the soul as well as sense delight;

Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,

That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage. 35

Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,

The marriage chain with transport shall be worn;

Each blooming virgin, rais'd into a bride,

Shall double all their joys, their cares divide;

Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,

And pour the balm that sweetens human life. 41

A PASTORAL ODE.

TO THE HON.

SIR RICHARD LYTTLETON.

THE morn dispens'd a dubious light,
A sullen mist had stol'n from sight
Each pleasing vale and hill,
When Damon left his humble bowers,
To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers, 5
Or check his wand'ring rill.

Tho' school'd from Fortune's paths to fly,
The swain beneath each low'ring sky
Would oft his fate bemoan,
That he, in sylvan shades forlorn, 10
Must waste his cheerless ev'n and morn,
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to Fame's obstreperous noise,
Yet to the whispers of her voice,
Soft murmur'ing, not a foe, 15
The pleasures he thro' choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forego.

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beside,
Where coots in rushy dingles hide, 20
And moorcocks shun the day,
While caitiff bitterns, undismay'd,
Remark the swain's familiar shade,
And scorn to quit their prey.

But see the radiant sun once more 25
The bright'ning face of heav'n restore,
And raise the doubtful dawn,
And more to gild his rural sphere,
At once the brightest train appear
That ever trod the lawn. 30

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
 To think Bridgewater's * honour'd name
 Should grace his rustic cell;
 That she, on all whose motions wait
 Distinction, titles, rank, and state,
 Should rove where shepherds dwell.

35

But true it is, the gen'rous mind,
 By candour sway'd, by taste refin'd,
 Will nought but vice disdain;
 Nor will the breast where fancy glows
 Deem ev'ry flower a weed that blows
 Amid the desert plain.

40

Beseems it such, with honour crown'd,
 To deal its lucid beams around,
 Nor equal meed receive;
 At most such garlands from the field,
 As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
 And rural hands can weave.

45

Yet strive, ye shepherds, strive to find,
 And weave the fairest of the kind,
 The prime of all the spring,
 If haply thus yon' lovely fair
 May round her temples deign to wear
 The trivial wreaths you bring.

50

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
 Where'er the conscious lake betray'd
 Athenia's placid mien!
 How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
 Where Paphia's charms requir'd the song,
 Mid hazel copses green!

55

60

'Lo, Dartmouth, on those banks reclin'd,
 While busy Fancy calls to mind
 The glories of his line!
 Methinks my cottage rears its head,
 The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
 As thro' enchantment, shine.

65

* The Dutchess of Bridgewater, married to Sir Richard Lyttleton.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
 Could ever nymph descend to stray
 From Hagley's fam'd retreat?
 Else by the blooming features fair,
 The faultless make, the matchless air,
 'Twere Cynthia's form complete.

70

So would some tuberoſe delight,
 That ſtruck the pilgrim's wond'ring fight
 'Mid lonely deſerts drear,
 All as at eve the ſov'reign flower,
 Diſpenſes round its balmy power,
 And crowns the fragrant year.

75

Ah! now no more, the ſhepherd cry'd,
 Muſt I ambition's charms deride,
 Her ſubtle force diſown;
 No more of Fauns or Fairies dream,
 While Fancy, near each cryſtal ſtream,
 Shall paint theſe forms alone.

80

By low-brow'd rock, or pathleſs mead,
 I deem'd that ſplendor ne'er ſhould lead
 My dazzl'd eyes aſtray;
 But who, alas! will dare contend,
 If beauty add, or merit blend,
 Its more illuſtrious ray?

85

90

Nor is it long, O plaintive ſwain!
 Since Guernſey ſaw, without diſdain,
 Where, hid in woodlands green,
 The partner of his early days,*
 And once the rival of his praiſe,
 Had ſtol'n thro' life unſeen.

95

Scarce faded is the vernal flow'r,
 Since Stamford left his honour'd bow'r
 To ſmile familiar here:
 O form'd by Nature to diſcloſe
 How fair that courteſy which flows
 From ſocial warmth ſincere!

100

* They were School-fellows.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd
 Since Pollio sought this lonely shade,
 Admir'd this rural maze :
 The noblest breast that Virtue fires,
 'The Graces love, the Muse inspires,
 Might pant for Pollio's praise.

105

Say, Thomson here was known to rest ;
 For him yon' vernal seat I drest,
 Ah ! never to return !
 In place of wit and melting strains,
 And social mirth, it now remains,
 To weep beside the urn.

110

Come then, my Lelius ! come once more,
 And fringe the melancholy shore
 With roses and with bays,
 While I each wayward Fate accuse,
 That envy'd his impartial Muse,
 To sing your early praise.

115

120

While Philo, to whose favour'd sight
 Antiquity, with full delight,
 Her inmost wealth displays,
 Beneath yon' ruins' moulder'd wall,
 Shall muse, and with his friend recall
 The pomp of ancient days.

125

Here, too, shall Conway's name appear ;
 He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,
 That shone the reeds among ;
 Yet clearness could it not disclose,
 To match the rhet'ric that flows
 From Conway's polish'd tongue.

130

E'en Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
 Resistless thro' the kindling soul
 Of senates, councils, kings !
 Tho' form'd for courts, vouchsaf'd to rove,
 Inglorious, thro' the shepherd's grove,
 And ope his bashful springs.

135

But what can courts discover more
 Than these rude haunts have seen before, 140
 Each fount and shady tree ?
 Have not these trees and fountains seen
 The pride of courts, the winning mien
 Of peerless Aylesbury ?

And Grenville, she whose radiant eyes 145
 Have mark'd by slow gradations rise
 The princely piles of Stow ;
 Yet prais'd these unembellish'd woods,
 And smil'd to see the babbling floods
 Thro' self-worn mazes flow. 150

Say, Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd,
 Again beneath your caves retir'd,
 Shall grace the pensive shade ;
 With all the bloom, with all the truth,
 With all the sprightliness of youth, 155
 By cool reflection sway'd ?

Brave, yet humane, shall Smith appear ;
 Ye Sailors, tho' his name be dear,
 Think him not yours alone :
 Grant him in other spheres to charm ; 160
 The shepherds' breasts, tho' mild, are warm,
 And ours are all his own.

O Lyttleton! my honour'd guest,
 Could I describe thy gen'rous breast,
 Thy firm, yet polish'd, mind ; 165
 How public love adorns thy name,
 How Fortune, too, conspires with Fame,
 The song should please mankind. 168



A PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Arbuta humileſque myrtia.

VIRG.

EXPLANATION.

Groves and lovely ſhrubs.

I. ABSENCE.

YE Shepherds ! ſo cheerful and gay,
Whofe flocks never careleſſly roam,
Should Corydon's happen to ſtray,
Oh ! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
None once was ſo watchful as I :
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

5

Now I know what it is to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire ;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah ! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel !
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

10

15

Since Phyllis vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine ;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by
Beyond all that pleas'd me before ;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

20

But why do I languish in vain ?
Why wander thus penſively here ?
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear ?

25

They tell me, my favourite maid,
 The pride of that valley, is flown;
 Alas! where with her I have stray'd
 I could wander with pleasure alone. 30

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so— 35
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew;
 My path I could hardly discern:
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return. 40

The pilgrim that journeys all day
 To visit some far-distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair, 45
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go. 48

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss, 5
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all bordered with moss,
 Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound; 10
 Not a beech's more beautiful green
 But a sweetbriar entwines it around:
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold;
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear, 15
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear !
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasten'd and planted it there. 20
 O how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilack to render it gay !
 Already it calls for my love
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves, 25
 What strains of wild melody flow !
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From the thickets of roses that blow !
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join 30
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As—she may not be found to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear, 35
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed :
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue. 40

I have heard her with sweetneſs unfold
 How that pity was due to—a dove ;
 That it ever attended the bold,
 And she call'd it the ſiſter of Love.
 But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey, 45
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay'
 Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
 Unmoved when her Corydon ſighs !
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe ?

Dear regions of silence and shade!
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
 If aught in her absence could please. 55

But where does my Phyllida stray?
 And where are her grotts and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours? 60
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine,
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine. 64

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
 Why term it a folly to grieve?
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe.
 With her mien she enamours the brave, 5
 With her wit she engages the free,
 With her modesty pleases the grave;
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.
 O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays! 10
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while;
 Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown, 15
 —But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
 Any favour with Phyllis to find,
 O how with one trivial glance
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind! 20
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around;
 And his pipe—oh! my Pyhllis, beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound!

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

133
25

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
"And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
"How the nightingales labour the strain,
"With the notes of his charmer to vie;
"How they vary their accents in vain,
"Repine at her triumphs, and die,"

30

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet.
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.

35

"O Phyllis!" he whispers, "more fair,
"More sweet, than the jessamine's flow'r!
"What are pinks in the morn to compare?
"What is eglantine after a show'r?"

40

"Then the lily no longer is white,
"Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom,
"Then the violets die with despatch,
"And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

45

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

50

56

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE Shepherds ! give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep ;
 They have nothing to do but to stray,
 I have nothing to do but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove ;
 She was fair—and my passion begun ;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love :
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

5

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee
 That a nymph so complete would be fought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah ! love ev'ry hope can inspire,
 It banishes wisdom the while,
 And the lip of the nymph we admire.
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile:

10

15

She is faithless, and I am undone :
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how you loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree ;
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.

20

Alas ! from the day that we met
 What hope of an end to my woes ?
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose.
 Yet time may diminish the pain :
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.

25

30

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

135

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight
As I with my Phyllis have known.

35

40

O ye Woods! spreads your branches apace,
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love!
Was faithless, and I am undone!

45

48



ODES, &c.

ODE TO HEALTH.

O HEALTH! capricious maid!
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bow'r,
Where I had hope to share thy pow'r,
And blest thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown, 5
It 'vails not whether Muse or Grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place!
I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay:
Thou yet might'st act the friendly part: 10
Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'd the city air;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd, 15
O false! O partial Fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And tho' with purest hands I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to save. 20

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boasted name, and titles fair,
Why scorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'st the sportman's claim, 25
Enabling him, with idle noise,
To drown the Muse's melting voice,
And fright the tim'rous game.

Is thought thy foe? Adieu,
 Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes?
 Mine eyes o'er bills and vallies roams,
 And deals no more with you.

30

Is it the clime you flee!
 Yet 'midst his unremitting snows
 The poor Laponian's bosom glows,
 And shares bright rays from thee

35

There was, there was a time,
 When, tho' I scorn'd thy guardian care,
 Nor made a vow, nor said a pray'r,
 I did not rue the crime.

40

Who then more blest'd than I?
 When the glad schoolboy's task was done,
 And forth, with jocund sprite, I run
 To freedom and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
 What since have all my labours found,
 Thus climbing life to gaze around.
 That can thy loss repay?

45

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
 Methinks no frown that Fortune wears,
 Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
 Could sink my cheerful mind.

50

Whate'er my stars include,
 What other breasts convert to pain,
 My tow'ring mind should soon disdain,
 Should scorn—Ingratitude!

55

Repair this mould'ring cell,
 And blest'd with objects found at home,
 And envying none their fairer dome,
 How pleas'd my soul should dwell!

60

Temp'rance should guard the doors ;
 From room to room should Mem'ry stray,
 And, ranging all in neat array,
 Enjoy her pleasing store——

There let them rest unknown, 65
 The types of many a pleasing scene ;
 But to preserve them bright or clean,
 Is thine, Fair Queen ! alone. 68

TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

FITTING UP HER LIBRARY.

AH ! what is science, what is art,
 Or what the pleasure these impart ?
 Ye trophies, which the learn'd pursue
 Thro' endless, fruitless toils, adieu !

What can the tedious tomes bestow, 5
 To sooth the miseries they show ?
 What like the blifs for him decreed
 Who tends his flock and tunes his reed !

Say, wretched Fancy ; thus refin'd
 From all that glads the simplest hind, 10
 How rare that object which supplies
 A charm for too discerning eyes !

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
 Endures a deeper sense of pain ;
 As each invading blast devours 15
 The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs,

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
 The steep ascent of knowledge climb,
 Then from the tow'ring heights they scale,
 Behold contentment range—the vale. 20





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Yet why, Afteria, tell us why
We scorn the crowd when you are nigh?
Why then does reason seem so fair,
Why learning then deserve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold
While you so fair a proof unfold?
What force the brightest genius draws
From polish'd wisdom's written laws!

Where are our humbler tenets flown ?
What strange perfection bids us own
That Bliss with toilsome Science dwells,
And happiest he who most excels ?

ANACREONTIC:

'TWAS in a cool Aonian glade
The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
Had sought refreshment from the shade,
And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.

A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
The subtle traitor fast asleep;
And is it thine to snore profound,
She said, yet leave the world to weep?

But hush—from this auspicious hour
The world, I ween, may rest in peace,
And, robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r,
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child ! whilst I withdraw,
And this thy vile artill'ry hide—
When the Castalian fount she saw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid !
Shall cause you soon to curse the day
You dar'd the shafts of Love invade,
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For in a stream so wond'rous clear,
 When angry Cupid searches round,
 Will not the radiant points appear?
 Will not the furtive spoils be found?

Too soon they were; and ev'ry dart, 25
 Dipp'd in the Muse's mystic spring,
 Acquir'd new force to wound the heart,
 And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell, ye Pierian quire! —
 For who will now your altars throng? 30
 From Love we learn to swell the lyre,
 And Echo asks no sweeter song. 32

ODE.

Urit spes animi credula mutui? HOR.

IMITATION.

Fond hope of a reciprocal desire
 Inflames the breast.

'TWAS not by beauty's aid alone
 That Love usurp'd his airy throne,
 His boasted pow'r display'd;
 'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
 'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame, 5
 Which beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes the lightning view;
 Her lips with all the rose's hue
 Have all its sweets combin'd;
 Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire, 10
 Till lips at once, and eyes, conspire
 To prove the charmer kind——

Tho' wit might gild the tempting snare
 With softest accent, sweetest air,
 By envy's self admir'd; 15
 If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
 In vain might ev'ry Grace adorn
 What ev'ry Muse inspir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
 He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
 Which lovesick swains endure ;
 Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart,
 Since frowns could never wound his heart,
 And smiles—must ever cure.

20

But ah ! how false these maxims prove,
 How frail security from love
 Experience hourly shows !
 Love can imagin'd smiles supply,
 On ev'ry charming lip and eye
 Eternal sweets bestows.

25

30

In vain we trust the fair one's eyes ;
 In vain the sage explores the skies,
 To learn from stars his fate ;
 Till led by fancy wide astray,
 He finds no planet mark his way ;
 Convinc'd and wise—too late.

35

As partial to their words we prove,
 Then boldly join the lists of love,
 With tow'ring hopes supply'd :
 So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
 Mistook their deity's designs,
 Then took the field—and dy'd.

40

42

UPON A VISIT

TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

ON fair Asteria's blissful plains,
 Where ever-blooming Fancy reigns,
 How pleas'd we pass the winter's day,
 And charm the dull ey'd Spleen away !

No linnet, from the leafless bough,
 Pours forth her note melodious now,
 But all admire Asteria's tongue,
 Nor wish the linnets' vernal song.

5

No flow'rs emit their transient rays
 Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
 More various tints, more glowing lines,
 And with perennial beauty shines.

10

Tho' rifled groves and fetter'd streams
 But ill befriend a poet's dreams,
 Asteria's presence wakes the lyre,
 And well supplies poetic fire.

15

The fields have lost their lovely dye,
 No cheerful azure decks the sky,
 Yet still we bless the louring day;
 Asteria smiles—and all is gay.

20

Hence let the Muse no more presume
 To blame the winter's dreary gloom,
 Accuse his loit'ring hours no more,
 But, ah! their envious haste deplore.

For soon from Wit and Friendship's reign,
 The social hearth, the sprightly vein,
 I go—to meet the coming year
 On savage plains and deserts drear!

25

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
 Nor find the spring my loss atone;
 But, 'mid th' flow'ry sweets of May,
 With pride recall this winter's day.

30

32

ODE TO MEMORY.

O MEMORY! celestial maid!
 Who glean'st the flow'rets cropt by time,
 And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
 Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime,
 Bring, bring, those moments to my mind
 When life was new and Lesbia kind.

5

And bring that garland to my sight
 With which my favour'd crook she bound,
 And bring that wreath of roses bright
 Which then my festive temples crown'd,
 And to my raptur'd ear convey
 The gentle things she degn'd to say.

10

And sketch with care the Muse's bow'r,
 Where Isis rolls her silver tide,
 Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r
 That shines on Cherwell's verdant side,
 If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
 When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

15

The song it 'vails not to recite——
 But, sure, to sooth our youthful dreams,
 Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
 Than other banks, than other streams;
 Or by the soft'ning pencil shown,
 Assume they beauties not their own?

20

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
 When, all beneath the poplar bough,
 My spirits light, my soul serene,
 I breath'd in verse one cordial vow,
 That nothing should my soul inspire
 But friendship warm and love entire.

25

30

Dull to the sense of new delight,
 On thee the drooping Muse attends,
 As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
 On thy expressive pow'r depends,
 Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
 To live the lord of all that shines.

35

But let me chase those vows away
 Which at Ambition's shrine I made,
 Nor ever let thy skill display
 Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
 Oh! from my breast that season raise,
 And bring my childhood in its place.

40

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
 And bring the hobby I bestrode,
 When pleas'd, in many a sportive ring 45
 Around the room I jovial rode;
 E'en let me bid my lyre adieu,
 And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
 Why did not these enjoyments last? 50
 How sweetly wasted I the day,
 While innocence allow'd to waste!
 Ambition's toils alike are vain,
 But ah! for pleasure yield us pain. 54

VERSES.

TO WILLIAM LYTTLETON, ESQ.

HOW blithly pass'd the summer's day!
 How bright was ev'ry flow'r!
 While friends arriv'd in circles gay,
 To visit Damon's bow'r!

But now, with silent step, I range 5
 Along some lonely shore;
 And Damon's bow'r, alas the change!
 Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne,
 In quest of joy they steer, 10
 Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn
 To weep the parting year!

O pensive autumn! how I grieve
 Thy sorrowing face to see!
 When languid suns are taking leave 15
 Of ev'ry drooping tree.

Ah! let me not, with heavy eye,
 This dying scene survey!
 Haste, Winter! haste; usurp the sky;
 Complete my bow'r's decay.

20

Ill can I bear the motley cast
 Yon' sick'ning leaves retain,
 That speak at once of pleasure past,
 And bode approaching pain.

At home unblest'd, I gaze around,
 My distant scenes require,
 Where, all in murky vapours drown'd,
 Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

25

Tho' Thomson, sweet descriptive bard!
 Inspiring Autumn sung,
 Yet how should we the months regard
 That stopp'd his flowing tongue?

30

Ah! luckless months, of all the rest,
 To whose hard share it fell!
 For sure he was the gentlest breast
 That ever sung so well.

35

And see, the swallows now disown
 The roofs they lov'd before;
 Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
 To glad some happier shore.

40

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
 The sportsman's frantic deed;
 While hounds, and horns, and yells, unite
 To drown the Muse's reed.

Ye fields! with blighted herbage brown,
 Ye skies! no longer blue,
 Too much we feel from Fortune's frown
 To bear these frowns from you.

45

Where is the mead's unsully'd green? 50
The zephyr's balmy gale?
And where sweet friendship's cordial mien,
That brighten'd ev'ry vale?

What tho' the vine disclose her dyes,
And boast her purple store?
Not all the vineyard's rich supplies 55
Can sooth our sorrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain
Coul'd wit and mirth refine;
He! he is gone, whose social vein
Surpass'd the pow'r of wine. 60

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise,
In yon' sequester'd grove,
To him a votive urn I raise,
To him and friendly Love.

Yes, there, my Friend! forlorn and sad, 65
I grave your Thomson's name,
And there his lyre, which Fate forbade
To sound your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount
Dark themes of hopeless woe, 70
And faster than the drooping fount
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn green,
Shall shade the hallow'd ground;
And Spring will there again be seen 75
To call forth flow'rs around.

But no kind suns will bid me share,
Once more, his social hour;
Ah! Spring! thou never canst repair
This loss to Damon's bow'r. 80

AN IRREGULAR ODE,

After Sickneſs.

—Melius, cum venerit ipſa, canemus.

IMITATION.

His wiſh'd-for preſence will improve the ſong.

TOO long a ſtranger to reſoſe,
 At length from Pain's abhorred couch I roſe,
 And wander'd forth alone,
 To court once more the balmy breeze,
 And catch the verdure of the trees,
 Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with panſies gay
 I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
 The ſun's forgotten beams :
 O Sun ! how pleaſing were thy rays,
 Reflected from the poliſh'd face
 Of yon' refulgent ſtreams !

10

Raiſ'd by the ſcene, my feeble tongue
 Eſſay'd again the ſweets of ſong,
 And thus in feeble ſtrains, and ſlow,
 The loit'ring numbers 'gan to flow.

15

" Come, gentle Air ! my languid limbs reſtore,
 " And bid me welcome from the Stygian ſhore,
 " For ſure I heard the tender ſighs,
 " I ſeem'd to join the plaintive cries
 " Of hapleſs youths, who thro' the myrtle grove
 " Bewail for ever their unfiniſh'd love ;
 " To that unjoyous clime,
 " Torn from the ſight of theſe ethereal ſkies,
 " Debarr'd the luſtre of their Delia's eyes,
 " And baniſh'd in their prime.

20

25

" Come, gentle Air ! and, while the thickets bloom,
 " Convey the jaſmine' breath divine,
 " Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
 " Nor ſpare the ſweet leaf'd eglantine ;

30

" And may'st thou shun the rugged storm
 " Till Health her wonted charms explain,
 " With Rural Pleasure in her train,
 " To greet me in her fairest form ;
 " While from this lofty mount I view 35
 " The sons of earth, the vulgar crew,
 " Anxious for futile gains, beneath me stray,
 " And seek with erring step Contentment's obvious way.

" Come, gentle Air ! and thou, celestial Muse !
 " Thy genial flame infuse, 40
 " Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
 " And gild Retirement's gloomy shade ;
 " Enough to rear such rustic lays
 " As foes may slight, but partial friends will praise."

The gentle air allow'd my claim, 45
 And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
 She mixt the balm of op'ning flowers,
 Such as the bee, with chymic powers,
 From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
 Or scent's Sabea's blooming vales : 50
 But, ah ! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,
 By prescripts more refin'd,
 Neglect their vot'ry's anxious moan :
 Oh ! how should they relieve !—the Muses all were
 flown.

By flow'ry plain or woodland shades 55
 I fondly fought the charming maids ;
 By woodland shades or flow'ry plain
 I fought them, faithless maids ! in vain ;
 When, lo ! in happier hour,
 I leave behind my native mead,
 To range where Zeal and Friendship lead,
 To visit L****'s honour'd bower.
 Ah ! foolish man ! to seek the tuneful maids
 On other plains, or near less verdant shades !

Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favour'd ground,
 When sounds ethereal strike my ear ; 66
 At once celestial forms appear ;
 My fugitives are found !
 The Muses here attune their lyres,
 Ah ! partial, with unwonted fires ; 70
 Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
 The sportive Graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
 Too well at one survey I trace
 How ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace 75
 Had long employ'd their care.
 Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
 Blooms not a flow'r amid the vernal store,
 Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
 Glows not a shell on Adria's rocky shore, 80
 But torn, methought, from native lands or seas,
 From their arrangement gain fresh pow'r to please.

And some had bent the wild'ring maze,
 Bedeck'd with ev'ry shrub that blows,
 And some entwin'd the willing sprays, 85
 To shield th' illustrious dame's repose ;
 Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,
 And taught the portrait where to glow ;
 Others arrang'd the curious tome,
 Or 'mid the decorated space 90
 Assign'd the laurell'd bust a place,
 And given to learning all the pomp of show ;
 And now from ev'ry task withdrawn,
 They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah ! woe is me, said I, 95
 And ***'s hilly circuit heard my cry :
 Have I for this with labour strove,
 And lavish'd all my little store
 To fence for you my steady grove,
 And scollop ev'ry winding shore, 100

And fringe with ev'ry purple rose
The sapphire stream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treach'rous maids!
To quit unseen my votive shades,
When pale Disease and tort'ring Pain 105
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a restless couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd.
She needs not your officious aid
To swell the song or plan the shade; 110
By genuine Fancy fir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while she marks the sage command,
More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
Her lyre resound with nobler rays 115
Than ever you inspir'd.

Thus I my rage and grief display,
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a Grace or Muse return
'Till Luxborough lead the way. 120

RURAL ELEGANCE.

AN ODE TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray,
Amid the spightly scenes of morn
Will aught the Muse inspire?
Oh! peace to yonder clam'rous horn 5
That drowns the sacred lyre!

Ye rural Thanes! that o'er the mossy down
Some panting tim'rous hare pursue,
Does Nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you? 10

For you does Echo bid the rocks reply,
And, urg'd by rude constraint, resound the jovial cry?

See from the neighb'ring hill, forlorn,
The wretched swain your sport survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn, 15
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He sees his flock—no more in circles feed,
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye Swains! conclude 20
That Nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls and your conception crude,
The proud, the selfish, boast disown;
Your's be the produce of the soil;
O may it still reward your toil! 25
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants ask support in vain

But tho' the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gains 30
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round? 35
Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true;
But tho' the pebbled shores among
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom, 40
Unpleas'd the spring her flow'ry robe resume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.

O let a rural conscious Muse,
 For well she knows, your froward sense accuse : 45
 Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
 And span the massy trunk before you cry, 'Tis fair.

Nor yet, ye Learn'd ! nor yet, ye Courtly Train !
 If haply from your haunts ye 'stray
 To waste with us a summer's day, 50
 Exclude the taste of ev'ry swain,
 Nor our untutor'd sense disdain :
 'Tis nature only gives exclusive right
 To relish her supreme delight ;
 She, where she pleases, kind or coy, 55
 Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
 By her auspicious aid refin'd.
 Lo ! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows
 Or humble harebell paints the plain, 60
 Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
 Or purple heath is ting'd in vain :
 For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
 The mountain swells, the dale subsides :
 E'en thriftless furze detains their wand'ring fight, 65
 And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

With what suspicious fearful care
 The fordid wretch secures his claim,
 If haply some luxurious heir
 Should alienate the fields that wear his name ! 70
 What scruples lest some future birth
 Should litigate a span of earth !
 Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unment for prose,
 The tow'ring Muse endures not to disclose ;
 Alas ! her unrevers'd decree, 75
 More comprehensive and more free,
 Her lavish'd charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
 And be the solemn day enroll'd
 When, to confirm his lofty plea, 80
 In nuptial sort, with bridal gold,
 The grave Venetian weds the sea :
 Each laughing Muse derides the vow ;
 E'en Adria scorns the mock embrace,
 To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow, 85
 Allotted, from his natal hour,
 With all her myrtle shores in dow'r.
 His Breast, to admiration prone,
 Enjoys the smile upon her face,
 Enjoys triumphant ev'ry grace, 95
 And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with Form's oppressive laws,
 When Somerset avoids the great,
 When, cloy'd with merited applause,
 She seeks the rural calm retreat, 95
 Does she not praise each mossy cell,
 And feel the truth my numbers tell ?
 When, deafen'd by the loud acclaim
 Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
 Could she not more delighted hear 100
 Yon' thro'ble chant the rising year
 Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
 To crop the primrose of the plains ?
 Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
 Lost to the sons of Pow'r, unknown to half man-
 kind ? 105

Ah ! can she covet there to see
 The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
 That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
 That slight her merit, but adore her place ?
 Far happier, if aright I deem, 110
 When from gay throngs and gilded spires,
 To where the lonely halcyons play,
 Her philosophic step retires :

While studious of the moral theme,
 She to some smooth sequester'd stream
 Likens the swains' inglorious day,
 Pleas'd from the flow'ry margin to survey
 How cool, serene, and clear, the current glides away. 115

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
 Who flight the sweetly pensive mind ! 120
 On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
 And ev'ry Muse prophetic smil'd.
 Not that the poet's boasted fire
 Should Fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell,
 Or on the music of his lyre 125
 Each future age with rapture dwell;
 The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
 Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
 In all that glads the human heart;
 Yet these the spirits form'd to judge and prove 130
 All Nature's charms immense, and Heaven's unbounded
 love.

And, oh ! the transport most ally'd to song,
 In some fair villa's peaceful bound
 To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,
 And bid Arcadia bloom around ; 135
 Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
 Or smooth below the verdant mead,
 Whether we break the falling rill,
 Or thro' meand'ring mazes lead,
 Or in the horrid brambles room 140
 Bid careless groups of roses bloom,
 Or let some shelter'd lake serene
 Reflect flow'rs, woods, and spires, and brighten all the
 scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour !
 O beauties never known to cloy ! 145
 While Worth and Genius haunt the favour'd bow'r.
 And ev'ry gentle breast partakes the joy ;

ODES.

155

While Charity at eve surveys the swain,
 Enabled by these toils to cheer
 A train of helpless infants dear, 150
 Speed whistling home across the plain;
 See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
 For half her graceless deeds atone,
 And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her
 own.

Why brand these pleasures with the name 155
 Of soft unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
 Search but the garden or the wood,
 Let yon' admir'd carnation own
 Not all was meant for raiment or for food,
 Not all for needful use alone; 160
 There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
 'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing?
 Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
 Why shines with paint the linner's wing? 165
 For sustenance alone? for use?
 For preservation? Ev'ry sphere
 Shall bid fair Pleasure's rightful claim appear:
 And sure there seem, of humankind,
 Some born to shun the solemn strife; 170
 Some for amusive tasks design'd,
 To sooth the certain ills of life;
 Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
 New founts of bliss disclose,
 Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose. 175

From plains and woodlands, from the view
 Of rural Nature's blooming face,
 Smit with the glare of rank and place,
 To courts the sons of Fancy flew;
 There long had Art ordain'd a rival seat, 180
 There had she lavish'd all her care
 To form a scene more dazzling fair,
 And call'd them from their green retreat

To share her proud controul;
 Had given the robe with grace to flow, 185
 Had taught exotic gems to glow;
 And, emulous of Nature's pow'r,
 Mimic'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;
 Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
 Moulded each rustic limb anew, 190
 And warp'd the very soul.

Awhile her magic strikes the novel eye;
 Awhile the fairy forms delight;
 And now aloof we seem to fly
 On purple pinions thro' a purer sky, 195
 Where all is wondrous, all is bright:
 Now landed on some spangled shore
 Awhile each dazzled maniac roves,
 By sapphire lakes, thro' em'rald groves:
 Paternal acres please no more: 200
 Adieu the simple, the sincere delight—
 Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,
 The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
 The fragrance of the bean's perfume, 205
 Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
 And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away!
 'Tis Nature only bears perpetual sway.
 We pierce the counterfeit delight, 210
 Fatigu'd with splendour's irksome beams;
 Fancy again demands the sight
 Of native groves and wonted streams,
 Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
 Where Truth maintains her court, and banishes Disguise.

Then hither oft', ye Senators! retire;
 With Nature here high converse hold;
 For who like Stamford her delights admire,
 Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
 Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold? 220

Beneath the British oak's majestic shade
 Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid!
 Friendship in artless guise array'd,
 Honour and moral beauty shine [vine.
 With more attractive charms, with radiance more di-
 Yes, here alone did highest Heav'n ordain 226
 The lasting magazine of charms,
 Whatever wins, whatever warms,
 Whatever fancy seeks to share,
 The great, the various, and the fair, 230
 For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
 Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,
 'Midst all the city's artful trim,
 To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs, 235
 Or shrubs fuliginously grim?
 From rooms of silken foliage vain,
 To trace the dun far distant grove,
 Where, smit with undissembled pain,
 The woodlark mourns her absent love, 240
 Borne to the dusty town from native air,
 To mimic rural life, and sooth some vapour'd fair!

But how must faithless Art prevail,
 Should all who taste our joy sincere,
 To virtue, truth, or science, dear, 245
 Forego a court's alluring pale,
 For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
 For that rich luxury of thought they love!
 Ah, no! from these the public sphere requires
 Example for its giddy bands; 250
 From these impartial Heav'n demands
 To spread the flame itself inspires;
 To sift Opinion's mingled mass,
 Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they, 255
 Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
 Round the gay precincts of a throne

With mild effective beams!
 Who bands of fair ideas bring,
 By solemn grot or shady spring, 260
 To join their pleasing dreams!
 Their's is rural bliss without alloy;
 They only that deserve enjoy.

What tho' nor fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
 Nor Naiad near their fountains rove? 265
 Yet all embody'd to the mental sight,
 A train of smiling Virtues bright
 Shall there the wise retreat allow, [brow.
 Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wand'rer's

And tho' by faithless friends alarm'd,
 Art have with Nature wag'd presumptuous war, 271
 By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
 In whom their gifts united shine,
 No longer shall their councils jar.
 'Tis her's to meditate the peace; 275
 Near Percy-lodge, with awe struck mien,
 The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
 And havock and contention cease.
 I see the rival pow'rs combine,
 And aid each other's fair design: 280
 Nature exalt the mound where Art shall build;
 Art shape the gay alcove, while Nature paints the field.

Begin, ye Songsters of the grove!
 O warble forth your noblest lay:
 Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove, 285
 Ye Lev'rets! freely sport and play.
 —Peace to the strepent horn!
 Let no harsh dissonance disturb the Morn;
 No sounds inelegant and rude
 Her sacred solitudes profane, 290
 Unless her candour not exclude
 The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
 Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
 Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear. 295

ODES TO INDOLENCE.

AH! why for ever on the wing
 Persists my weary'd soul to roam?
 Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
 Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird that draws his name
 From Paradise's honour'd grove,
 Careless fatigues his little frame,
 Nor finds the resting place he loves.

5

Lo! on the rural mossy bed
 My limbs with careless ease reclin'd
 Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
 The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

10

For why should ling'ring thought invade,
 Yet ev'ry worldly prospect cloy?
 Lend me, soft Sloth! thy friendly aid,
 And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

51

Lov'st thou yon' calm and silent flood,
 That never ebbs, that never flows,
 Protected by the circling wood
 From each tempestuous wind that blows?

20

An altar on its bank shall rise,
 Where oft' thy vot'ry shall be found,
 What time pale Autumn lulls the skies,
 And sick'ning verdure fades around.

Ye busy Race! ye factious Train?
 That haunt ambition's guilty shrine,
 No more perplex the world in vain,
 But offer here your vows with mine.

21

And thou, puissant Queen! be kind:
 If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r
 If e'er I sway'd my active mind
 To weave for thee the rural bow'r;

30

Diffolve in sleep each anxious care,
 Each unavailing sigh remove,
 And only let me wake to share
 The sweets of friendship and of love.

36

ODE TO A YOUNG LADY,

Somewhat too solicitous about her Manner of Expression.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream
 Adown the smiling valley stray;
 Would Art attempt, or Fancy dream,
 To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
 In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow;
 Not all thy art, not all thy care,
 Can there one single grace bestow.

5

Survey again that verdant hill
 With native plants enamell'd o'er;
 Say, can the painter's utmost skill
 Instruct one flow'r to please us more?

10

As vain it were, with artful dye,
 To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose:
 And, oh! my Laura, ere you try,
 With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

15

Hark how the woodlark's tuneful throat
 Can every study'd grace excel;
 Let Art constrain the rambling note,
 And will she, Laura, please so well?

20

Oh! ever keep thy native ease,
 By no pedantic law confin'd;
 For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
 So Laura's words be not unkind.

24





Designed by A. Kneller.

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Engraved by C. Warren.

WRITTEN IN
A FLOWER BOOK

Of my own Colouring, designed for Lady Plymouth.

Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ HOR.

IMITATION.

Constructor of the tributary wreath
For rural maids.

BRING, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year,
And let me thence a garland frame
To crown this fair, this peerless dame!

5

But, ah! since envious Winter lours,
And Hewell meads resign their flow'rs,
Let Art and Friendship's joint essay
Diffuse their flow'rets in her way.

Not Nature can, herself, prepare
A worthy wreath for Lesbia's hair,
Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,
Whose thoughts and accents form'd to sooth,
Whose pleasing mien, and make refin'd,
Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove
Deserv'd and won by Plymouth's love!

10

16

THE DYING KID.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit—

VIRG.

IMITATION.

Ah! wretched mortals we!—our brightest days
On fleetest pinions fly.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye
To think yon' playful Kid must die;
From crystal spring and flow'ry mead
Must in his prime of life recede!

5

Erewhile, in sportive circles round,
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

P 3

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell,
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

10

She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood,
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

15

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew to hear my vocal reed ;
And how with critic face profound,
And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

20

His ev'ry frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care ;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful Kid must die.

But knows my Delia, timely wife,
How soon this blameless era flies !
While violence and craft succeed,
Unfair design, and ruthless deed !

25

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more ;
Ah ! soon eras'd from ev'ry grove
Were Delia's name and Strephon's love.

30

No more those bow'rs might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee ;
No more those beds of flow'rets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

35

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care,
And when they left his ebbing vein,
What but insipid age remain ?

40

Then mourn not the decrees of Fate,
That gave his life so short a date,
And I will join my tend'rest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies!

44

ODE.

SO dear my Lucio is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend,
That seasons may for ever flee,
And ne'er divide me from my friend;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

5

O Lycon! born when ev'ry Muse,
When ev'ry Grace, benignant smil'd,
With all a parent's breast could chuse
To bless her lov'd, her only child;
'Tis thine, so richly grac'd, to prove
More noble cares than cares of love.

10

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flow'ry tracks of time,
Together mus'd in search of truth,
O'er learned sage or bard sublime;
And well thy cultur'd breast I know,
What wondrous treasure it can show.

15

Come, then, resume thy charming lyre,
And sing some patriot's worth sublime,
Whilst I in fields of soft desire
Consume my fair and fruitless prime;
Whose reed aspires but to display
The flame that burns me night and day.

20

O come! the Dryads of the woods
Shall daily sooth thy studious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And Fame sits list'ning for thy lays
To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

25

30

Like me, the plover fondly tries
 To lure the sportsman from her nest,
 And flutt'ring on with anxious cries,
 Too plainly shews her tortur'd breast:
 O let him, conscious of her care,
 Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

36

ODE.

*To be performed by Dr. Brettle, and a Chorus of
 Hales Owen Citizens. The Instrumental
 Part a Viol d'Amour.*

AIR BY THE DOCTOR.

AWAKE! I say, awake, good people!
 And be for once alive and gay;
 Come, let's be merry; stir the tipples;
 How can you sleep
 Whilst I do play? How can you sleep, &c.

5

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great Musician!
 On drowsy souls some pity take,
 For wondrous hard is our condition,
 To drink thy beer,
 Thy strains to hear;
 To drink,
 To hear,
 And keep awake!

10

SOLD BY THE DOCTOR.

Hear but this strain—'twas made by Handel,
 A wight of skill and judgment deep!
 Zoonsters, they're gone—Sal, bring a candle—
 No, here is one, and he's asleep.

15

DUETTE.

DR.—How could they go
 Whilst I do play?

[Soft music.

SAL.—How could they go!
 How should they stay?

[Warlike music.

21

SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH,

*Alluding to a Story recorded of her when she was Prisoner
at Woodstock.*

WILL you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay,
Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted 5
Tripp'd around in all their pride,
Envyng joys by others flighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

" Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
" Who would bid those scenes adieu? 10
" Stranger to the arts of malice,
" Who would ever courts pursue?

" Malice never taught to treasure,
" Censure never taught to bear;
" Love is all the shepherd's pleasure; 15
" Love is all that damsel's care.

" How can they of humble station
" Vainly blame the pow'rs above?
" Or accuse the dispensation
" Which allows them all to love? 20

" Love, like air, is widely giv'n;
" Pow'r nor Chance can these restrain;
" Truest, noblest, gifts of Heav'n!
" Only purest on the plain!

- " Peers can no such charms discover, 25
 " All in stars and garters drest,
 " As on Sundays does the lover,
 " With his nosegay on his breast.
- " Pinks and roses in profusion,
 " Said to fade when Chloe's near; 30
 " Fops may use the same allusion,
 " But the shepherd is sincere.
- " Hark to yonder milkmaid singing
 " Chearly o'er the brimming pail,
 " Cowslips all around her springing 35
 " Sweetly paint the golden vale.
- " Never yet did courtly maiden
 " Move so sprightly, look so fair;
 " Never breast with jewels laden
 " Pour a song so void of care. 40
- " Would indulgent Heav'n had granted
 " Me some rural damsel's part!
 " All the empire I had wanted
 " Then had been my shepherd's heart.
- " Then with him o'er hills and mountains, 45
 " Free from fetters, might I rove,
 " Fearless taste the crystal fountains,
 " Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.
- " Rustics had been more forgiving,
 " Partial to my virgin bloom; 50
 " None had envy'd me when living,
 " None had triumph'd o'er my tomb." 52

NANCY OF THE VALE, A BALLAD.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior-Hyblæ!
Candidior cygnis! hederæ formosior alba!

IMITATION.

O Galatea! Nereus' blooming child,
More sweet than thyme by Hybla * bees exhal'd,
Fairer than swans, more beauteous to behold
Than ivy's purest white.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleasing ray,
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day.

When from an hazel's artless bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He blest'd the scene, he blest'd the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

" Let fops with fickle falsehood range
" The paths of wanton love,
" While weeping maids lament their change,
" And sadden ev'ry grove:

" But endless blessings crown the day
" I saw fair Esham's dale!
" And ev'ry blessing find its way
" To Nancy of the Vale.

" 'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
" Diffus'd her lovely beams,
" And ev'ry shining glance display'd
" The Naiad of the streams.

" Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
" That float on Avon's tide,
" Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
" And glitt'ring near its side:

* Hybla, a mountain in Sicily, famous for producing the finest honey.

- " Fresh as the bord'ring flowers her bloom, 25
 " Her eye all mild to view;
 " The little halcyon's azure plume
 " Was never half so blue.
- " Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 " So taper, strait, and fair; 30
 " Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 " How charming sweet they were!
- " For in the winding vale retir'd,
 " This peerless bud I found,
 " And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd 35
 " To fence her beauties round
- " That Nature in so lone a dell
 " Should form a nymph so sweet!
 " Or Fortune to her secret cell
 " Conduct my wand'ring feet! 40
- " Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,
 " But she would ne'er incline :"
 " Prove to your equals true, (she cry'd,)
 " As I will prove to mine.
- " 'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow, 45
 " Has won my right good will:
 " To him I gave my plighted vow,
 " With him I'll climb the hill."
- " Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 " I clasp'd the constant fair; 50
 " To her alone I gave my youth,
 " And vow my future care.
- " And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 " Or I those charms forego,
 " The stream that saw our tender love,
 " That stream shall cease to flow." 56

THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.

A BALLAD.

'T WAS in a land of learning,
 The Muse's fav'rite city,
 Such pranks of late
 Were play'd by a rat
 As—tempt one to be witty.

5

All in a college study,
 Where books were in great plenty,
 This rat would devour
 More sense in an hour
 Than I could write—in twenty.

10

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
 Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir;
 But this a rat of taste,
 All other rats surpass'd,
 And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir.

15

His breakfast half the morning
 He constantly attended;
 And when the bell rung
 For ev'ning song
 His dinner scarce was ended!

20

He spar'd not e'en heroics,
 On which we poets pride us,
 And would make no more
 Of King Arthurs * by the score
 Than—all the world beside does.

25

In books of geography
 He made the maps to flutter;
 A river or a sea
 Was to him a dish of tea,
 And a kingdom bread and butter.

30

* By Blackmore

Q

But if some mawkish potion
Might chance to overdose him,
To check its rage
He took a page
Of logic—to compose him—

35

A Trap, in haste and anger,
Was brought, you need not doubt on't,
And such was the gin,
Were a lion once got in,
He could not, I think get out on't.

40

With cheese, not books, 'was bated ;
The fact—I'll not belie it—
Since none—I tell you that—
Whether scholar or rat,
Minds books when he has other diet.

45

But more of Trap and Bait, Sir,
Why should I sing, or either?
Since the rat, who knew the sleight,
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd 'em away together.

50

Both Trap and Bait were vanish'd
Thro' a fracture in the flooring,
Which tho' so trim
It now may seem
Had then—a dozen or more in.

55

Then answer this, ye sages !
Nor deem I mean to wrong ye,
Had the rat, which thus did seize on
The Trap, less claim to reason
Than many a scull among ye ?

60

Dan Prior's Mice, I own it,
Were vermine of condition ;
But this rat, who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

65

That England's topsyturvy
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir;
Since Traps, we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermine,
But vermine * take our Traps, Sir.

70

Let sophs, by rats infested,
Then trust in cats to catch 'em,
Left they grow as learn'd as we
In our studies, where, d'ye see,
No mortal fits to watch 'em.

75

Good luck betide our Captains,
Good luck betide our cats, Sir,
And grant that the one
May quell the Spanish Don,
And the other destroy our rats, Sir.

80

JEMMY DAWSON,
A BALLAD,

Written about the Time of his Execution.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear!
Nor will you scorn to hear a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty! peerless maid!
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at ev'ry woe,
And pity ev'ry plaint—but mine.

5

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain,
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

10

* Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear ;
 Of gentle blood the damsel came ;
 And faultless was her beauteous form,
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

15

But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the favour'd youth astray,
 The day the rebel clans appear'd ;
 O had he never seen that day !

20

Their colours and their fash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found :
 And now he must that death endure
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his truelove's cheek,
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear !
 For never yet did Alpine snows
 So pale or yet so chill appear.

25

With falt'ring voice she, weeping, said,
 " O Dawson ! monarch of my heart !
 " Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 " For thou and I will never part.

30

" Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
 " And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
 " O George ! without a pray'r for thee
 " My orisons should never close.

35

" The gracious prince that gave him life
 " Would crown a never-dying flame,
 " And ev'ry tender babe I bore
 " Should learn to list the giver's name.

40

" But tho' he should be dragg'd in scorn
 " To yonder ignominious tree,
 " He shall not want one constant friend
 " To share the cruel Fate's decree."

O! then her mourning coach was call'd;
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law,
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

50

Distorted was that blooming face
Which she had fondly lov'd so long,
And stifled was that tuneful breath
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

55

And sever'd was that beauteous neck
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd,
And mangled was that beauteous breast
On which her lovesick head repos'd.

60

And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to ev'ry heart prefer;
For tho' it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see,
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
" Yet, yet, (she cry'd,) I follow thee.

65

" My death, my death alone can shew
" The pure, the lasting love I bore:
" Accept, O Heav'n! of woes like our's,
" And let us, let us weep no more."

70

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

75

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
 The tear my Kitty sheds is due,
 For seldom shall she hear a tale
 So sad, so tender, yet so true.

80

A BALLAD.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

HOR.

PROVERBIALIZ'D

Every one to his liking.

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,
 To bring down a wife whom the swains might admire;
 But in spite of whatever the mortal could say,
 The goddesses objected the length of the way.

To give up the op'ra, the Park, and the ball, 5
 For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall;
 To have neither China nor India to see,
 Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not she!

To forsake the dear playhouse, Quin, Garrick, and
 Clive,
 Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive; 10
 To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,
 O Heav'ns! she should faint, she should die on the road!

To forget the gay fashions and gestures of France,
 And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance,
 And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it, 15
 And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it.

She might yield to resign the sweet fingers of Ruckholt,
 Where the citizen matron seduces her cuckold;
 But Ranelagh soon would her footsteps recall, 19
 And the music, the lamps, and the glare, of Vauxhall.

To be sure she could breathe no where else than in
 Town;
 Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown;
 But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,
 A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed. 24

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few,
 While falt'ring accents spoke my fear,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold;
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
 And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
 The friends I lov'd became unkind;
 She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear;
 And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
 My Flavia must not hope for dress;
 This, too, she heard, and smil'd to hear;
 And Flavia, sure, must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial Swains!
 Go reap the plenty of your plains;
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my Flavia's love sincere.

SONG—THE LANDSCAPE.

HOW pleas'd within my native bow'rs
 Erewhile I pass'd the day!
 Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs?
 Were ever flow'rs so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
 And all the Landscape round!
 The river gliding down the dale,
 The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
 I speed to meet my dear,
 That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
 And check my fond career.

10

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
 Their wonted charms I see;
 That verdant hill and silver stream
 Divide my love and me.

16

SONG.

YE gentle Nymphs and gen'rous Dames
 That rule o'er ev'ry British mind!
 Be sure ye sooth their am'rous flames,
 Be sure your laws are not unkind:

For hard it is to wear their bloom
 In unremitting sighs away,
 To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
 And faintly bless the rising day.

5

And cruel 'twere a freeborn swain,
 A British youth, should vainly moan,
 Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,
 Submits to your's, and your's alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
 Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
 Who Beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
 And boast the fetters wrought by you.

16

THE SKYLARK.

GO, tuneful Bird! that gladd'nt the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way,
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine ;
But ask the lovely partial maid
What are his notes compar'd to thine !

Then bid her treat yon' witless beau,
And all his flaunting race, with scorn,
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG.

Ah! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.

IMITATION.

Why should I wish to banish sore disease,
Unless returning health my Delia please?

ON ev'ry tree, in ev'ry plain,
I trace the jovial spring in vain;
A sickly langour veils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flow'ry plain nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me ;
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring?
Or what the needless pride of spring?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine, so fresh and fair,
Might claim awhile my wonted care ;
My rural store some pleasure yield,
So white a flock, so green a field !

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon insincere?

20

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon' setting sun his race renew,
Inform me, Swains! my Friends! declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

24

SONG.

The Attribute of Venus.

YES, Fulvia is like Venus fair,
Has all her bloom, and shape, and air;
But still, to perfect ev'ry grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore,
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But smiles distinguish'd Beauty's queen.

5

Her train was form'd of Smiles and Loves;
Her chariot drawn by gentle doves;
And from her zone the nymph may find
'Tis Beauty's province to be kind.

1

Then smile, my Fair! and all, whose aim
Aspire to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

1

SONG.

WHEN bright Roxana treads the green
In all the pride of dress and mien,
Averse to freedom, love, and play,
The dazzling rival of the day,
None other beauty strikes mine eye;
The lilies droop, the roses die.

5

But when, disclaiming art, the fair
 Assumes a soft engaging air,
 Mild as the op'ning morn of May,
 Familiar, friendly, free and gay,
 The scene improves where'er she goes,
 More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

10

O lovely Maid! propitious hear,
 Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;
 Pity a wild illusive flame,
 That varies objects still the same,
 And let their very changes prove
 The never-vary'd force of love.

15

18

SONG.—VALENTINE'S DAY.

'TIS said that under distant skies,
 Nor you the fact deny,
 What first attracts an Indian's eyes
 Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily or a rose,
 That shares the morning's ray,
 May to the waking swain disclose
 The regent of the day.

5

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
 Enrich'd with fragrant pow'r,
 May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove
 Where blooms the sov'reign flow'r.

10

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
 And gay with gilded wings,
 Perchance, the patron of his vow,
 Some artless linnet sings.

15

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid,
 Then low to earth he bends,
 And owns upon her friendly aid
 His health, his life, depends.

20

Vain futile idols, bird or flow'r,
To tempt a vot'ry's pray'r!
How would his humble homage tow'r
Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the Pagan's waking eyes
O'er Flavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his lasting choice,
Nor dare, nor wish, to change.

25

28

SONG.

THE fatal hours are wondrous near,
That from these fountains bear my dear;
A little space is giv'n; in vain;
She robs my fight, and shuns the plain.

A little space for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious Time that space devours.

5

Near yonder beach is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the livelong day;
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
Should draw my longing eyes aside.

10

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance
To see the loit'ring aids advance.

15

Not more the school-boy, that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace——

20

She comes—but, ah! what crowds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair enclose?
Oh! better hadst thou shunn'd the green;
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

SONGS.

181

Methinks by all my tender fears,
 By all my sighs, by all my tears,
 I might from fortune now be free—
 'Tis more than death to part from thee!

25

28

SONG.

THE lovely Delia smiles again!
 That killing frown has left her brow:
 Can she forgive my jealous pain,
 And give me back my angry vow?

Love is an April's doubtful day;
 Awhile we see the tempest low'r,
 Anon the radiant Heav'n survey,
 And quite forget the flitting show'r.

5

The flow'rs, that hung their languid head,
 Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
 The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
 And double verdure gilds the plains.

10

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
 Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,
 In ev'ry raptur'd note express
 The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

16

SONG.

PERHAPS it is not love, said I,
 That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh;
 Where wit and sense like her's agree,
 One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind
 It needs no lover's eye to find;
 The hermit freezing in his cell
 Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

5

R

It is not love—averse to bear
 The servile chain that lovers wear;
 Let, let me all my fears remove,
 My doubts dispel—it is not love—

10

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
 In any form less fair than thine?
 It is—it is love's subtle fire,
 And under friendship lurks desire.

16

SONG.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
 And wither'd heaths, I rove;
 Where tree, nor spire, nor cot, appears,
 I pass to meet my love.

But tho' my path were damask'd o'er
 With beauties e'er so fine,
 My busy thoughts would fly before
 To fix alone—on thine.

5

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
 No palace please mine eye;
 No pyramid's ærial height,
 Where mould'ring monarchs lie.

10

Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance,
 Could I the pageant see?
 Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
 Not steal one thought from thee.

16

SONG.—WINTER.

NO more, ye warbling Birds! rejoice:
 Of all that cheer'd the plain,
 Echo alone preserves her voice,
 And she—repeats my pain.

Where'er my lovesick limbs I lay
To shun the rushing wind,
Its busy murmur seems to say,
"She never will be kind!"

The Naiads o'er their frozen urns
In icy chains repine,
And each in fullen silence mourns
Her freedom lost, like mine!

10

Soon will the Sun's returning rays
The cheerless frost controul;
When will relenting Delia chafe
The winter of my soul?

16

SONG.—THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd
the rill,
I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

4

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue;
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd;
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

10

So long as of Nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew;
The Graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

16

SONG.—THE ROSE-BUD.

“ SEE, Daphne! see Florelia cry’d,
 “ And learn the sad effects of pride;
 “ Yon’ shelter’d Rose, how safe conceal’d!
 “ How quickly blasted when reveal’d!

“ The sun, with warm attractive rays, 5
 “ Tempts it to wanton in the blaze;
 “ A gale succeeds from eastern skies,
 “ And all its blushing radiance dies.

“ So you, my Fair! of charms divine,
 “ Will quit the plains, too fond to shine 10
 “ Where Fame’s transporting rays allure,
 “ Tho’ here more happy, more secure.

“ The breath of some neglected maid
 “ Shall make you sigh you left the shade;
 “ A breath to beauty’s bloom unkind, 15
 “ As to the Rose an eastern wind.”

The nymph reply’d—“ You first, my Swain!
 “ Confine your sonnets to the plain;
 “ One envious tongue alike disarms
 “ You of your wit, me of my charms. 20

“ What is, unknown, the poet’s skill?
 “ Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
 “ What, unadmir’d, a charming mien?
 “ Or what the Rose’s blush unseen? 24

SONG.—DAPHNE’S VISIT.

YE Birds! for whom I rear’d the grove,
 With melting lay salute my love;
 My Daphne with your notes detain,
 Or I have rear’d my grove in vain,

SONGS.

185
5

Ye flow'rs! before her footsteps rise,
Display at once your brightest dyes,
That she your op'ning charms may see,
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r;
And shed its odours round my bow'r;
Or never more, O gentle Wind!
Shall I from thee refreshment find.

10

Ye Streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
May each soft murmur sooth my fair,
Or oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

15

And thou, my Grot! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds,
May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

20

SONG.

Written in a Collection of Bacchanalian Songs.

A DIEU, ye jovial Youths! who join
To plunge Old Care in floods of wine,
And, as your dazzled eyeballs roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,
Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, thro' yonder silent grove,
See, yonder does my Daphne rove!
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

10

The sole confusion I admire
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire ;
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

16

SONG.

Imitated from the French.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd,
But short was her sway for so lovely a maid!
In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run,
In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove,
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love !

5

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the plains,
Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains :
How many soft moments I spent in this grove !
How fair was my nymph ! and how fervent my love !
Be still tho', my Heart ! thine emotion give o'er ;
Remember the season of love is no more.

11

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs !
Or loiter'd behind, and collected the flow'rs !
Then breathless with ardour my fair one pursu'd,
And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd !
But be still, my fond Heart ! this emotion give o'er ;
Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.

18

SONG.

WHEN bright Ophelia treads the green
In all the pride of dress and mien,
Averse to freedom, mirth and play,
The lofty rival of the day,
Methinks to my enchanted eye
The lilies droop, the roses die.

5

But when, disdaining art, the fair
Assumes a soft, engaging air,

Mild as the op'ning morn of May,
 And as the feather'd warbler gay, 10
 The scene improves where'er she goes,
 More sweetly smiles the pink and rose.

" O lovely maid ! propitious hear,
 " Nor think thy Damon insincere.
 " Pity my wild delusive flame ; 15
 " For tho' the flow'rs are still the same,
 " To me they languish or improve,
 " And plainly tell me that I love," 18

SONG.

WHEN first, Philander, first I came
 Where Avon rolls his winding stream,
 The nymphs—how brisk ! the swains—how gay !
 To see Asteria, queen of May !——
 The parsons round her praises sung ! 5
 The steeples with her praises rung !——
 I thought—no fight that e'er was seen
 Could match the fight of Barel's Green.

But now, since old Eugenio dy'd—
 The chief of poets, and the pride— 10
 Now, meaner bards in vain aspire
 To raise their voice, to tune their lyre ;
 Their lovely season now is o'er ;
 Thy notes, Florelia, please no more—
 Nor more Asteria's smiles are seen—
 Adieu—the sweets of Barel's Green !— 16

THE HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of Ooze
 Does yonder Halcyon speed so fast ?
 'Tis all because she would not lose
 Her fav'rite calm, that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
The stream reflects each flow'ry spray,
And, frugal of her time, she flies
To take her fill of love and play.

5

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in some rocky cell remain;
To seek for pleasure, well she knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

10

" Descend, (she cries,) thou hated show'r,
" Deform my limpid waves to-day,
" For I have chose a fairer hour
" To take my fill of love and play!"

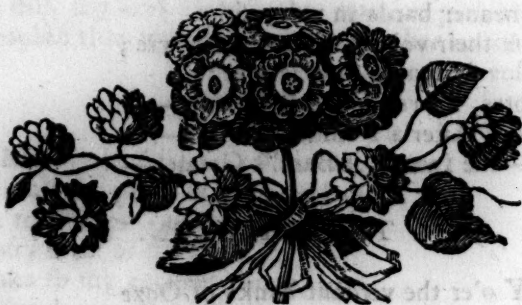
15

You, too, my Sylvia, sure will own
Life's azure seasons swiftly roll,
And when our youth or health is flown,
To think of love but shocks the soul.

20

Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
As thou art Damon's only theme,
He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms
As yonder Halcyon skims the stream.

24



MORAL PIECES.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

WHILE blooming spring descends from genial skies,
By whose mild influence instant wonders rise,
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow,
The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe,
Will Lyttleton the rural landscape range, 5
Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
And learn a moral from the rising greens?
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enliv'ning pow'r,
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flow'r; 10
The drooping flow'r, its fairer charms display'd,
Invites from grateful hands their gen'rous aid:
Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,
The lively lustre of these scenes declines!

'Tis thus the spring of youth, the morn of life, 15
Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife:
Then passion riots, reason then contends,
And on the conquest ev'ry bliss depends:
Life from the nice decision takes its hue,
And bless'd those judges who decide like you! 20
On worth like theirs shall ev'ry bliss attend,
The world their fav'rite, and the world their friend.

There are, who, blind to Thought's fatiguing ray,
As Fortune gives examples, urge their way;
Not Virtue's foes, tho' they her paths decline; 25
And scarce her friends, tho' with her friends they join;
In her's or Vice's casual road advance,
Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of Chance!
Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice,
With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice, 30
When ripen'd thought, when reason, born to reign,
Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
While Passion's lawless tides, at their command,
Glide thro' more useful tracks, and bless the land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind, 35
By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,

In Virtue's cause essay'd its earliest pow'rs,
 Chose Virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with flow'rs.
 The first alarm'd, if Freedom waves her wings,
 The fittest to adorn each art she brings; 40
 Lov'd by that prince whom ev'ry virtue fires,
 Prais'd by that bard whom ev'ry Muse inspires;
 Bless'd in the tuneful art, the social flame!
 In all that wins, in all that merits, fame!

'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,
 When great Alcides to a grove retir'd: 46
 Thro' the lone winding of a devious glade,
 Resign'd to thought, with ling'ring steps he stray'd,
 Bless'd with a mind to taste sincerer joys,
 Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise. 50
 Dubious he stray'd, with wav'ring thoughts posselt,
 Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;
 The various arts which human cares divide,
 In deep attention all his mind employ'd;
 Anxious, if Fame an equal bliss secur'd, 55
 Or silent Ease with softer charms allur'd.
 The sylvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
 The fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that blow'd;
 The silver flood that in meanders led
 His glitt'ring streams along th' enliven'd mead; 60
 The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,
 Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind;
 In vain! while distant, on a summit rais'd,
 Th' imperial tow'rs of Fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd thro' Fancy's puzzling maze
 The sep'rate sweets of pleasure and of praise, 66
 Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
 And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade:
 At once before his wond'ring eyes were seen
 Two female forms of more than mortal mien: 70
 Various their charms, and in their dress and face
 Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.
 This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
 The simple sweets of innocence endear'd;
 Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye, 75
 Shew'd native merit mix'd with modesty:

Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,
 Severely sweet, and innocently gay;
 Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
 In artless folds of virgin white array'd; 30
 She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn
 Her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple morn:
 Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils,
 Or study'd gestures, or well-practis'd smiles:
 She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less; 35
 She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress;
 And while she chose in native charms to shine,
 E'en thus she seem'd, nay, more than seem'd, divine.
 One modest em'rald clasp'd the robe she wore,
 And in her hand the imperial sword she bore. 40
 Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
 And match'd the awful honours of her face.
 The shrubs, the flow'rs, that deck'd the verdant ground,
 Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.
 Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd; 45
 She pleas'd while distant, but when near she charm'd.
 So strikes the gazer's eye the silver gleam
 That, glitt'ring, quivers o'er a distant stream;
 But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
 And in its crystal bosom trace the skies. 50
 With other charms the rival vision glow'd,
 And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.
 A flutt'ring robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,
 And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd:
 Its form contriv'd her faulty size to grace, 55
 Its hue to give fresh lustre to her face.
 Her plaited hair, disguis'd, with brilliants glar'd;
 Her cheeks the ruby's neighb'ring lustre shar'd;
 The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,
 And ev'ry gem that strikes less curious eyes; 60
 Expos'd her breast, with foreign sweets perfum'd,
 And round her brow a roseate garland bloom'd.
 Soft smiling, blushing, lips conceal'd her wiles,
 Yet, ah! the blushes artful as the smiles.
 Oft' gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair 65
 Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care; 70

Her thoughts to others' charms malignly blind,
 Centred in that, and were to that confin'd ;
 And if on others' eyes a glance were thrown,
 'Twas but to watch the influence of her own : 120
 Much like her guardian, fair Cytherea's queen,
 When for her warrior she refines her mien ;
 Or when, to bless her Delian fav'rite's arms,
 The radiant fair invigorates her charms :
 Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame, 125
 Her dress expressive, and her air the same,
 When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,
 And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.
 Such shone the vision, nor forbore to move
 The fond contagious airs of lawless love ; 130
 Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
 And am'rous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.
 Lifeless her gait, and slow ; with seeming pain
 She dragg'd her loit'ring limbs along the plain,
 Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd the
 swain. 135

So glaring draughts, with tawdry lustre bright,
 Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight ;
 More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,
 Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.

Wrapp'd in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd
 The various charms of each attractive maid : 141
 Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
 And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd :
 Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
 When she, who first approach'd him, first began. 145
 " Hither, dear boy, direct thy wand'ring eyes ;
 " 'Tis here the lovely Vale of Pleasure lies :
 " Debate no more, to me thy life resign ;
 " Each sweet which Nature can diffuse is mine :
 " For me the nymph diversifies her pow'r, 150
 " Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flow'r ;
 " To please my ear she tunes the linnet's strains :
 " To please my eye with lilies paints the plains ;
 " To form my couch in mossy beds she grows ;
 " To gratify my smell perfumes the rose ; 155

- " Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see
 " And swells the vegetable world for me.
 " Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
 " Where bleed the many to enrich the few: [prize;
 " Where Chance from Courage claims the boasted
 " Where, tho' she give, your country oft' denies. 161
 " Industrious, thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain,
 " And ever gently fight his soft campaign;
 " His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,
 " Yet only suffer to enjoy the cure. 165
 " Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise,
 " And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes:
 " Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
 " A brighter lily on their necks appear; 169
 " Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shall rest,
 " Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest,
 " While Philomel in each soft voice complains,
 " And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains;
 " Whilst with each accent sweetest odours flow,
 " And spicy gums round ev'ry bosom glow. 175
 " Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire
 " Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.
 " At Sloth let War's victorious sons exclaim,
 " In vain! for Pleasure is my real name:
 " Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown; 180
 " No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own;
 " For well each op'ning scene that claims my care
 " Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.
 " Let others prune the vine: the genial bowl
 " Shall crown thy table and enlarge thy soul. 185
 " Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
 " So the gay produce glitter still on thine.
 " Indulgent Bacchus loads his lab'ring tree,
 " And, guarding, gives its clust'ring sweets to me.
 " For my lov'd train Apollo's piercing beam 190
 " Darts thro' the passive globe, and frames the gem.
 " See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,
 " Nor slight these gods, their blessing unenjoy'd.
 " For thee the poplar shall its amber drain;
 " For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane; 195

- " Some costly tribute ev'ry clime shall pay,
 " Some charming treasure ev'ry wind convey,
 " Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield,
 " Art build thy dome, while Nature decks thy field:
 " Of Corinth's order shall the structure rise, 200
 " Thy spiring turrets glitter thro' the skies;
 " The costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays,
 " Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;
 " Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
 " Shalt own the am'rous night exceeds the day. 205
 " When melting flutes and sweetly-sounding lyres
 " Wake the gay Loves, and cite the young Desires;
 " Or in th' Ionian dance some fav'rite maid
 " Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;
 " Think, canst thou quit a glowing Delia's arms 210
 " To feed on Virtue's visionary charms?
 " Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage
 " For the faint honour of a frozen sage?
 " To find dull envy e'en that hope deface, 214
 " And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?
 " O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
 " And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me;
 " She whose soft smile or gentler glance to move,
 " You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
 " In whose endearments years like moments flew; 220
 " For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;
 " She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,
 " And tread with her the flow'ry tracks of time,
 " Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
 " On some cold lover or insulting foe. 225
 " Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
 " Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell,
 " What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!
 " What full conviction sparkles in her eyes!
 " See Nature smiles, and birds salute the shade, 230
 " Where breathing jasmine screens the sleeping maid;
 " And such her charms, as to the vain may prove
 " Ambition seeks more humble joys than Love!
 " There busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
 " Nor sciences perplex thy lab'ring brain, 235

MORAL PIECES.

" Or none but what with equal sweets invite;
 " Nor others arts but to prolong delight.
 " Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
 " To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring;
 " To fix the dress that suits each varying mien; 240
 " To shew where best the clust'ring gems are seen;
 " To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
 " And tell the charms, the sweet effects, of love!
 " Nor fear to find a coy disdainful Muse,
 " Nor think the Sisters will their aid refuse: 245
 " Cool grots, or tinkling rills, or silent shades,
 " Soft scenes of leisure, suit th' harmonious maids;
 " And all the wise and all the grave decree
 " Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.
 " But if more specious ease thy wishes claim, 250
 " And thy breast glows with faint desire of fame,
 " Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
 " And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse.
 " To thee all Nature's curious stores I'll bring,
 " Explain the beauties of an insect's wing; 255
 " The plant which Nature, less diffusely kind,
 " Has to few climes with partial care confin'd;
 " The shell she scatters with more careless air,
 " And in her frolicks seems supremely fair;
 " The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains, 260
 " Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.
 " Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,
 " Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms,
 " Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,
 " Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail. 265
 " The wat'ry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,
 " And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales;
 " For thy repose inform, with rival joy,
 " Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.
 " Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day, 270
 " Till, lost in bliss, thou breathe thy soul away;
 " Till she t' Elysian bow'rs of joy repair,
 " Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."
 She ceas'd; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,
 Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind; 275

One tender hand her drooping head sustains,
 One points expressive to the flow'ry plains.
 Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll
 Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul;
 As when Favonius joins the solar blaze, 280
 And each fair fabric of the frost decays,
 Soon to his breast the soft harangue convey'd
 Resolves too partial to the specious maid.
 He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame,
 Yet sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame, 285
 And oft' as Virtue caught his wand'ring eye,
 A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.
 'Twas such the ling'ring Trojan's shame betray'd
 When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd;
 When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove
 For the soft reign of Dido and of love. 291
 Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires,
 Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!
 Some hov'ring doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,
 And Virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd. 295
 "Fly, fly, fond youth! the too indulgent maid,
 "Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.
 "Tho' in my path the rugged thorn be seen,
 "And the dry turf disclose a fainter green;
 "Tho' no gay rose or flow'ry product shine, 300
 "The barren surface still conceals the mine.
 "Each thorn that threatens, e'en the weeds that grow
 "In Virtue's path, superior sweets bestow—
 "Yet should those boasted specious toys allure, 304
 "Whence could fond Sloth the flatt'ring gifts procure?
 "The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,
 "'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.
 "I from old Ocean rob the treasur'd store;
 "I thro' each region latent gems explore:
 "'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd, 310
 "By num'rous strata deep in earth conceal'd;
 "'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show
 "The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow;
 "Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree,
 "Without the firm support of industry.

" But grant we Sloth the scene herself has drawn,
 " The mossy grotto and the flow'ry lawn :
 " Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
 " And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale ;
 " Let gay Pomona slight the plains around, 320
 " And chuse, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground ;
 " To bless the fertile vale should Virtue cease,
 " Nor mossy grotts nor flow'ry lawns could please,
 " Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
 " The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale. 325
 " Seest thou yon' rocks in dreadful pomp arise,
 " Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies ?
 " Those fields, whence Phoebus all the moisture drains,
 " And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains ?
 " When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil, 330
 " Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile :
 " The form thou view'st to ev'ry scene with ease
 " Transfers its charms, and ev'ry scene can please.
 " When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd,
 " And the lone wand'rer with my presence cheer'd,
 " Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd, 336
 " And call'd that desert blissful Solitude !
 " Nor I alone to such extend my care,
 " Fair blooming Health surveys her altars there ;
 " Brown Exercise will lead thee where she reigns, 340
 " And with reflected lustre gild the plains :
 " With her, in flow'r of youth and beauty's pride,
 " Her offspring, calm Content and Peace, reside :
 " One ready off'ring suits each neighb'ring shrine,
 " And all obey their laws who practise mine. 345
 " But Health averse, from Sloth's smooth region flies,
 " And in her absence Pleasure droops and dies :
 " Her bright companions, Mirth, Delight, Repose,
 " Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes :
 " A galaxy of pow'rs ! whose forms appear 350
 " For ever beauteous, and for ever near.
 " Nor will soft Sleep to Sloth's request incline,
 " He from her couches flies unbid to mine.
 " Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,
 " Th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain ! 355

- " Where she, relentless, reigns without controul,
 " And checks each gay excursion of the soul;
 " Unmov'd tho' Beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
 " Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms;
 " Till joyless indolence suggests desires, 360
 " Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires;
 " Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
 " Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay:
 " As artful heats, apply'd to thirsty lands,
 " Produce no flow'rs, and but debase the sands. 365
 " But let Fair Health her cheering smiles impart!
 " How sweet is Nature, how superfluous Art!
 " 'Tis she the fountain's ready draught commends,
 " And smooths the flinty couch which Fortune lends;
 " And when my hero from his toils retires, 370
 " Fills his gay bosom with unufal fires;
 " And while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,
 " Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.
 " His fairest prospect rising trophies frame,
 " His sweetest music is the voice of Fame; 575
 " Pleasures to Sloth unknown! she never found
 " How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.
 " See Fame's gay structure from yon' summit charms,
 " And fires the manly breast to arts or arms:
 " Nor dread the steep ascent by which you rise 380
 " From grov'ling vales to tow'rs which reach the skies.
 " Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire,
 " The smiling offspring of a rigid fire.
 " To fix the friend your service must be shown;
 " All ere they lov'd your merit lov'd their own: 385
 " That wond'ring Greece your portrait may admire,
 " That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,
 " That books may praise, or coins record your name,
 " Such, such, rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
 " And the same column which displays to view 390
 " The conq'ror's name, displays the conquest too.
 " 'Twas slow Experience, tedious mistress! taught
 " All that e'er nobly spoke or bravely fought:
 " 'Twas she the patriot, she the bard, refin'd
 " In arts that serve, protect, or please, mankind. 395

" Not the vain visions of inactive schools,
 " Not Fancy's maxims, not Opinion's rules,
 " E'er form'd the man whose gen'rous warmth extends
 " T' enrich his country or to serve his friends.
 " On active worth the laurel War bestows ; 400
 " Peace rears her olive for industrious brows ;
 " Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies,
 " Nor heav'n its show'rs without a sacrifice.
 " See, far below such grov'ling scenes of shame
 " As lull to rest Ignavia's slumb'ring dame ; 405
 " Her friends, from all the toils of Fame secure,
 " Alas ! inglorious, greater toils endure ;
 " Doom'd all to mourn who in her cause engage,
 " A youth enervate, and a painful age ;
 " A sickly sapless mass if Reason flies, 410
 " And if she linger impotently wise !
 " A thoughtless train, who pamper'd, sleek, and gay,
 " Invite old age, and revel youth away ;
 " From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,
 " And idly place it where they least can bear ; 415
 " When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,
 " What kind reflection shall the mind supply ?
 " When with lost health, what should the loss allay,
 " Peace, peace is lost ; a comfortless decay !
 " But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure, flies,
 " And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes, 420
 " Thro' death's dark vista flow'ry tracks are seen,
 " Elysian plains, and groves for ever green :
 " If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,
 " Theirs is the present who can praise the past ; 425
 " Life has its bliss for these when past its bloom,
 " As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.
 " Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,
 " How calm they glide into the port of Age !
 " Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd : 430
 " More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd :
 " For health on age 'tis temp'rance must bestow,
 " And peace from piety alone can flow ;
 " And all the incense bounteous Jove requires
 " Has sweets from him who feeds the sacred fires. 435

" Sloth views the tow'rs of Fame with envious eyes,
 " Desirous still, still impotent to rise.
 " Oft', when resolv'd to gain those blissful tow'rs,
 " The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
 " Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees, 440
 " Some sylvan music, or some scented breeze ;
 " She turns her head, her own gay realms she spies,
 " And all the short-lived resolution dies.
 " Thus some fond insect's falt'ring pinions wave,
 " Clasp'd in its fav'rite sweets, a lasting slave ; 445
 " And thus in vain these charming visions please
 " The wretch of glory and the slave of ease,
 " Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
 " Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine. 449
 " But shun her snares ; nor let the world exclaim,
 " Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.
 " With early hope thine infant actions fir'd,
 " Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd ;
 " Let gen'rous toils reward with health thy days,
 " Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise. 455
 " The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,
 " To latest times shall gen'rous hearts engage ;
 " And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
 " With which alive thy graceful brows were bound,
 " Till Time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom, 460
 " And raise a temple where it found a tomb.
 " Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians join,
 " Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine :
 " Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire ;
 " Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire. 465
 " Dulness, perhaps, thro' want of sight, may blame,
 " And Spleen, with odious industry, defame ;
 " And that the honours giv'n with wonder view,
 " And this in secret sadness own them due.
 " Contempt and Envy were by fate design'd 470
 " The rival tyrants which divide mankind ;
 " Contempt, which none but who deserve can bear,
 " While Envy's wounds the smiles of Fame repair :
 " For know, the gen'rous thine exploits shall fire,
 " Thine ev'ry friend it suits thee to require ; 475

"Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I show,

"Lov'd by the good, their images below."

"Cease, lovely Maid! fair daughter of the Skies;

"My guide! my queen!" the ecstatic youth replies,

"In thee I trace a form design'd for sway, 480

"Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey;

"And by thy bright immortal friends I swear,

"Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.

"Lead me, O lead me! where whole hosts of foes

"Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose. 485

"Welcome all toils th' unequal fates decree,

"While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee,

"Such be my cares to bind th' oppressive hand,

"And crush the fetters of an injur'd land;

"To see the monster's noxious life resign'd, 490

"And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind!

"Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,

"And none but Envy riot unsubdu'd.

"In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,

"Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell! 495

"And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,

"Far less the friends of virtue than the fools;

"Yet such in vain thy fav'ring smiles pretend,

"For he is thine who proves his country's friend.

"Thus when my life, well-spent, the good enjoy, 500

"And the mean, envious, labour to destroy;

"When, strongly lur'd by Fame's contiguous shrine,

"I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;

"If all my toils thy promised favour claim,

"O lead thy fav'rite thro' the gates of Fame!" 505

He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,

He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair:

But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,

The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more;

Convinc'd her spurious charms of dress and face, 510

Claim'd a quick conquest or a sure disgrace.

Fantastic Pow'r! whose transient charms allur'd,

While Error's mist the reas'ning mind obscur'd;

Not such the vict'ress, Virtue's constant queen

Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen; 515

Her bright'ning form and features seem'd to own
'Twas all her wish, her int'rest to be known;
And when his longing view the fair declin'd,
Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon with, furtive splendour
crown'd,

520

While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround;

But let the source of light its beams display,

Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,

And all the sick'ning splendour fades away.

524



THE PROGRESS OF TASTE;

OR, THE FATE OF DELICACY.

*A Poem on the Temper and Studies of the Author;
and how great a Misfortune it is for a Man of
small Estate to have much Taste.*

PART THE FIRST.

PERHAPS some cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay.

"The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—

"On life's extended ocean fail:

"For happiness our course we bend,

5

"Our ardent cry, our general end!

"Yet, ah! the scenes which tempt our care

"Are, like the forms dispers'd in air,

"Still dancing near disorder'd eyes,

"And weakest his who best desires!"

10

Yet let me not my birthright barter;

(For wishing is the poet's charter;

All bards have leave to wish what's wanted,

Tho' few e'er found their wishes granted;

Extensive field! where poets pride them

15

In fingering all that is deny'd them.)

For humble ease, ye Pow'rs! I pray;

That plain warm suit for ev'ry day,

And pleasure, and brocade, bestow,

To flaunt it—once a month or so.

20

The first for constant wear we want;

The first, ye Pow'rs! for ever grant;

But constant wear the last bespatters,

And turns the tissue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant course I bend,

25

Let me secure one faithful friend.

Let me, in public scenes, request

A friend of wit and taste, well dress'd;

And if I must not hope such favour,

A friend of wit and taste however.

30

Alas ! that wisdom ever shuns
 To congregate her scatter'd sons,
 Whose nervous forces, well combin'd,
 Would win the field, and sway mankind.
 The fool will squeeze, from morn to night, 35
 To fix his follies full in sight ;
 The note he strikes, the plume he shows,
 Attract whole flights of fops and beaus ;
 And kindred fools, who ne'er had known him,
 Flock to the sight, caress, and own him ; 40
 But ill-star'd Sense, nor gay, nor loud,
 Steals soft on tiptoe thro' the croud ;
 Conveys his meagre form between,
 And slides, like pervious air, unseen ;
 Contracts his known tenuity, 45
 As tho' 'twere e'en a crime to be ;
 Nor e'en permits his eyes to stray,
 And win acquaintance in their way.
 In company, so mean his air,
 You scarce are conscious he is there, 50
 Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,
 Occurs his face's thin profile,
 Still seeming from the gazer's eye,
 Like Venus newly bath'd to fly,
 Yet while reluctant he displays 55
 His real gems before the blaze,
 The fool hath, in its centre plac'd
 His tawdry stock of painted paste.
 Disus'd to speak, he tries his skill,
 Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill ; 60
 His pensive manner dulness deem'd
 His modesty reserve esteem'd ;
 His wit unknown, his learning vain,
 He wins not one of all the train :
 And those who, mutually known, 65
 In friendship's fairest list had shown,
 Less prone than pebbles to unite,
 Retire to shades from public sight,
 Grow savage, quit their social nature
 And starve to study mutual satire. 70

But friends and fav'rites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, seas, between them;
Meet once a year, then part, and then
Retiring, wish to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide
Some human form to grace my side :
At hand, where'er I shape my course,
An useful, pliant, stalking horse.

75

No gesture free from some grimace,
No seam without its share of lace,
But, mark'd with gold or silver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,
And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.

80

What tho' Vandyck had other rules?
What had Vandyck to do with fools?

85

Be nothing wanting but his mind :
Before a solitaire, behind
A twisted ribband, like the track
Which Nature gives an ass's back.
Silent as midnight ! pity 'twere,
His wisdom's slender wealth to share !
And whilst in flocks our fancies stray,
To wish the poor man's lamb away.

90

This form attracting ev'ry eye,
I stroll all unregarded by :
This wards the jokes of ev'ry kind,
As an umbrella sun or wind ;
Or, like a sponge, absorbs the sallies
And pestilential fumes of malice ;
Or, like a splendid shield, is fit
To screen the templar's random wit ;
Or, what some gentler cit lets fall,
As woolpacks quash the leaden ball.

95

100

Allusions these of weaker force,
And apter still the stalking-horse.

105

O let me wonder all unseen
Beneath the sanction of his mien!

"As lilies soft, as roses fair!
 Empty as airpumps drain'd of air!
 With steady eye and pace remark
 The speckled flock that haunts the Park; *
 Level my pen with wondrous heed
 At follies, flocking there to feed;
 And as my satire bursts amain,
 See feather'd fopp'ry strew the plain. 110
 But when I seek my rural grove,
 And share the peaceful haunts I love,
 Let none of this unhallow'd train
 My sweet sequester'd paths prophane. 115
 Oft' may some polish'd virtuous friend
 To these soft winding vales descend,
 And love with me inglorious things,
 And scorn with me the pomp of kings;
 And check me when my bosom burns 120
 For statues, paintings, coins, and urns:
 For I in Damon's pray'r could join,
 And Damon's wish might now be mine—
 But all dispers'd! the wish, the pray'r,
 Are driv'n to mix with common air. 125
 130

PART THE SECOND.

HOW happy once was Damon's lot,
 While yet romantic schemes were not,
 Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes
 To plan frail castles in the skies!
 Forfaking pleasures cheap and common,
 To court a blaze, still flitting from one. 5

Ah! happy Damon! thrice and more,
 Had Taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore.

Oh days! when to a girdle ty'd
 The couples gingled at his side, 10
 And Damon swore he would not barter
 The sportsman's girdle for a garter.

* St. James's

Whoever came to kill an hour,
Found easy Damon in their pow'r;
Pure social Nature all his guide;
"Damon had not a grain of pride." 15

He wish'd not to elude the snares
Which Knave's plans, and Craft prepares,
But rather wealth to crown their wiles,
And win their universal smiles: 20
For who are cheerful, who at ease,
But they who cheat us as they please?

He wink'd at many a gross design
The new-fall'n calf might countermine:
Thus ev'ry fool allow'd his merit;
"Yes; Damon had a gen'rous spirit." 25

A coxcomb's jest, however vile,
Was sure, at least, of Damon's smile;
That coxcomb ne'er deny'd him sense;
For why? it prov'd his own pretence: 30
All own'd, were modesty away,
Damon could shine as much as they.

When wine and folly came in season,
Damon ne'er strove to save his reason;
Obnoxious to the mad uproar,
A spy upon an hostile shore! 35
'Twas this his company endear'd;
Mirth never came till he appear'd.
His lodgings—ev'ry draw'r could show 'em;
The slave was kick'd who did not know 'em. 40

Thus Damon, studious of his ease,
And pleasing all whom mirth could please,
Defy'd the world, like idle Colley,
To shew a softer word than folly. 45
Since Wisdom's gorgon shield was known
To stare the gazer into stone,
He chose to trust in Folly's charm,
To keep his breast alive and warm.

At length grave Learning's sober train
Remark'd the trifler with disdain; 50
The sons of Taste condemn'd his ways,
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze,

While they to nobler heights aspir'd,
And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,
His old companions lost their merit,
And ev'ry kind well-natur'd sot
Seem'd a dull play without a plot,
Where ev'ry yawning guest agrees
The willing creature strives to please :
But temper never could amuse ;
It barely led us to excuse

55

'Twas true, conversing, they averr'd
All they had seen, or felt, or heard ;
Talents of weight ! for wights like these
The law might choose for witnesses ;
But sure th' attesting dry narration
Ills suits a judge of conversation.

65

What were their freedoms ?* mere excuses
To vent ill manners, blows, and bruises,
Yet freedom, gallant freedom ! hailing,
At form, at form, incessant railing.
Would they examine each offence,
Its latent cause, its known pretence,
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed 'em.
So sure as fond prolific freedom.
Their courage ! but a loaded gun,
Machine the wise would wish to shun ;
Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,
Where accident might fire and kill one.

70

75

80

In short, disgusted out of measure,
Thro' much contempt and slender pleasure,
His sense of dignity returns ;
With native pride his bosom burns ;
He seeks respect—but how to gain it ?
Wit, social mirth, could ne'er obtain it ;
And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd,
Discards and dissipates respect :
The man who gravely bows enjoys it,
But shaking hands at once destroys it :

85

90

* Boisterous mirth.

Precarious plant ! which, fresh and gay,
Shrinks at the touch, and fades away !

Come then, Reserve ! yet from thy train
Banish Contempt and curs'd Disdain.

Teach me, he cry'd, thy magic art,

95

To act the decent distant part ;

To husband well my complaisance ;

Nor let e'en Wit too far advance ;

But chuse calm Reason for my theme,

In these her rōyal realms supreme,

100

And o'er her charms, with caution shown,

Be still a graceful umbrage thrown,

And each abrupter period crown'd

With nods and winks, and smiles, profound,

Till, rescu'd from the crowd beneath,

105

No more with pain to move or breathe,

I rise with head elate, to share

Salubrious draughts of purer air.

Respect is won by grave pretence

And silence, surer e'en than sense—

110

'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs

Of Eastern—and of other kings,

Or whence this awe to virtue due,

While Virtue's distant as Peru ?

The sheathless sword the guard displays,

115

Which round emits its dazzling rays ;

The stately fort, the turrets tall,

Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,

Less screens the body than controuls,

And wards contempt from royal souls

120

The crowns they wear but check the eye

Before it fondly pierce too nigh,

That dazzled crowds may be employ'd

Around the surface of—the void.

O ! tis the statesman's craft profound

125

To scatter his amusements round,

To tempt us from their conscious breast,

Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their nest ;

Nor awes us ev'ry worth reveal'd,

So deeply as each vice conceal'd.

130

The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,
 That the frog people might adore,
 With guards to keep them at a distance,
 Had reign'd, nor wanted Wit's assistance;
 Nay, had addresses from his nation,
 In praise of log-administration.

136

PART THE THIRD.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
 And fame and finery pleas'd no more,
 Productive of that gen'ral stare,
 Which cool reflection ill can bear,
 And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
 Retirement sent its invitation.

5

Romantic scenes of pendant hills,
 And verdant vales and falling rills,
 And mossy banks the fields adorn,
 Where Damon, simple Swain! was born.

10

The Dryads rear'd a shady grove,
 Where such as think, and such as love,
 May safely sigh their summer's day,
 Or muse their silent hours away.
 The Oreades lik'd the climate well,
 And taught the level plain to swell
 In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
 Might all their larger works descry.

15

The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
 From nodding rocks o'er vales profound;
 They form'd their streams to please the view,
 And bade them wind as serpents do,
 And having shewn them where to stray,
 Threw little pebbles in their way.

20

These Fancy, all sagacious maid!
 Had at their several tasks survey'd:
 She saw and smil'd; and oft' would lead
 Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead;
 There, with descriptive finger, trace
 The genuine beauties of the place,
 And when she all its charms had shown,
 Prescribe improvements of her own.

25

30

" See yonder hill, so green, so round,
 " Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd?
 " 'Twould well become thy gentle care 35
 " To raise a dome to Venus there;
 " Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey,
 " And Venus in their arms repay.
 " 'Twas such a shade and such a nook,
 " In such a vale, near such a brook, 40
 " From such a rocky fragment springing,
 " That fam'd Apollo chose to sing in;
 " There let an altar, wrought with art,
 " Engage thy tuneful patron's heart:
 " How charming there to muse and warble 45
 " Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
 " With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
 " That crown a poet's vast desire:
 " Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell
 " Where Music's charming maids * may dwell, 50
 " Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
 " And make thee many an assignation.
 " Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
 " Be plac'd Minerva's sacred seat;
 " There let her awful turrets rise, 55
 " (For Wisdom flies from vulgar eyes,)
 " There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
 " Distinctly strike thy list'ning ear;
 " And who would shun the pleasing labour,
 " To have Minerva for his neighbour?" 60
 In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion,
 Its truth was little call'd in question:
 And Damon dream'd he saw the Fauns
 And Nymphs distinctly skim the lawns;
 Now trac'd amid the trees, and then 65
 Lost in the circling shades again,
 With leer oblique their lover viewing—
 And Cupid—panting—and pursuing—
 " Fancy, enchanting Fair!" he cry'd,
 " Be thou my goddess, thou my guide; 70

* The Muses.

" For thy bright visions I despise
 " What foes may think or friends advise.
 " The feign'd concern when folks survey
 " Expence, time, study, cast away;
 " The real spleen with which they see;
 " I please myself, and follow thee."

73

Thus glow'd his breast, by Fancy warm'd,
 And thus the fairy landscape charm'd:
 But most he hop'd his constant care
 Might win the favour of the fair;
 And, wand'ring late thro' yonder glade,
 He thus the soft design betray'd.

86

" Ye Doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,

" With melting lays salute my love!

" My Delia with your notes detain,

85

" Or I have rear'd the grove in vain.

" Ye flow'rs which early spring supplies,

" Display at once your brightest dyes,

" That she your op'ning charms may see,

" Or what were else your charms to me?

90

" Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,

" And shed its odours round my bow'r,

" Or ne'er again, O gentle Wind!

" Shall I in thee refreshment find.

" Ye Streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,

95

" If e'er your native sounds improv'd,

" May each soft murmur sooth my fair,

" Or, oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

" Be sure, ye Willows! you be seen

" Array'd in liveliest robes of green,

100

" Or I will tear your slighted boughs,

" And let them fade around my brows.

" And thou, my Grott! whose lonely bounds

" The melancholy pine surrounds,

" May she admire thy peaceful gloom,

105

" Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd,

Loud laugh'd the squires, the rabble star'd.

" See, Neighbours! what our Damon's doing;

" I think some folks are fond of ruin!

110

" I saw his sheep at random stray—
 " But he has thrown his crook away—
 " And builds such huts, as, in foul weather,
 " Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither."

Whence came the sober swain misled?

115

Why, Phœbus put it in his head:
 Phœbus befriends him, we are told;
 And Phœbus coins bright tons of gold.

'Twere prudent not to be so vain on't,
 I think he'll never touch a grain on't.

120

And if from Phœbus and his Muse
 Mere earthly laziness ensues,

'Tis plain, for aught that I can say,
 The dev'l inspires as well as they.

So they—while fools of grosser kind,
 Less weeting what our bard design'd,

125

Impute his schemes to real evil,
 That in these haunts he met the devil.

He own'd, though their advice was vain,

It suited wights who trod the plain;

130

For dullness—tho' he might abhor it,

In them he made allowance for it;

Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottos,

And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,

Folks, little dreaming of the Muses,

135

Where plagu'd to guess their proper uses.

But did the Muses haunt his cell?

Or in his dome did Venus dwell?

Did Pallas in his counsels share?

The Delian god reward his pray'r?

140

Or did his zeal engage the fair?

When all the structure shone complete,

Not much convenient, wondrous neat,

Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,

And the fair guests alone were wanting,

145

Ah, me! ('twas Damon's own confession,)

Came Poverty, and took possession.

147

PART THE FOURTH.

WHY droops my Damon, whilst he roves
Thro' ornamented meads and groves?

Near columns, obelisks, and spires,

Which ev'ry critic eye admires?

'Tis Poverty, detested maid!

Sole tenant of their ample shade;

'Tis she that robs him of his ease,

And bids their very charms displease.

But now, by Fancy long controll'd,

And with the sons of Taste enroll'd,

He deem'd it shameful to commence

First minister to Common-sense;

Far more elated to pursue

The lowest talk of dear virtù.

And now behold his lofty soul,

That whilom flew from pole to pole,

Settle on some elab'rate flow'r,

And, like a bee, the sweets devour!

Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove

The wild solitudes of love!

Now in a lily's cup enshrin'd,

Forego the commerce of mankind!

As in these toils he wore away

The calm remainder of his day,

Conducting sun, and shade, and show'r,

As most might glad the new-born flow'r,

So fate ordain'd—before his eye—

Starts up the long-sought butterfly,

While flutt'ring round, her plumes unfold

Celestial crimson dropp'd with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flow'rets fair!

The living beauty claims his care:

For this he strips—nor bolt nor chain

Could Damon's warm pursuit restrain.

See him o'er hill, morass, or mound,

Where'er the speckled game is found,

Tho' bent with age, with zeal pursue,
And totter tow'ards the prey in view.

Nor rock nor stream his steps retard,
Intent upon the bless'd reward!

One vassal fly repays the chase!

A wing, a film, rewards the race!

Rewards him, tho' disease attend,

And in a fatal surfeit end.

So fierce Camilla skim'd the plain,
Smit with the purple's pleasing stain;
She ey'd intent the glitt'ring stranger,
And knew, alas! nor fear nor danger,
Till deep within her panting heart
Malicious Fate impell'd the dart.

How studious he what fav'rite food

Regales Dame Nature's tiny brood!

What junkets fat the filmy people!

And what liqueurs they chuse to tippie!

Behold him, at some crise, prescribe,

And raise with drugs the sick'ning tribe!

Or haply, when their spirits falter,

Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar water.

When Nature's brood of insects dies,

See how he pimps for am'rous flies!

See him the timely succour lend her,

And help the wantons to engender!

Or see him guard their pregnant hour,

Exert his soft obstetric pow'r,

And, lending each his lenient hand,

With new born grubs enrich the land!

O Wilks! * what poet's loftiest lays

Can match thy labours and thy praise?

Immortal Sage! by Fate decreed

To guard the moth's illustrious breed!

Till flutt'ring-swarms on swarms arise,

And all our wardrobes teem with flies!

And must we praise this taste for toys?

Admire it then in girls and boys.

* Alluding to moths and butterflies, delineated by Benjamin Wilks.
See his very expensive proposals.

Ye youths of fifteen years or more!
 Resign your moths—the season's o'er;
 'Tis time more social joys to prove;
 'Twere now your nobler task to love.
 Let * * * 's eyes more deeply warm,
 Nor slighting Nature's fairest form,
 The bias of your souls determine
 Towards the mean love of Nature's vermine.

But, ah! how wondrous few have known
 To give each stage of life its own!

'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound,
 With radiant purple edg'd around,
 To please the child whose glowing dyes
 Too long delight maturer eyes;
 And few, but with regret, assume
 The plain-wrought labours of the loom.
 Ah! let not me by fancy steer,

When life's autumnal clouds appear;
 Nor e'en in Learning's long delays
 Consume my fairest, fruitless days;
 Like him who should in armour spend
 The fums that armour should defend.

Awhile in Pleasure's myrtle bow'r
 We share her smiles and bless her pow'r,
 But find at last we vainly strive
 To fix the worst coquette alive.
 O you! that with assiduous flame
 Have long pursu'd the faithless dame,
 Forsake her soft abodes awhile,
 And dare her frown, and slight her smile;
 Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,
 The footpath road, the king's highway:
 No more the scrup'lous charmer tease,
 But seek the roofs of honest Ease;
 The rival fair no more pursu'd,
 Shall there with forward pace intrude;
 Shall there her ev'ry art essay
 To win you to her slighted sway,
 And grant your scorn a glance more fair
 Than e'er she gave your fondest pray'r.

MORAL PIECES.

217

115

But would you happiness pursue?
Partake both ease and pleasure too?
Would you, thro' all your days, dispense
The joys of reason and of sense?
Or give to life the most you can?
Let social virtue shape the plan:
For does not to the virtuous deed
A train of pleasing sweets succeed?
Or, like the sweets of wild desire,
Did social pleasure ever tire?

120

Yet midst the group be some preferr'd,
Be some abhorr'd—for Damon err'd:
And such there are—of fair address—
As 'twere unsocial to caress.

125

O learn by Reason's equal rule
To shun the praise of knave or fool;
Then tho' you deem it better still
To gain some rustic 'squire's good will,
And souls, however mean or vile,
Like features, brighten by a smile,
Yet Reason holds it for a crime
The trivial breast should share thy time;
And virtue with reluctant eyes
Beholds this human sacrifice.

130

135

Thro' deep reverse, and air erect,
Mistaken Damon won respect;
But could the specious homage pass
With any creature but an ass?
If conscious, they who fear'd the skin
Would scorn the sluggish brute within.
What awe-struck slaves the tow'rs enclose
Where Persian monarchs eat and doze!
What prostrate rev'rence all agree
To pay a prince they never see!
Mere vassals of a royal throne;
The Sophi's virtues must be shown
To make the reverence his own.

150

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145

150

As for Thalia—wouldst thou make her
Thy bride without a portion?—take her:

She will with duteous care attend,
 And all thy pensive hours befriend;
 Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain,
 With thee rejoice, with thee complain;
 Will smooth thy pillow, plait thy bow'rs,
 And bind thy aching head with flow'rs.
 But be this previous maxim known—
 If thou can'st feed on Love alone,
 If bless with her, thou can'st sustain
 Contempt, and poverty, and pain;
 If so—then rifle all her graces—
 And fruitful be your fond embraces!
 Too soon, by caitiff spleen inspir'd,
 Sage Damon to his groves retir'd
 The path disclaim'd by sober reason;
 Retirement claims a later season,
 Ere active youth, and warm desires
 Have quite withdrawn their ling'ring fires.
 With the warm bosom ill agree
 Or limpid stream or shady tree;
 Love lurks within the rosy bow'r,
 And claims the speculative hour;
 Ambition finds his calm retreat,
 And bids his pulse too fiercely beat;
 E'en social Friendship duns his ear,
 And cites him to the public sphere.
 Does he resist their genuine force?
 His temper takes some froward course,
 Till passion, misdirected, sighs
 For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies!
 Far happiest he whose early days,
 Spent in the social paths of praise,
 Leave fairly printed on his mind
 A train of virtuous deeds behind:
 From this rich fund the mem'ry draws
 The lasting meed of self-applause.
 Such fair ideas lend their aid
 To people the sequester'd shade:
 Such are the Naiads, Nymphs, and Fauns,
 That haunt his floods or cheer his lawns.

155

160

165

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175

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190

MORAL PIECES.

219

If, where his devious ramble strays,
He Virtue's radiant form surveys,
She seems no longer now to wear
The rigid mien, the frown severe ;*
To shew him her remote abode,
To point the rocky arduous road ;
But from each flow'r his fields allow
She twines a garland for his brow.

195

201

ECONOMY,

A RHAPSODY, ADDRESSED TO YOUNG POETS.

*Infans ; omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis
Sunt tibi, Nafones Virgiliosque vides.*

MART.

IMITATION.

— Thou know'st not what thou say'st ;
In garments that scarce fence them from the cold
Our Ovids and our Virgils you behold.

PART THE FIRST.

TO you, ye Bards ! whose lavish breast requires
This monitory lay, the strains belong ;
Nor think some miser vents his sapient saw,
Or some dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
That tempt profusion, sings ; while friendly Zeal,
To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,
Inspires the meanest of the Muse's train !
Like you I loathe the grov'ling progeny,
Whose wily arts by creeping time matur'd,
Advance them high on Pow'r's tyrannic throne,
To lord it there in gorgeous uselessness,
And spurn successful Worth that pines below !

5

11

See the rich churl, amid the social sons
Of wine and wit regaling ! hark, he joins
In the free jest delighted ! seems to shew
A meliorated heart ! he laughs, he sings.
Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
And drunken anthems, set agape the board,
Like Demea,† in the play, benign and mild,
And pouring forth benevolence of soul,
Till Micio wonder ; or, in Shakespeare's line,

15

* Alluding to---The Allegory in Cebes's Tablet.
† In Terence's *Adelphi*.

Obstrep'rous Silence, * drowning Shallow's voice,
And startling Falstaff and his mad compeers.

He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
To smoothe his careful brow, to let his purse 25
Ope to a six-pence's diameter.

He likes our ways ; he owns the ways of wit
Are ways of pleasure, and deserve regard.

True, we are dainty good society ;
But what art thou ? Alas ! consider well, 30

Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself :
Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp

Breath'd thro' the pores of earth from Stygian caves,
Destroys the lamp of mirth ; the lamp which we,

Its Flamens, boast to guard : we know not how, 35
But at thy sight the fading flame assumes

A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.

True, thou seem'st chang'd ; all fainted, all ensky'd :
The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes

Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind : 40
But all is false ! an intermitting sigh

Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to smiles,
And deems those only lost thou dost not lose.

E'en for a demi-groat this open'd soul,
This boon companion, this elastic breast, 45

Revibrates quick, and sends the tuneful tongue
To lavish music on the rugged walls

Of some dark dungeon. Hence, thou Caitiff ! fly ;

Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,

Monster ingrate ! beneath one common sky

Why shouldst thou breathe ? beneath one common roof

Thou ne'er shalt harbour, nor my little boat

Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.

Go to thy bags, thou Recreant ! hourly go, 55
And, gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,

Be conversation. Not a face that smiles

Admit thy presence ! not a soul that glows

With social purport, bid, or e'en or morn,

Invest thee happy ! but when life declines, 60
May thy sure heirs stand titt'ring round thy bed,

* Justice Silence, in Shakespear's Henry IV. 2d Part.

And, ush'ring in their fav'rites, burst thy locks,
And fill their laps with gold, till Want and Care
With Joy depart, and cry, "We ask no more."

Ah! never, never may th' harmonious mind
Endure the worldly! Poets, ever void
Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold,
And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.
Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye,
The rival scale of int'rest kicks the beam,
Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store
The sordid soul, with self-applause, remarks
The kind propensity; remarks and smiles,
And lies with impious haste to spread the snare.

70

Him we deride, and in our mimic scenes
Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn:
We loathe with justice; but, alas! the pain
To bow the knee before this calf of gold,
Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!

75

But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis not he whose heart
Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind
Is senseless as his gold, the slighted Muse
Intensely loathes. 'Tis sure no equal task
To pardon him who lavishes his wealth
On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or spaniel, all
But human merit; who with gold essays
All but the noblest pleasure, to remove
The wants of Genius, and its smiles enjoy.

80

But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal
Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame,
Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay,
Permit him not in distant solitudes
To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours
Of active youth; then virtue pants for praise.

85

That season unadorn'd, the careless bard
Quits the worn threshold, and, like honest Gay,
Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.
Your favours then, like trophies giv'n the tomb,
Th' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,
Or scorns perceiv'd, and execrates the smile

90

95

Which bade his vig'rous bloom to treach'rous hopes
And servile cares a prey expire in vain!— 101

Two lawless pow'rs, engag'd by mutual hate
In endless war, beneath their flags enrol
The vassal world: this Avarice is nam'd,
That Luxury; 'tis true their partial friends 105
Assign them softer names; usurpers both!
That share by dint of arms the legal throne
Of just Economy; yet both betray'd
By fraudulent ministers. The niggard chief
Lift'ning to want, all faithless, and prepar'd 110
To join each moment in his rival's train.
His conduct models by the needless fears
The slave inspires, while Luxury, chief
Of amplest faith, to Plenty's rule resigns
His whole campaign. 'Tis Plenty's flatt'ring sounds
Engross his ear; 'tis Plenty's smiling form 116
Moves still before his eye. Discretion strives,
But strives in vain, to banish from the throne
The perjurd minion: he, secure of trust,
With latent malice to the hostile camp 120
Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.

Ye tow'ring minds! ye sublimated souls!
Who, careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,
Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mien
Than fops take snuff! whose economic care 125
Your green silk purse engrosses! easy, pleas'd,
To see gold sparkle thro' the subtle folds,
Lovely as when th' Hesperian fruitage smil'd
Amid the verd'rous grove! who fondly hope
Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!
Who scatter wealth, as tho' the radiant crop
Glitter'd on ev'ry bough; and ev'ry bough,
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd,
Were by a splendid successor supply'd
Instant, spontaneous listen to my lays; 135
For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase
Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease
The treasur'd gold. Of words indeed profuse,
Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul

MORAL PIECES.

223

Clenches their coin ; and what electral fire
Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow ?

140

'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expense
Of health, of treasure, stimulates the soul :
These with officious care and fatal art
Improve the vinous flavour ; these the smile
Of Chloe soften : these the glare of dress
Illume, the glitt'ring chariot gild anew,
And add strange wisdom to the furs of Pow'r.

145

Alas ! that he, amid the race of men,
That he who thinks of purest gold with scorn,
Should with unsated appetite demand,
And vainly court the pleasure it procures !
When Fancy's vivid spark impels the soul
To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss
Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose
Its fatal tension ? in what lonely vale
Of balmy Med'cine's various field aspires
The blest'd refrigerant ? Vain, ah ! vain the hope
Of future peace, this orgasm uncontroll'd !
Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind
Requires ; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill
A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands
Incessant rapture ; life a tedious load
Deny'd its continuity of joy.

150

150

160

But whence obtain ? philosophy requires
No lavish cost ; to crown its utmost pray'r
Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece,
The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.
E'en mild Stupidity rewards her train
With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires
Entire profusion ! Days, and nights, and hours,
Thy voice, hydropic Fancy ! calls aloud
For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,
Rivers of rich regalement, seas of bliss,
Seas without shore ! infinity of sweets !

165

170

175

And yet, unless sage Reason join her hand
In Pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure :
And yet, unless Economy's consent

Legitimate expense, some graceless mark,
 Some symptom ill conceal'd, shall soon or late, 180
 Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide
 Of acid blood, proclaiming Want's disease
 Amidst the bloom of shew. The scanty stream,
 Slow loit'ring in its channel; seems to vie
 With Vaga's depth; but should the sedgy pow'r, 185
 Vain glorious, empty his penurious urn
 O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow streams
 Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill!

I not aspire to mark the dubious path
 That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain! 190
 But ere self-flatt'ry sooth the vivid breast
 With dreams of fortune ne'er ally'd to fame,
 Reflect how few who charm'd the list'ning ear
 Of satrap or of king her smiles enjoy'd!
 Consider well what meagre alms repaid 195
 The great Mæonian! sire of tuneful song,
 And prototype of all that soar'd sublime,
 And lest dull cares below; what griefs impell'd
 The modest bard of learn'd Eliza's reign
 To swell with tears his Mulla's parent stream, 200
 And mourn aloud the pang, "to ride, to run,
 "To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."
 Why should I tell of Cowley's pensive Muse,
 Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!
 Which of your boasted race might hope reward 205
 Like loyal Butler, when the lib'ral Charles,
 The judge of wit, perused the sprightly page,
 Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not hope,
 The poet's parasite; but learn alone
 To spare the scanty boon the Fates decree. 210
 Poet and rich! 'tis solecism extreme!
 'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,
 In ev'ry nerve and fibre of his soul,
 The latent seeds and principles of want
 Has Nature wove, and Fate confirm'd the clue. 215
 Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe
 Of Penury: with nice precision learn

A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
 That marks th' expense of each revolving-year
 Place inattention. When the lust of praise, 220
 Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul
 To slight frugality, assure thine heart
 That danger's near. This perishable coin
 Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty ;
 It fetters misers, but it must alone 225
 Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world
 Bids thee beware ; thy little craft essay ;
 Nor, piddling with a tea-spoon's slender form,
 See with soup-ladles devils gormandize.

Economy ! thou good old aunt ! whose mien, 230
 Furrow'd with age and care, the wise adore,
 The wits contemn ! reserving still thy stores
 To cheer thy friends at last ; why with the cit,
 Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,
 Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside ? 235

And shunning all, who by thy favours crown'd
 Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind,
 Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill ?
 Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
 And childless, love to dwell, yet leave the breast 24
 Of youth unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd ?

Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
 Were doubly kind ? for, sure, to youthful eyes,
 (How short so'er it prove) the road of life
 Appears protracted : fair on either side 245

The Loves, the Graces play, on Fortune's child
 Profusely smiling ; well might youth essay
 The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
 Source of their favour all the livelong day,
 But fate assents not. Age alone contracts 250
 His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
 Of all his peace, the glitt'ring seeds of care !

O that the Muse's voice might pierce the ear
 Of gen'rous youth ! for youth deserves her song.
 Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then 255
 Requires the pruner's hand ; the frequent stage,
 It barely vegetates : nor long the space

Ere, robb'd of warmth, its arid trunk displays
 Fell Winter's total reign, O lovely source
 Of gen'rous foibles, youth! when op'ning minds 260
 Are honest as the light, lucid as air,
 As soft'ring breezes kind, as linnets gay,
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring!
 Yet, hapless state of man! his earliest youth
 Cozens itself; his age defrauds mankind. 265

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade
 The social bias. Life's extensive page,
 What does it but unfold repeated proofs
 Of gold's omnipotence; With patriots, friends,
 Sick'ning beneath its ray, enervate some, 270
 And others dead, whose putrid name exhales
 A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems
 With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moist'ning the shroud,
 Or honouring the grave, with specious grief
 Of short duration, soon in Fortune's beams 275
 Alert, and wond'ring at the tears they shed.

But who shall save, by tame prosaic strain,
 That glowing breast where wit with youth conspires
 To sweeten luxury? The fearful Muse
 Shall yet proceed, tho' by the faintest gleam
 Of hope inspir'd, to warn the strain she loves. 281

PART THE SECOND.

IN some dark season, when the misty show'r
 Obscures the sun, and saddens all the sky,
 When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream
 Invites thee forth to sport thy drooping Muse,
 Seize the dull hour, nor with regret assign 5
 The worldly prudence. She, nor nice nor coy,
 Accepts the tribute of a joyless day;
 She smiles well-pleas'd when wit and mirth recede,
 And not a Grace, and not a Muse will hear.
 Then from majestic Maro's awful strain, 10
 Or tow'ring Homer, let thine eye descend
 To trace, with patient industry, the page

Of income and expence : and, oh ! beware
 Thy breast, self-flatt'ring ; place no courtly smile,
 No golden promise of your faithless Muse, 15
 Nor latent mine which Fortune's hand may shew,
 Amid thy solid store : The Siren's song
 Wrecks not the list'ning sailor half so sure.

See by what avenues, what devious paths,
 The foot of Want, detested, steals along, 20
 And bars each fatal pass ! Some few short hours
 Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year,
 On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the Muse
 To sing intrepid many a cheerful day.

But if too soon before the tepid gales 25
 Thy resolution melt, and ardent vows,
 In wary hours preferr'd, or die forgot,
 Or seem the forc'd effect of hazy skies,
 Then, ere surprise, by whose impetuous rage
 The massy fort, with which thy gentler breast 30
 I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.

Know, too, by Nature's undiminish'd law,
 Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
 Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all,
 Attract, and are attracted ; nor prevails the law 35
 Alone in matter ; soul alike with soul
 Aspires to ; nor yet in souls alone,
 In each idea it imbibes is found
 The kind propensity ; and when they meet
 And grow familiar, various tho' their tribe, 40
 Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith ;
 That should the world's disjointed frame once more
 To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck
 Their union should survive ; with Roman warmth,
 By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,
 Should each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix ; on this perennial base
 Erect thy safety, and defy the storm.
 Let soft profusion's fair idea join
 Her hand with Poverty ; nor here desist, 50
 Till o'er the group that forms their various train
 Thou sing loud hymenæals. Let the pride

Of outward shew in lasting leagues combine
 With shame threadbare : the gay vermilion face
 Of rash intemp'rance be discreetly pair'd 55
 With fallow Hunger : the licentious joy
 With mean dependence ; e'en the dear delight
 Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books and coins,
 Thy breast, sagacious Prudence ! shall connect
 With filth and beggary, nor disdain to link 60
 With black Insolvency. Thy soul, alarm'd,
 Shall shun the Siren's voice, nor boldly dare
 To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,
 With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.

Nor think, ye sordid race ! ye grov'ling minds ! 65
 I frame the song for you ; for you the Muse
 Could other rules impart. The friendly strain,
 For gentler bosoms plann'd, to your's would prove
 The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
 Whatever Colchos bore, and in your breast 70
 Compassion; love, and friendship ! all destroy.

It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores
 Increase apace by periodic days
 Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
 The lean reward of gross unbounded praise ! 75
 It much avails to seize the present hour,
 And, undeliberating, call around
 Thy hungry creditors ; their horrid rage,
 When once appeas'd, the small remaining store
 Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise, 80
 As gold improv'd by many a fierce assay.
 'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs

His narrow stream, if o'er its wonted banks,
 By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swells ;
 His timely hand thro' better tracks conveys 85
 The quick decreasing tide, ere borne along,
 Or thro' the wild morafs, or cultur'd field,
 Or bladed grass mature, or barren sands,
 It flow destructive, or it flow in vain.
 But happiest he who sanctifies expense 95
 By present pay ; who subjects not his fame
 To tradesmens' varlets, nor bequeaths his name

His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of base mechanic, sordid, insincere!

There haply, while thy Muse sublimely soars 95
Beyond this earthly sphere, in heav'n's abodes,
And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,

Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er
The punctual record, till nor Phœbus' self,
Nor sage Minerva's art, can aught avail 100
To sooth the ruthless dun's detested rage:

Frantic and fell, with many curse profane
He loads the gentle Muse, then hurls thee down
To want, remorse, captivity, and shame.

Each public place, the glitt'ring haunts of men,
With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?— 106

Why fondly linger on a hostile shore
Disarm'd, defenseless? why require to tread
The precipice? or why, alas! to breathe
A moment's space where ev'ry breeze is death? 110

Death to thy future peace? Away! collect
Thy dissipated mind; contract thy train
Of wild ideas, o'er the flow'ry fields
Of shew diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.

Economy presents her glass; accept 120
The faithful mirror, pow'ful to disclose
A thousand forms unseen by careless eyes,

That plot thy fate. Temptation in a robe
Of Tyrian dye, with ev'ry sweet perfum'd,
Besets thy sense; Extortion follows close 120
Her wanton step, and Ruin brings the rear.

These and the rest shall her mysterious glass
Embody to thy view; like Venus kind,
When to her lab'ring son the 'vengeful pow'rs

That urg'd the fall of Illium she display'd: 125
He, not imprudent, at the sight declin'd

Th' unequal conflict, and decreed to raise
The Trojan welfare on some happier shore.

For here to drain thy swelling purse await
A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend: 130

"The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous snuff boxes,
"The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,

" With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste
 " Its melting stores, and in the dreary void
 " Leave not a doir behind." Ere yet exhaust 135
 Its flimsy folds offend thy pensive eye,
 Away ! embosom'd deep in distant shades,
 Nor seen nor seeing, thou may'st vent thy scorn
 Of lace, embroid'ry, purple, gems, and gold !
 There of the farded fop and essenc'd beau, 140
 Ferocious, with a Stoic's frown disclose
 Thy manly scorn, averse to tinsel pomp,
 And fluent thine harangue. But can thy soul
 Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dress,
 Where dress is merit ! where thy graver friend 145
 Shall wish thee burnish'd ! where the sprightly-fair
 Demand embellishment ! e'en Delia's eye,
 As in a garden, roves, of hues alone
 Inquirent, curious ? Fly the curs'd domain ;
 These are the realms of luxury and shew, 150
 No classic soil ; away ! the blooming spring
 Attracts thee hence ; the warning autumn warns ;
 Fly to thy native shades, and dread e'en there,
 Left busy fancy tempt thy narrow state
 Beyond its bounds. Observe Florelia's mien : 155
 Why treads my friend with melancholy step
 That beauteous lawn ? why, pensive, strays his eye
 O'er statues, grottoes, urns, by critic art
 Proportion'd fair ? or from his lofty dome,
 Bright glitt'ring thro' the grove, returns his eye 160
 Unpleas'd, disconsolate ? And is it love,
 Disastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes
 Of all their beauty ? cent'ring all in her
 His soul adores ? or from a blacker cause
 Springs this remorseful gloom ? is conscious guilt 165
 The latent source of more than love's despair ?
 It cannot be within that polish'd breast,
 Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour there.
 No ; 'tis the sad survey of present want
 And past profusion ! lost to him the sweets 170
 Of yon' pavilion, fraught with ev'ry charm
 For other eyes ; or if remaining, proofs

Of criminal expense ! Sweet interchange
 Of river, valley, mountain, wood, and plain !
 How glad some once he rang'd your native turf, 175
 Your simple scenes, how raptur'd ! ere Expense
 Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
 Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,
 Pomp to deject, and Beauty to displease !

Oh ! for a soul to all the glare of wealth, 189
 To Fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,
 Nobly superior ! but let Caution guide
 The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,
 And Prudence be our Almoner. Alas !
 The pilgrim wand'ring o'er some distant clime, 185
 Sworn foe of av'rice ! not disdains to learn
 Its coin's imputed worth, the destin'd means
 To smooth his passage to the favour'd shrine.
 Ah ! let not us, who tread this stranger world,
 Let none who sojourn on the realms of life, 190
 Forget the land is merc'nary, nor waste
 His fare ere landed on no venal shore.

Let never bard consult Palladio's rules ;
 Let never bard, O Burlington ! survey
 Thy learned art, in Chiswick's dome display'd ; 195
 Dang'rous incentive ! nor with ling'ring eye
 Survey the window Venice calls her own.
 Better for him, with no ingrateful Muse
 To sing a requiem to that gentle soul
 Who plann'd the skylight, which to lavish bards 200
 Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray ;
 For garrets him, and squalid walls, await,
 Unless, presageful, from his friendly strain
 He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom. 204

PART THE THIRD.

YET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
 The trembling Muse consigns thee. Ere contempt,
 Or Want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,
 Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold !

The poet's roofs, the careless poet's, his 5
Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.

When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,
The plaything of Comparison, arriv'd
Where learned bosoms their aerial schemes
Projected, studious of the public weal, 10
'Mid these one subtler artist he descry'd,
Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement

The spider's web, injurious, to supplant
Fair Albion's fleeces ! Never, never may
Our monarch on such fatal purpose smile, 15
And irritate Minerva's beggar'd sons,

The Melksham weavers ! Here in ev'ry nook
Their webs they spun, here revell'd uncontroll'd
And, like the flags from Westminster's high roof
Dependent, here their flutt'ring textures wav'd. 20

Such, so adorn'd the cell I mean to sing ?
Cell ever squalid ! where the sneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand, broom never comes,
That comes to all, o'er whose quiescent walls
Arachne's unmolested care has drawn [25
Curtains subfusc, and save th' expense of art.

Survey those walls, in sady texture clad,
Where wand'ring snails in many slimy path,
Free, unrestrain'd, their various journeys crawl ;
Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths 30
Confus'd, inextricable ! such the clue
Of certain Ariadne ne'er explain'd !

Hooks ! angles ! crooks ! and involutions wild !
Mean-time, thus silver'd with meanders gay,
In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines, 35
Perchance of tabby, or of harrateen,
Not ill expressive : such the pow'r of snails !

Behold his chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm
An aged cushion hides ! replete with dust
The foliag'd velvet, pleasing to the eye 40
Of great Eliza's reign, but now the snare
Of weary gust, that on the specious bed
Sits down confiding. Ah ! disastrous wight !
In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust

The fraudulent couch! for tho' in velvet cas'd, 45
 The fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.
 The trav'ller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
 Hath shap'd his way, on beds profuse of flow'rs,
 Cowslip, or primrose, or the circ'lar eye
 Of daisy fair, decrees to bask supine. 50
 And see! delighted, down he drops, secure
 Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,
 Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah! much deceiv'd,
 Much suff'ring pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap
 Nor sweet repose shall find; the false morass 55
 In quivering undulations yields beneath
 Thy burden in the miry gulf enclos'd!
 And who would trust appearance? cast thine eye
 Where 'mid machines of het'rogenous form
 His coat depends, alas! his only coat, 60
 Eldest of things! and napless, as an heath
 Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.
 Not diff'rent have I seen in dreary vault
 Display'd a coffin; on each sable side
 The texture unmolested seems entire; 65
 Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away,
 And leaves the wond'ring swain to gape, to stare,
 And with expressive shrug and piteous sigh
 Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
 Or dire extent of frail mortality.
 This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaus
 And formal cits, (themselves too'haply scorn'd,)
 Both on its sleeve and on its skirt retains
 Full many a pin wide sparkling: for if e'er
 Their well-known crest met his delighted eye, 75
 Tho' wrapt in thought, commercing with the sky,
 He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,
 And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,
 Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with these,
 The cure of rents and separation dire, 80
 And charms enormous, did he view dismay'd
 Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate
 To breeches, coat, and hose! had any wight
 Of vulgar skill the tender texture own'd;

But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint 85
 Of Silvia's shoe-string, or of Chloe's fan,
 Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of Celia's ear.
 Alas! by frequent use decays the force
 Of mortal art! the refractory robe
 Eludes the tailor's art, eludes his own; 90
 How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!

See near his bed (his bed, too falsely call'd
 The Place of Rest, while it a bard sustains,
 Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight! who reads in vain
 Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick, 95
 Radiant machine! when from the plastic hand
 Of Mulciber, the may'r of Birmingham,
 The engine issu'd; now, alas! disguis'd
 By many an unctuous tide, that wand'ring down
 Its sides congeal; what he, perhaps, essays, 100
 With humour forc'd, and ill-dissembled smile,
 Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk,
 When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound
 In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree;
 Or suits him more the winter's candy'd thorn, 105
 When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of frost
 Pervasive, radiant icicles depend?

How shall I sing the various ills that waits
 The careful sonneteer? or who can paint
 The shifts enormous that in vain he forms 110
 To patch his paneless window; to cement
 His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase!
 To war with ruin? anxious to conceal
 Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
 Nor foe nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen 115
 Invades his chattels; Ruin will invade,
 Will claim his whole invention to repair,
 Nor of the gift, for tuneful ends design'd,
 Allow one part to decorate his song;
 While Ridicule, with ever-pointing hand, 120
 Conscious of ev'ry shift, of ev'ry shift
 Indicative, his inmost plot betrays,
 Points to the nook, which he his study calls,
 Pompous and vain! for thus he might esteem





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MORAL PIECES.

235
125

His chest a wardrobe, purse a treasury;
 And shews, to crown her full display, himself;
 One whom the pow'rs above, in place of health
 And wonted vigour, of paternal cot
 Or little farm; of bag, or scrip, or staff,
 Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil, 130
 A poet fram'd, yet fram'd not to repine,
 And with the cobbler's loftiest site his own;
 Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the Fates,
 Who to the humbler mechanism join'd
 Good so superior, such exalted blifs! 135
 See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace,
 He, hapless hypocrite! refines his nail,
 His chief amusement! then how feign'd, how forc'd,
 That care-defying sonnet which implies
 His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown 140
 In full possession, uncontested right
 And property! Yet, ah! whoe'er this wight
 Admiring views, if such there be, distrust
 The vain pretence; the smiles that harbour grief,
 As lurks the serpent deep in flow'rs enwreath'd. 145
 Forewarn'd, be frugal, or with prudent rage
 'Thy pen demolish; chuse the trustier flail,
 And bless those labours which the choice inspir'd.
 But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight
 Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name, 150
 Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breast,
 Prescient of future dignities, salute
 Sheriff, or May'r, in comfortable furs
 Enwraapt, secure; nor yet the laureat's crown
 In thought exclude him! he perchance shall rise 155
 To nobler heights than foresight can decree.
 When, fir'd with wrath for his intrigues, display'd
 In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove
 Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race, 159
 Appeas'd by suppliant Phœbus, "Bards, (he said,)
 "Henceforth of plenty, wealth and pomp debarr'd,
 "But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
 "Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,
 Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine. 164

THE RUIN'D ABBEY :

OR, THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

AT length fair Peace, with olive crown'd, regains
Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts
Of wood or fount the frighted Muse returns.

Happy the bard, who, from his native hills,
Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys 5
His azure stream, with pensile woods enclos'd;
Or o'er the glassy surface with his friend,
Or faithful fair, thro' bord'ring willows green,
Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts
Or taunts, the rhet'ric of the wat'ry crew, 10
That ape confusion from the realms they rule;
Fearless of these; who shares the gentler voice
Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song
Attune from native boughs their various lay,
And cheer the forest; birds of brighter plume 15
With busy pinion skim the glitt'ring wave,
And tempt the sun, ambitious to display
Their several merit, while the vocal flute,
Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene. 20

If solitude his wand'ring steps invite
To some more deep recess, (for hours there are
When gay, when social minds to friendship's voice
Or Beauty's charm her wild abodes prefer,)
How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades, 25
Her solemn courts! the centre of the grove!
The root-built cave, by far extended rocks
Around embosom'd, how it sooths the soul!
If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands,
The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals 30
Of bigot minds, Religion dwells not here,
Yet Virtue pleas'd at intervals retires:
Yet here may Wisdom, as she walks the maze,
Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,
And serious truths of mightier weight than gold! 35

I ask not wealth; but let me hoard with care,
With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,

A few fix'd principles, in early life,
 Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd;
 Then like old Latimer, when age impairs 40
 My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack
 My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,
 Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,
 And this mine answer; "Thus, 'twas thus I thought,
 " My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire; 45
 " Thus will I think, averse to listen more
 " To intricate discussion, prone to stray.
 " Perhaps my reason may but ill defend
 " My settled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,
 " Too sure its own infirmities declare. 50
 " But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,
 " And early foresight: now the winds may rise,
 " The tempest whistle, and the billows roar;
 " My pinnacle rides in port, despoil'd and worn,
 " Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns 55
 " Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,
 " Sees the strong vessel fluctuate, less secure."

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes
 Suggest instruction, and instructing please.
 And see betwixt the grove's extended arms 60
 An Abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
 Gilt by the mid-day sun: with ling'ring step
 Produce thine ax, (for, aiming to destroy
 Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast
 Too long deliberate,) with tim'rous hand 65
 Remove th' obstructive bough; nor yet refuse,
 Tho' sighing, to destroy that fav'rite pine,
 Rais'd by thy hand, in its luxuriant prime
 Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains.
 Aggriev'd, but constant as the Roman fire, 70
 The rigid Manlius, when his conqu'ring son
 Bled by a parent's voice, the cruel meed
 Of virtuous ardour timelessly display'd;
 Nor cease till, thro' the gloomy road, the pile
 Gleam unobstructed: thither oft' thine eye 75
 Shall sweetly wander; thence returning, sooth
 With penfive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
 O Superstition! hence the dire disease
 (Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest
 Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain
 Of transient indignation) seiz'd mankind. 80

Long time she rag'd, and scarce a southern gale
 Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
 Of tyrant Rome; but futile all, till she,
 Rome's abler legate, magnify'd their pow'r,
 And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd. 85

Where then was truth to sanctify the page
 Of British annals? if a foe expir'd,
 The perjurd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks
 And fiends to snatch at the departing soul
 With hellish emulation: if a friend,
 High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
 Their golden lyres, and waft him to the skies. 94

What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted
 The sov'reign's just, the subject's loyal pact, [faith?
 To cherish mutual good, annul'd and vain,
 By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll
 Ere the frail sanction of the wax was cold.

With thee, Plantagenet!* from civil broils 100
 The land awhile respir'd, and all was peace.
 Then Becket rose, and, impotent of mind,
 From regal courts with lawless fury march'd
 The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave,
 Bid murd'rous priests the sov'reign frown contemn,
 And with unhallowed crosser bruise'd the crown. 106

Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince
 Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,
 Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul,
 Firm and erect, the peevish priest exil'd,
 And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome. 110
 In vain! let one faint malady diffuse
 The pensive gloom which Superstition loves,
 And see him dwindled to a recreant groom,
 Rein the proud palfrey while the priest ascends! 115

Was Cœur-de-Lion* blest'd with whiter days?

Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries

Urg'd the crusade; and see! of half his stores

Despoil'd, the wretch whose wiser bosom chose

To bless his friends, his race, his native land.

120

Of ten fair suns that rode their annual race,

Not one beheld him on his vacant throne;

While haughty Longchamp,† 'mid his liv'ry files

Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,

Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide

125

A laurel harvest for a pillag'd land.

O! dear-bought trophies! when a prince deserts

His drooping realm to pluck the barren sprays!

When faithless John usurp'd the sully'd crown,

What ample tyranny! the groaning land

130

Deem'd earth, deem'd heav'n, its foe! Six tedious years

Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd

The papal interdict; and who obey'd

The sov'reign plunder'd. O inglorious days!

When the French tyrant, by the futile grant

135

Of papal rescript, claim'd Britannia's throne,

And durst invade! be such inglorious days

Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!

Scarce had the tortur'd ear, dejected, heard

Rome's loud anathema, but heartless, dead

140

To ev'ry purpose, men nor wish'd to live

Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind

Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand

Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain:

Thence journeying home, in ev'ry cloud he sees

145

A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll

He reads damnation; sees its sable train

Of grim attendants pencil'd by despair!

The weary pilgrim from remoter climes

By painful steps arriv'd, his home, his friends,

150

His offspring left to lavish on the shrine

Of some far honour'd saint his costly stores,

Inverts his foot-step, sickens at the sight

Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds a tear.

* Richard I.

† Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.

The wretch, whose hope by stern Oppression chas'd
 From ev'ry earthly bliss, still as it saw 156
 Triumphant wrong, took wing, and flew to heav'n,
 And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost
 And wonted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd;
 And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
 To supplicate remission, smoak'd no more: 161
 While the green weed luxuriant round uprose.
 Some from their death-bed, whose delirious faith
 Thro' ev'ry stage of life to Rome's decrees
 Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace, 165
 Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt
 In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard
 The last loud clarion sound, and Heav'n's decree
 With unremitting vengeance bar the skies.
 Nor light the grief, by Superstition weigh'd, 170
 That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge
 Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
 Must sleep with brutes, their vassals, on the field,
 Unneath some path, in marle unexorcis'd!
 No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear! 175
 No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure,
 Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!
 The priest, alas! so boundless was the ill!
 He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn;
 The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek, 180
 And his big paunch, distended with the spoils
 Of half his flock, emaciate, groan'd beneath
 Superior pride and mightier lust of pow'r!
 'Twas now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre hand
 Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads 185
 With nice precision, felt the deeper wound,
 As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.
 Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for pow'r,
 Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
 Sunk helpless, in the dreary gulf involv'd, 190
 And one capricious curse envelop'd all!
 Were kings secure? in tow'ring stations born,
 In flatt'ry nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,
 Or view diminish'd from their site sublime,

MORAL PIECES.

241

As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow,
On some proud cliff surveys his leſ'ning flock
In ſnowy groups diffuſive ſcud the vale.

195

Awhile the furious menace John return'd,
And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too ſoon
Allegiance ſick'ning, ſaw its ſov'reign yield
An angry prey to ſcruples not his own.
The loyal ſoldier, girt around with ſtrength,
Who ſtole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
And ſeiz'd the ſauchion, reſolute to guard
His ſov'reign's right, impaſſy'd at the news,
Finds the firm bias of his ſoul revers'd
For ſoul deſertion, drops the liſted ſteel,
And quits Fame's noble harveſt, to expire
The death of monks, of ſurfeit and of ſloth!

200

205

At length, fatigu'd with wrongs, the ſervile king
Drain'd from his land its ſmall remaining ſtores
To buy remiſſion. But could theſe obtain?
No! reſolute in wrongs the prieſt obdur'd,
Till crawling baſe to Rome's deputed ſlave,
His fame, his people, and his crown, he gave.
Mean monarch! ſlighted, brav'd, abhorr'd, before!

211

215

And now, appeas'd by delegated ſway,
The wily pontiff ſcorns not to recall
His interdictions. Now the ſacred doors
Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd
To buy deceit; admit obſequious tribes
Of ſatrapſ: princes! crawling to the ſhrine
Of ſainted villainy! the pompous tomb
Dazzling with gems and gold; or in a cloud
Of incenſe wreath'd, amidſt a drooping land
That ſigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove
Diſplays its verdant leaf, its crimſon flow'r,
And ſheds its odours, while the flocks around,
Hungry and faint the barren ſands explore
In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the ſoil.
Drain'd and exhaust to ſwell its thirſty pores,
And furniſh luxury—Yet, yet in vain
Britannia ſtrove; and whether artful Rome

220

225

230

Carefs'd or curs'd her, Superstition rag'd,
And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land. 235

At length some murd'rous monk, with pois'nous art,
Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.

Nor yet surceas'd with John's disastrous fate
Pontific fury : English wealth exhaust,
The sequent reign* beheld the beggar'd shore 240
Grim with Italian usurers prepar'd
To lend, for griping unexampled hire,
To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontroll'd.

For now with more extensive havock rag'd
Relentless Greg'ry, with a thousand arts, 245
And each rapacious, born to drain the world!
Nor shall the Muse repeat how oft' he blew
The croise's trumpet ; then for sums of gold
Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm
Swell the gross hoards of Henry or his own : 250
Nor shall she tell how pontiffs dar'd repeal
The best of charters ! dar'd absolve the tie
Of British kings, by legal oath restrain'd :
Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold
From Albion's realm to servile shores convey'd, 255
Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings !
Oh, irksome days ! when wicked thrones combine
With papal craft to gull their native land !

Such was our fate while Rome's director taught
Of subjects born to be their monarch's prey, 260
To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,
For vacant gluttony ; extortion, fraud,
For av'rice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame !
O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves ! exhal'd
From inmost Erebus !—Such Henry's reign ! 265
Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand
To wield the peaceful sword, by John erewhile
Forc'd from its scabbard, and with burnish'd lance
Essay the savage cure, domestic war !

And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist 270
Of gen'ral darkness. Grosted † adorn'd

* Henry III. who cancelled the Magna Charta.

† Bishop of Lincoln, called Malleus Romanorum,

The mitred wreath he wore, with Reason's sword
 Stagg'ring delusion's frauds; at length beneath
 Rome's interdict expiring calm, resign'd
 No vulgar soul, that dar'd to Heav'n appeal! 275
 But, ah! this fertile glebe, this fair domain,
 Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands
 Of monks libidinous, ere Edward's care
 The lavish hand of deathbed Fear restrain'd.
 Yet was he clear of Superstition's taint? 280
 He, too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,
 E'en he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold
 To fatten monks on Salem's distant soil!

Yes, the Third Edward's breast, to papal sway
 So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause, 285
 Could Superstition quell! before the tow'rs
 Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
 He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!

But still the Night, by Romish art diffus'd,
 Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes; 290
 When, by soft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd,
 Bold Wickliffe rose; and while the bigot pow'r
 Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,
 The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.
 So from his bosom Cacus breath'd of old 295
 The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke
 Secure, awhile his recreant life sustain'd,
 Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles
 Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.

Hail, honour'd Wickliffe! enterprizing age! 300
 An Epicurus in the cause of truth!
 For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours
 Of youthful spring, an ether all serene,
 Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales
 Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought, 305
 The light, the radiance, that pervades the soul,
 And sheds its beams on heav'ns mysterious way!
 As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
 Error prevail'd; while kings, by force uprais'd,
 Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes, 310
 And seek affection by the dreadful boon

Of licens'd murder. E'en the kindest prince,
 The most extended breast, the Royal Hal!
 All unrelenting heard the Lollards' cry
 Burst from the centre of remorseless flames; 315
 Their shrieks endur'd! O stain to martial praise!
 When Cobham, gen'rous as the noble peer
 That wears his honours, paid the fatal price
 Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!
 'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame 320
 Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye
 The pontiff saw Britannia's golden fleece,
 Once all his own, invest her worthier sons!
 Her verdant vallies, and her fertile plains,
 Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful sway! 325
 Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd
 No labours bore proportion to the prize.

So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,
 The first fair pattern of the female frame,
 All Nature's beauties in one form display'd, 330
 And centring there, in wild amaze he stood;
 Then only envying Heav'n's creative hand,
 Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
 Might win this prize, and doubled ev'ry snare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all, 335
 Till pow'r accede; till Tudor's wild caprice
 Smile on their cause; Tudor! whose tyrant reign,
 With mental freedom crown'd the best of kings
 Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!
 Then Wolsey rose, by Nature form'd to seek 340
 Ambition's trophies, by address to win,
 By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth
 Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.

Then from its tow'ring height with horrid sound
 Rush'd the proud Abbey: then the vaulted roofs, 345
 Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene
 Of monkish chastity! Each angry friar
 Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet, mutt'ring low
 An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks,
 That ages past convey'd the guileful priest 350
 To play some image on the gaping crowd,

Imbibe the novel day-light, and expose,
 Obvious, the fraudulent engin'ry of Rome.
 As tho' this op'ning earth to nether realms
 Should flash meridian day, the hooded race 355
 Shudder, abash'd to find their cheats display'd,
 And, conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
 Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd
 The pest gigantic, whose revengeful stroke 360
 Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign,
 When from the tend'rest breast each wayward priest
 Could banish mercy and implant a fiend!

When cruelty the fun'ral pyre uprear'd,
 And bound Religion there, and fir'd the base! 365
 When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd limb
 Fed with luxuriant rage, in ev'ry face
 Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope.

O bless'd Eliza! from thy piercing beam
 Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome; 370
 Driv'n to the verge of Albion, linger'd there,
 Then with her James receding, cast behind
 One angry frown, and sought more servile climes.

Henceforth they ply'd the long-continued task
 Of righteous havock, cov'ring distant fields 375
 With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile,
 While thro' the land the musing pilgrim sees

A track of brighter green, and in the midst
 Appears a mould'ring wall, with ivy crown'd,
 Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days! 380

Now but of use to grace a rural scene,
 To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons
 Of George's reign, reserv'd for fairer times!

LOVE AND HONOUR.

Sed neque Medorum silvæ, ditissima terra
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidos Hæmus,
Laudibus Angligenum certent; non Bactra, nec Indi,
Totaque turriteris Panchaia pinguis arenis.

IMITATION.

Yet let not Median woods (abundant track !)
Nor Ganges * fair, nor Hæmus, † miser-like,
Proud of his hoarded gold, presume to vie
With Britain's boast and praise; nor Persian Bactra, ‡
Nor India's coasts, nor all Panchaia's § sands,
Rich, and exulting in their lofty towers.

LET the green olive glad Hesperian shores;
Her tawny citron, and her orange groves,
These let Iberia boast: but if in vain
To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile
The Briton labours, yet our native minds, 5
Our constant bosoms, these the dazzled world
May view with envy; these Iberian dames
Survey with fix'd esteem and fond desire
Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate
May well this truth explain, nor ill adorn 10
The British lyre; then chiefly, if the Muse,
Nor vain nor partial, from the simple guise
Of ancient record catch the pensive lay,
And in less grov'ling accents give to fame.
Elvira! loveliest maid! th' Iberian realm 15
Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,
No race more splendid, and no form so fair.
Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid,
In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil
Of British victors, vict'ry's noblest pride! 20
She, she alone, amid the wailful train
Of captive maids, assign'd to Henry's care,
Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame!
He, gen'rous youth! with no penurious hand,
The tedious moments, that unjoyous roll 25
Where Freedom's cheerful radiance shines no more,
Essay'd of often; conscious of the pang

* Ganges—the greatest river, which divides the Indies in two parts.

† Hæmus—an high mountain, dividing Thrace and Thessaly.

‡ Bactra—the Bactrians, provincials of Persia.

§ Panchaia—a country of Arabia Felix, fruitful in frankincense and various spices; remarkable also for its many towers and lofty buildings.

That Beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours
In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,
Far from the haunts of men or eye of day! 30

Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,
Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
Himself had worn; the frowns of angry seas,
Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell
Than storm or foe; if haply she might find 35
Her cares diminish'd; fruitless, fond essay!

Now to her lovely hand with modest awe
The tender lute he gave; she, not averse,
Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand
Call'd forth angelic strains; the sacred debt 40
Of gratitude, she said, whose just commands
Still might her hand with equal pride obey!

Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd
Her vocal art; harmonious as the strain
Of some imprison'd lark, who, daily cheer'd 45
By guardian cares, repays them with a song,
Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The song, nor artless, had she fram'd to paint
Disastrous passion; how, by tyrant laws
Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair 50
Lov'd only one, nor dar'd that love reveal!
How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek
The damask rose full-blown; a fever came,
And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale;
Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,
But vainly sought her, torn by swifter fate 56
To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as Fancy spoke the pleasing task,
She taught her artful needle to display 60
The various pride of spring; then swift upsprung
Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose:
There might you see, on gentle toils intent,
A train of busy Loves; some pluck the flow'r,
Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace
Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath. 66

'Twas pain, 'twas life? and sure to piercing eyes
The warrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.

Now had the gen'rous chief with joy perus'd
The royal scroll, which to their native home, 70
Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste
To glad his fair Elvira's ear he sprung,
Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey;
But fir'd in vain! Ah! what was his amaze, 75
His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face
Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand
Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flow'r!
Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint,
"Well may my native shore," she said, "resound 80
"Thy monarch's praise; and ere Elvira prove
"Of thine forgetful; flow'rs shall cease to feel
"The soft'ring breeze, and nature change her laws!"

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
The British host. Around the smiling youths, 85
Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste
Their fleet unmoor, impatient of the love
That weds each bosom to its native soil.
The patriot passion! strong in every clime,
How justly theirs who find no foreign sweets 90
To dissipate their loves or match their own.

Not so Elvira! she, disastrous maid!
Was doubly captive: pow'r nor chance could loose
The subtle bands; she lov'd her gen'rous foe;
She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry smil'd, 95
Could term her native shore; her native shore,
By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,
Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste and wild.

The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd
The swelling sails, the glitt'ring transports wav'd
Their pennants gay, and halcyons' azure wing, 101
With flight auspicious, skimm'd the placid main.

On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
And chid th' officious wind, the tempting sea,
And wish'd a storm as merciless as tore 105
Her lab'ring bosom. Fondly now she strove

To banish passion; now the vassal days,
 The captive moments, that so smoothly pass,
 By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
 With trembling fingers call'd the fav'rite sounds 110
 Which Henry deign'd to praise; and now essay'd,
 With mimic chains of silken fillets wove,
 To paint her captive state; if any fraud
 Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,
 And with the dear idea feast the soul. 115

But now the chief return'd, prepar'd to launch
 On Ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu
 To his fair pris'ner. She, soon as she heard
 His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
 The raging flame, but with a spreading blush 120
 And rising sigh the latent pang disclos'd.

" Yes, gen'rous youth! I see thy bosom glow
 " With virtuous transport, that the task is thine
 " To solve my chains, and to my weeping friends,
 " And ev'ry longing relative, restore 125
 " A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey!
 " But know, my Soldier! never youthful mind,
 " Torn from the lavish joys of wild expense
 " By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound 129
 " To languish out his bloom, could match the pains
 " This ill-starr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

" What call'd I freedom? is it that these limbs,
 " From rigid bolts secure, may wander far
 " From him I love? Alas! ere I may boast
 " That sacred blessing, some superior pow'r 135
 " To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,
 " Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul:
 " E'en that I loathe: all liberty I loathe!
 " But most the joyless privilege to gaze
 " With cold indiff'rence where desert is love. 140
 " True, I was born an alien to those eyes
 " I ask alone to please; my fortune's crime!
 " And ah! this flatter'd form, by dress endear'd
 " To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend,
 " Whilst I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to strive 145
 " With custom's load, beneath its weight expire.

" Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
 " To vanquish me! his form, howe'er disguis'd,
 " To me were fatal! no fantastic robe
 " That e'er Caprice invented, Custom wore, 150
 " Or Folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.
 " Perhaps by birth decreed, by Fortune plac'd
 " Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea
 " Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires;
 " My tend'rest glances but the specious flow'rs 155
 " That shade the viper while she plots her wound.
 " And can the trembling candidate of love
 " Awake thy fears? and can a female breast,
 " By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare?
 " Is their no brighter mien, no softer smile 160
 " For Love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?
 " Heav'n search my soul! and if through all its cells
 " Lurk the pernicious drop of pois'nous guile,
 " Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath
 " May Fate exhaust, and for my happiest hour 165
 " Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!
 " Ah me! nor Henry's nor his country's foe,
 " On thee I gaz'd, and Reason soon dispell'd
 " Dim Error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle
 " Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd. 170
 " Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!
 " 'Twas there my fancy saw the Virtues dwell,
 " The Loves, the Graces, play, and bless'd the soil
 " That nurtur'd thee! for sure the virtues form'd
 " Thy gen'rous breast; the Loves, the Graces plann'd
 " Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth, essay'd 176
 " Their partial pow'r in vain; again I gaz'd,
 " And Albion's isle appear'd, amidst a track
 " Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!
 " And thou by Nature form'd, by Fate assign'd, 180
 " To paint the genius of thy native shore.
 " 'Tis true, with flow'rs, with many a dazzling scene
 " Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,
 " Iberia glows; but, ah! the genial sun,
 " That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flow'r,
 " On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast! 186

" Beams forth ungentle influences. There
 " Sits Jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray
 " Exultant lights his slow consuming fires.
 " Not such thy charming region ; long before 190
 " My sweet experience taught me to decide
 " Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.
 " Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn,
 " Stranger to British worth ? the worth which forms
 " The kindest friends, the most tremendous foes ;
 " First, best supports of liberty and love ! u199
 " No, let subjected India, while she throws
 " O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.
 " Long as I heard, or ere in story read
 " Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast 200
 " Wish'd them success : and happiest she, I cry'd,
 " Of women happiest she, who shares the love,
 " The fame, the virtues, of an English lord.
 " And now, what shall I say ? Bless'd be the hour
 " Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shores :
 " Bless'd, did I say, the time ? if I may bless 206
 " That lov'd event, let Henry's smiles declare.
 " Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth
 " Forego its nobler conquest ? will he slight
 " The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil ? 210
 " And yet Iberia's sons, with ev'ry vow
 " Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms
 " Were not excell'd ; the source of all their pains,
 " And love her just desert, who sues for love,
 " But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain. 215
 " Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
 " Dissent from his) it spreads an hateful strain
 " On honest Fame amid his train to bear
 " A female Friend. Then learn, my gentle youth !
 " Not Love himself, with all the pointed pains 220
 " That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul
 " From honour's laws. Elvira, once deny'd
 " A consort's name, more swift than lightning flies,
 " When elements discordant vex the sky,
 " Shall, blushing, from the form she loves retire. 223

" Yet if the specious wish, the vulgar voice
 " Has titled Prudence, sways a soul like thine,
 " In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
 " Eclipses me? Nor paint the dreary storms, 229
 " Or hair breadth 'scapes that haunt the boundless deep,
 " And force from tender eyes the silent tear;
 " When Mem'ry to the pensive maid suggests
 " In full contrast the safe domestic scene
 " For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
 " Of conq'ring heroes brave, the female mind, 235
 " When steel'd by love, in Love's most horrid way
 " Beholds not danger, or, beholding scorns.
 " Heav'n take my life, but let it crown my love!"
 She ceas'd; and ere his words her fate decreed,
 Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye; 240
 There Pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere
 Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.
 " Forgive me, gen'rous maid!" the youth return'd,
 " If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
 " To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain! 245
 " Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
 " Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow:
 " But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,
 " To one dear maid, by virtue, and by charms
 " Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave, 250
 " To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait
 " My warring sword: if conquest, fame, and spoil,
 " Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
 " The glitt'ring treasure, and the laurel wreath,
 " Enjoying conquest then, and fame and spoil: 255
 " If Fortune frown'd adverse, and Death forbade
 " The blissful union, with my latest breath
 " To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.
 " This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my soul
 " No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd 260
 " To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.
 " Her shall I leave, with fair events elate,
 " Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her love?
 " Her shall I leave, who now, perchance, alone
 " Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return?

- " And shall that vessel, whose approaching sails
 " Shall swell her breast with ecstasies, convey
 " Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?
 " No! may the deep my villain corse devour;
 " If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal, 270
 " If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,
 " If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all!
 " Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast
 " Demand what honour, faith, and love, denies."
 " Oh! happy she, (rejoin'd the pensive maid,) 275
 " Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!
 " And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice
 " Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
 " Farewel my luckless hopes! my flatt'ring dreams
 " Of rapt'rous days! my guilty suit, farewell! 280
 " Yet fond, howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
 " That waits my fame, let not the random shaft
 " Of Censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames;
 " They love with caution, and with happier stars.
 " And, oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts 285
 " Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame;
 " By merit rais'd, by gratitude approv'd,
 " By hope confirm'd, with artless truth reveal'd,
 " Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid
 " Of happier birth, with mutual ardour crown'd. 290
 " These radiant gems, which burnish Happiness,
 " But mock Misfortune, to thy fav'rite's hand
 " With care convey; and well may such adorn
 " Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone
 " The source of ev'ry transport, but disgrace 295
 " My pensive breast; which, doom'd to lasting woe,
 " In thee the source of ev'ry bliss resign.
 " And now, farewell, thou darling youth! the gem
 " Of English merit! Peace, content, and joy,
 " And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell! 300
 " Attend, ye smiling Train! his gallant mind
 " Back to his native stores; there sweetly smooth
 " His ev'ning pillow, dance around his groves,
 " And where he treads with vi'lets paint his way;
 " But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more 305

" Your frail companion ! in the sacred cells
 " Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame ?
 " There to the matin bell, obsequious, pour
 " My constant orisons. The wanton Loves
 " And gay Desires shall spy the glimm'ring tow'rs, 310
 " And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd,
 " That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude
 " Her shortest pray'r ere Henry's dear success
 " The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind
 Impartial scorn'd to model her esteem 316
 By native customs, dress, and face, and air,
 And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain.
 He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow
 Giv'n and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave 320
 A tender tear; then with that adieu
 Esteem could warrant, weary'd Heav'n with pray'rs
 To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.

He ceas'd, and to the cloister's pensive scene
 Elvira shap'd her solitary way. 325



MORAL PIECES.
THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.
IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

255

Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ fientes in limine primo.

VIRG.

IMITATION.

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we hear,
That pierce the entrance shrill, and wound the tender ear.

Advertisement.

*What Particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper
for the Author's Imitation on this Occasion are his Language,
his Simplicity, his Manner of Description, and a peculiar
Tenderness of Sentiment remarkable throughout his Works.*

I.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill fort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft' have chaunced to espy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

5

II.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shades and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
And oft' times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

10

15

III.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe,
Whilow a twig of small regard to see,
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew.
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low,
And as they look'd they found their horror grew.
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

20

15

IV.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd,
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave 30
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
 Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy, 35
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

V.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display,
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray, 40
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
 Do Learning's little tenement betray,
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
 And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

VI.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snowe, 46
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
 Her apron, dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
 As is the harebell that adorns the field;
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield 50
 Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
 With dark distrust and sad repentance fill'd,
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
 And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

VII.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
 The childish faces of old Æol's train, 56
 Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
 And were not the rebellious breasts to quell, 60
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
 Where comely Peace of Mind, and decent order dwell.

VIII.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ; 65
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
 Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare, 70
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on
 [ground.

IX.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
 Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth, 75
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear ;
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere ;
 For never title yet so mean could prove, 80
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

X.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
 Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came, 85
 Such favour did her past deportment claim ;
 And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound, 89
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

XI.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
 That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
 But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew ; 95
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
 Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

XII.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung, 100
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
 And plaintain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound,
 And marj'rum sweet, in shepherd's posie found,
 And lavender, whose pikes of azure bloom 105
 Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
 And crown her kerchief clean with mickle rare perfume.

XIII.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer, 110
 Ere, driv'n from its envy'd site, it found
 A sacred shelter for its branches here,
 Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.
 Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty spheres; 115
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

XIV.

Here oft' the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave, 120
 But in her garden found a summer-seat:
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foe men did a song entreat,
 All for the nonce untuning ev'ry string, 125
 Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

XV.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
 And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
 The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed, 130
 And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That nould on wooden image place her creed;
 And lawny saints in mould'ring flames did burn: [turn.
 Ah, dearest Lord! forefend thilk days should e'er re-

XVI.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem, 136
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sov'reign prince and liefeft liege is plac'd,
 The matron fate, and some with rank she grac'd, 140
 (The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

XVII.

Right well she knew each temper to descry, 145
 To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise,
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise,
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'trays :
 E'en absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold, 150
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

XVIII.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
 Estfoons the urchins to their tasks repair, 155
 Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
 Which with pellucid horn secured are,
 To save from finger wet the letters fair;
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen
 St. George's high achievements does declare, 160
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been
 Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

XIX.

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
 Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
 As erst the bard * by Mulla's silver stream, 165
 Oft' as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
 Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite;
 For brandishing the rod, she both begin
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
 And down they drop, appears his dainty skin, 170
 Fair as the furry coat of whitish ermilin.

* Spenser.

XX.

Or ruthful scene ! when from a nook obscure
 His little sister doth his peril see ;
 All playful as she fate she grows demure,
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ; 175
 She meditates a pray'r to set him free ;
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
 To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
 And wrings her so that all for pity she could die, 180

XXI.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
 And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
 To stay harsh justice in its mild career ;
 On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear !
 (Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

XXII.

But, ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ? 190
 Or what device his loud laments explain ?
 The form uncouth of his disguised face !
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain ?
 When he in abject wise implores the dame, 195
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain,
 Or when from high she levels well her aim, [claim.
 And thro' the thatch his cries each falling stroke pro-

XXIII.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care : 200
 By turns, astony'd, ev'ry twig survey,
 And from their fellows' hateful wounds beware,
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share ;
 Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
 And to the well known chest the dame repair, 205
 Whence oft' with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
 And gingerbread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet !

XXIV.

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in befeemly order fitten there,
All but the wight of bum y galled, he 210
Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair,
(This hand in mouth y fix'd, that rends his hair;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving-breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest, 215
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be carefs'd.

XXV.

His face besprent, with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r;
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r; 220
O the hard bosoms of despotic Pow'r!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour;
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame. 225

XXVI.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines,
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines; 230
And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

XXVII.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be! 235
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames! with nice discernment see
Ye quench not, too, the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat; 240
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul! more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

XXVIII.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !
 E'en now sagacious foresight points to show 245
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,
 And there a chancellor in embryo,
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die !
 Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low, 250
 Nor weeting out the Muse should soar on high,
 Wisbeth, poor starv'ling elf ! his paper kite may fly.

XXIX.

And this, perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
 Shall Dennis be ! if rigid Fates incline, 255
 And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
 And many a poet quit th' Aonian field ;
 And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
 As he who now, with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,
 Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer, 260
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, " What stuff is
 [here!"

XXX.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
 And Liberty unbars her prison door,
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er 265
 With boist'rous revel rout and wild uproar ;
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
 Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore !
 For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

XXXI.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade, 271
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs,
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
 For never may ye taste more careless hours
 In knightly castles or in ladies bow'rs. 275
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !
 But most in courts, were proud Ambition tow'rs :
 Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring
 Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

XXXII.

See in each sprite some various bent appear ! 280
 These rudely carol most incondite lay :
 Those sauntering on the green with jocund leer
 Salute the stranger passing on his way ;
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend, 285
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;
 Think to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

XXXIII.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
 Each season's stores in order ranged been, 290
 Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o'er,
 Galling full fore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen,
 And gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green ;
 And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear,
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice I ween : 295
 O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
 Left smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care !

XXXIV.

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
 With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
 Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
 With pamp'ring look draw little eyes aside, 301
 And must be bought, though penury betide ;
 The plum all azure, and the nut all brown ?
 And here each season do those cakes abide,
 Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own, 305
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.*

XXXV.

Admir'd Salopia ! that with venial pride
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave : 310
 Ah ! mid'st the rest, may flow'rs adorn his grave
 Whose art did first these dulcet cakes display !
 A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray, 314
 Till Reason's morn arise and light them on their way.

Inscription for a Medicinal Fountain at the Leasowes.

THOU sacred nymph ! whose pious care
Pours from thine urn this min'ral rill,
Whose healing draughts, like crystal fair,
In pleasing murmurs here distil.

Who guid'st the stream, and joy'st to dwell
Where murmurs soft with use agree ;
May Phœbus haunt this hallow'd well,
And all his Sisters learn of thee !

W. S.



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Ode to a Young Lady, containing two Gallantries
about her manner of Dressing.
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The History of the Life of the Most Excellent Prince
Lionel and his Son.

History of the Life of the Most Excellent Prince
Lionel and his Son.



